

MID-SUMMER, SHORT STORY

COMFORT

*The Key to Happiness and Success
in over a Million and a Quarter Homes*

DEVOTED TO ART, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND THE HOME CIRCLE.
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COMFORT

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Devoted to
Art, Literature, Science, and the Home Circle.

Its Motto is "Onward and Upward."

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Crumbs of Comfort

It never occurs to fools that merit and good fortune are closely allied.

A man need only to live like a swine and he will have hogs for company.

Mammon has enriched his thousands and damned his tens of thousands.

Flowers are the sweetest things God ever made and forgot to put a soul into.

There is no gain so certain as that which arises from sparing what you have.

Trials teach us what we are; they dig up the soil and let us see what we are made of.

The chief value of bad manners is that they show thoughtful persons what to avoid.

An individual man is a fruit which it cost all the foregoing ages to form and ripen.

We are never made so ridiculous by the qualities we have as by those we affect to have.

Our distinctions do not lie in the positions we occupy, but in the grace and dignity with which we fill them.

It is shameful for a man to live as a stranger in his own country and to be uninformed of its affairs and interests.

The best government is not that which renders men the happiest, but that which renders the greatest number happy.

Slander is a vice that strikes a double blow, wounding both him that commits and him against whom it is committed.

The stomach is a slave that must accept everything that is given to it, but it avenges wrongs as slyly as the slave does.

Wine is a noble, generous liquor and we should be thankful for it, but remember that man made wine and God made water.

The greater part of all the mischief in the world arises from the fact that men do not sufficiently understand their own aims.

Some say with the Bible that the beginning of wisdom is the fear of the Lord, and others say that the beginning of wisdom is the fear of man.

The greatest and the most amiable privilege which the rich enjoy over the poor is that which they exercise the least, the privilege of making them happy.

THE CRAZE for GOLD or The Wreck of Holman's Outfit

By W. S. Birge, M. D.

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SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Wending its way through the unexplored wilds of the Arizona gold-fields the prospecting and mining expedition of twenty-four picked men fitted out and led by Cary Holman and known as "Holman's Outfit" halted on top of a small hill from which their astonished eyes discovered at the distance of half a mile a substantial house of hewn logs, stone and adobe brick standing at the foot of a high, precipitous cliff in a bend of the river called "Bill Williams's Fork," and surrounded by a strong stockade for defense against the Indians who were still a menace to the adventurous miners. Holman's expedition, with its wagon train filled with all the equipment for prospecting and mining, was proceeding cautiously to avoid being ambushed by the Indians, and at that moment Capt. Varley, formerly of the U. S. Cavalry, with two others was scanning a short distance in advance when four mounted strangers appeared, pursued by a large body of hostile Indians. Capt. Varley and his two brave companions joined the four strangers in their fight with the Indians until Holman with eight more of his best men came to their rescue, but meantime one of the strangers and one of Varley's companions were killed. The three strangers and Holman's Outfit then fought their way to the stockade and most of the teams and men got safely inside, the gate being opened by two young women who were the sole occupants. The gate was closed before Holman got in, leaving him in an apparently hopeless fight with the swarm of Apaches that surrounded him. The three surviving strangers, the elder Westfield, his son John and Percy Wetterman, were the proprietors of this strange establishment; they were just returned from a four days' journey and all the rest of their men had fallen victims to the Indians. Within the stockade was stored the wonderfully rich gold mine which they had operated for three years and gold beyond the dreams of avarice was stored in the strong room of the house. Westfield was a gentleman, and the two girls were his daughter Nellie and his niece Laura Paine, young ladies of beauty and refinement who had shared his hardships and were to share the profits. Wetterman had gone crazy and young Westfield nearly insane over their hoard of gold. Nellie Westfield begged her father to open the gate again and rescue Cary Holman from the Apaches.

ly remarked to old Westfield. "I understand your motives, but there was no reason for quite so much haste."

The old man's face colored, and he hesitated a moment, but his son interposed for him.

"I think we will do as we please with our gates. We might have shut you all out, if we had chosen to do so."

"Might you?" quietly responded Holman. And then, after a brief moment of thought, he added:

"Very well, seeing you have let us in, and you hold our lives so lightly, I think I will take command of this fort myself. Boys, do you understand? All orders are to come from me. It's life and death with us now, for we've only sixteen men left. These three here must fall in and obey, or we will throw them out to the Apaches."

A wise decision, truly, and worthy of a man who held himself responsible for the lives of others; but before even John Westfield could muster his passionate wits for a reply, one came from a singular and unexpected quarter, as Nellie and Laura pressed toward the speaker.

"How dare you—" began the former, but her lips hesitated as she looked into the clear, deep eyes of the man whose recent peril had so shaken her, and Laura Paine added:

"Thank you, sir; it is full time we had someone here fit to be a commander. There is some hope for all of us now."

And then a pallid and ominous countenance was thrust forward besides those of the two girls, and Percy Wetterman harshly croaked:

"You may command the men, but I command the mine. There has almost blood enough been shed, already, to let us out with our profits. More won't hurt."

Holman glanced curiously at the last speaker, almost contemptuously muttering, "Crazy! Yes, gold crazy," and then turned, with polished politeness, to the ladies, saying: "I dare do anything which is right and best. My men will obey nobody but me, and so I am compelled to take command. Do I look as if I could not be trusted where such as you are concerned?"

"I could trust almost any man who had never been a miner," said Laura Paine.

"But I am a miner," smilingly responded Holman.

"He is and is not, Laura," interrupted Nellie. "Come away. He has better business on hand than talking to us. Come into the house with me."

Laura turned a puzzled look upon her friend, but silently complied, nevertheless, and the two strolled slowly away, arm in arm, while Nellie's father actually extended his hand to Cary Holman, saying, with something like an approach to seeming frankness:

"All right, sir; I understand very well that young men would never think of taking orders from me. So you beat off the Apaches for us, I do not see that we shall have anything to complain of. You will find the stockade strong enough, I think."

"I see that already," began Holman, but just then old Hedger grasped his right arm hard, and growled in his ear:

"This way a minute! I've been a-scoutin' round. This way!"

And Hedger was a man to whose counsels any lad might be glad to listen in an hour like that.

The Apaches had fallen back, for the present, from the sharp fire which had been opened on them through the loopholes of the palisades, and Holman merely added to his strange host: "We will talk these things over by and by," as he yielded to the urgency of the veteran miner. Only John Westfield seemed to care to follow them, and that none too closely, as the two strolled away.

away across the very moderate inclosure, toward the little river.

"Do you see that?" asked Hedger. "They knew what they were about when they picked their site. The other bank's a good fifty feet high, straight up and down, but the river's dreadful low. There's the boat—and it's a big one, too—hard aground, and I reckon the redskins could ride right in, up the channel, if they only knew how."

"The river is rising," quietly returned Holman; "can't you see that?"

"I didn't see it, that's a fact, but it is," exclaimed Hedger. "That's worth something, anyhow."

"Worth everything," said Holman. "We've lost our provision-wagons, and, if the Apaches hang around, we can't stand a siege."

"That's so," dolefully returned Hedger.

"They'll stay till winter, but they'll have our scalps now," added Holman. "Our mining try is wound up, old man."

At that moment the ears of all the little "garlison" was startled by a strange, hollow, triumphant, almost inarticulate cry, and the two adventurers by the riverside turned involuntarily in the direction from whence it came.

On the tongue of one of the wagons, from which the mules were not even yet cast loose, stood the lean, ungainly, squirming form of Percy Wetterman, peering keenly forward under the tilt, with the air of a man who had just made a grand discovery.

"I knew it!" he shouted, after his singular yell had died away. "I knew what must be there. Oh, if we'd only had 'em before! Tools, crushers, machinery, pumps, and there's a steam engine. It's a little one, but it'll do. We're all right now, only there's too many of 'em to divide with, that's all."

It was even so, for "Holman's outfit" had been of the completest sort, and that one wagon did not by any means contain all of its varied inventions and appliances for the work it had been meant to do.

The smile on Holman's face grew sad enough as he listened, and he muttered:

"But for the Apaches!"

"That's it," repeated Hedger. "But for the Apaches we could unload and go right to work."

"We will unload, anyhow, work or no work," exclaimed Holman, as he strode suddenly forward. "Old man," he shouted to Westfield, "where's your mine?"

"Wonder," replied father and son in a breath, and the latter added: "But what can you do with our mine, just now? It isn't yours, even if you could work it. We haven't abandoned it, if we did go off prospecting."

"You'll have to give it up for a while," was the calm response, "and we can hide our traps in it till we come again."

"It'll do first rate for that," said the old man, "and I'd as lief as not you'd deliver your goods to me."

"That's what it amounts to, I suppose, if we don't come back to claim it," replied Holman; but in another minute he had given the necessary orders to his men, and all who were not absolutely needed at the stockade—the wounded men answered for that—were speedily at work unloading and moving the heavy materials which had so stirred the enthusiasm of Percy Wetterman.

As for that ghastly gold-worshiper, not the strongest man of the whole train performed such feats of frenzied strength or worked with a more subtle and provident intelligence. The wagons were driven around to the very face of the bluff, and the ample jaws of the mine stood ready open to receive whatever might be fed to them, while, from time to time, the toiling men were granted stray bits of information as to the depth, extent and richness of the gummy hole which their grand "outfit" seemed so unluckily to have "run to earth in."

"Like a hard-pushed coyote," snarled old Hedger.

"But the Apaches will hardly go for it there," responded Captain Varley, "if we close it up right."

"We'll do that," said Hedger. "I kin cork up that rathole in the bluff so the Apaches won't ever dream of it."

"But how will they ever get in here to hunt for it?" asked a soft, low voice behind him, and the old miner turned in his tracks to find himself face to face with Laura Paine.

"Why, bless your pretty face, miss," hesitatingly responded old Hedger, "we can't eat machinery. Even gold is the poorest kind of feed."

"I think I understand you," murmured Laura, as she dropped her eyes and walked away. "Can't be that even the Apaches are bringing me some hope of liberty?"

At that very moment, not many paces off, Cary Holman was standing in a sort of brown study, gazing at the house, the rude but well-constructed smelting apparatus, and the strong walls of the storehouse. "It will go hard with them," he said, to himself, aloud. "They'll have to leave pretty much everything."

"Even the gold?" asked a clear, firm speaker, at his side, in a tone that made him start involuntarily.

"Perhaps not, Miss Westfield," he instantly replied, "if there is not too much of it. But what is gold compared to human blood?"

"And yet they said you were a miner," returned Nellie.

"A miner," laughed the young commander, "but not an idolater. The failure of my expedition costs me half I am worth, but what of it? I took all the risks when I made my plans, and I must say I did not count in the scalps of two young ladies."

Nellie never smiled, but, seriously, and almost solemnly responded:

"I don't know exactly what to make of myself, sir. For three long years I have thought of

IN & AROUND The HOME

CONDUCTED BY MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON

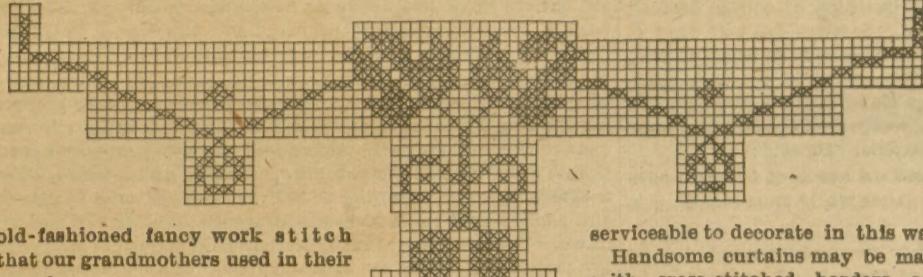
Cross-stitch Embroidery

WORKING on the square mesh is the oldest form of embroidery, and cross-stitching like everything else that is old has so revived that to be absolutely up-to-date this year, one's shirt-waists, tub dresses, bureau scarfs, sofa pillows, curtains and similar articles, must show a touch at least of just the

In drawing a design on material, do it very lightly with a lead pencil so that it will either be hidden by the embroidery or will easily wash out. When using very thin material such as lawn or net, it can be placed over and work through a pattern drawn on tissue paper.

A design can be made larger by working over more threads, that is, using a larger square.

Scrim is an excellent cotton material and



old-fashioned fancy work stitch that our grandmothers used in their samplers.

On a checked or coarse mesh goods this work can be done by simply counting instead of working over a pattern. On a fine plain goods it is necessary to baste canvas over the material to be worked. If the regular canvas which comes for this work cannot be secured, coarse canvas used for stiffening can be used, or a piece of starched mosquito-netting will answer. Any material of an open square mesh and stiff enough will serve as a foundation. Do the work through both materials, but be careful not to sew through any of the threads of the canvas but to always put the needle through the open meshes; this is very necessary in order to pull out the threads when the work is complete.

CANVAS FOR CROSS-STITCHING.

This illustration is a sample of the canvas which is used for doing cross-stitching on plain materials. This canvas also comes a grade coarser for working with heavy cottons and silk. After the work is finished the canvas is drawn out thread by thread.

Cross-stitching can be done by anyone but there are several little points to be observed in

GRAPE DESIGN

serviceable to decorate in this way.

Handsome curtains may be made with cross-stitched borders and hemstitched hems, with a little drawnwork added to give a lacy effect if desired. As regards the thread to be used in doing this work one must be guided in the selection by the quality of the material to be worked, fine goods will require fine thread and coarser a thicker thread, or generally so. After materials and colors are selected then there must be accuracy in counting and skill exercised in the blending of colors and their shades. A little practice will enable one to do good work.

A rich and handsome design of a basket of roses is shown in the illustrations for a cushion and the ends of a bureau scarf. Fine unbleached linen was used and the design worked out in colors, soft old blues, pinks, and green being selected.

The pattern in actual size and key for coloring is given in our new cross-stitch book,—see notice. Patterns for this and other designs given on this page cannot be supplied otherwise.

garian national colors, or in blue or red alone.

Where several colors are combined a certain general scheme is carried out, that is some one color will be used for a center group of stitches a second color follows this, then the third and fourth so that the effect is not haphazard when the embroidery is finished.

Fig. 5 is especially pretty, done in the Bulgarian colors on dark natural linen. First a flower of red, then blue separated by the leaf-like pattern which is green on either side and black in the center. Still another effect could be gained by using deift blue on white linen.

There is no end to the interesting color schemes that can be worked out, and either fine and lacy or coarse gorgeous effect can be attained according to the material and colors used.

A white linen shirt-waist worked in leviathan stitch in white is very handsome, and launders beautifully.

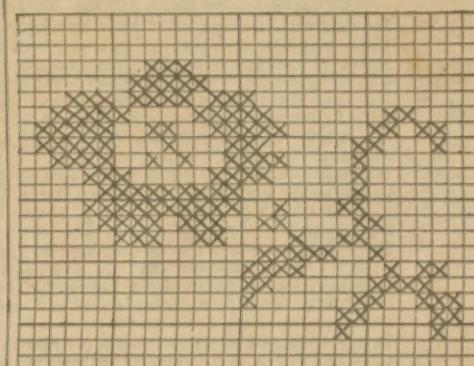
In leviathan stitch three or more squares are crossed from corner to corner as usual and then another stitch added from side to side.

Until this stitch is tried one has little idea of how quickly it can be done, and how showy the embroidery for the amount of work required. Almost any cross-stitch pattern can be copied,

A Light Shawl

A light shawl to throw over the head or around the throat when out at night is something every woman should have in her wardrobe.

In the writer's opinion the shawls made by



WILD ROSE.

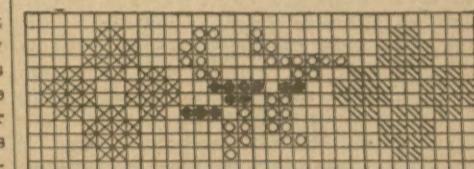
hand are of far more durability, as well as less expensive, than those bought.

To make a pretty little yard square one six ounces of zephyr will be needed, three ounces of pearl white, one of pale yellow, one of pink, and one of baby blue. The very lightest shades of these colors were chosen, in order not to make the contrast too great. With an ordinary crochet needle make a chain a yard long without stretching.

Then the shawl is all done in knot st., making it light and airy.

To make this stitch draw out a loop about one quarter inch, catch thread and pull through, then put the hook between the drawn loop and the thread just pulled through, catch the thread, and draw through these two stitches to form the knot.

First make six rows of knot-stitch with the white—two rows of yellow, two rows of blue, two of pink, then six of white again—and so on



INSERTION IN CROSS-STITCH. FIG. 5.

until the shawl is square. This makes six white stripes and five colored stripes, the white being at the outer edges.

A chain-stitch strand was put all around the three remaining edges to be used to hold the fringe. For the fringe take a piece of pasteboard three inches wide; over this wind the zephyr, then cut at one edge of the pasteboard, and you have your fringe just double the length it will be on the shawl. With your crochet needle punch through one stitch of the chain-stitch; have your cut strands doubled, take one on your needle, pull through the chain-stitch, then catch the two ends and pull them through the stitch, and your fringe is fastened. The colors as arranged in the fringe are white, yellow, white, blue, white, pink, white, and so on.

If darker colors are wanted, use black zephyr in place of the white, and let the colored stripe remain as it is, or substitute bright scarlet.

A Dainty Bed Set

Few articles of bedroom furnishing have a greater fascination for the dainty housewife than a handsome bedspread.

One which can be very easily made can be developed of three ruffled net curtains.

Join two of them along the plain edges on a piece of lace beading one-half an inch wide. You may lace ribbon through the beading to match the color scheme in the room. The spread should be used over color.

Rip the ruffling from the third curtain and cut to the desired size for a bolster-sham. Replace the ruffling covering the seam with beading to match that on spread, lace with ribbon, with full bows in the four corners.

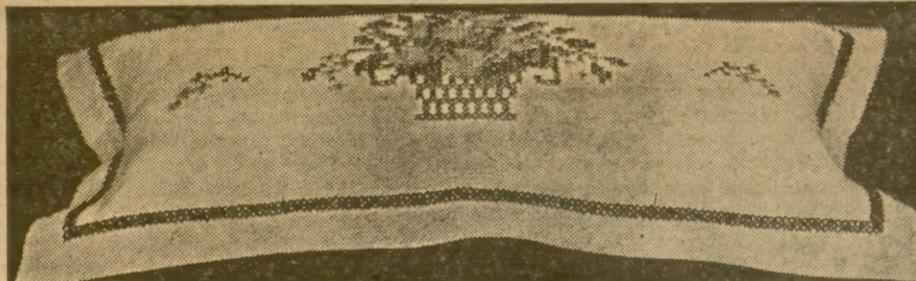
These make an inexpensive but very dainty bed set. Either plain net or one showing a figure is pretty.

Still another is of dotted muslin working the dots in the color used for decorating the room. They are attractive and inexpensive.

Special Notice

If one lacks time or cannot make up their own designs it is possible to get a great deal of help from a little book of original cross-stitch patterns of all sorts, for all purposes, which we have just issued for the benefit of COMFORT readers. This book contains full-size pattern and key for working the handsome bureau set here illustrated, also grape design for waist front, grape, rose and conventional borders for children's dresses, deer, elephant, butterfly and birds for curtains, sofa pillows, table-cloths, etc. Directions are also given for copying any cross-stitch pattern in crochet and vice versa.

We will send one copy of this new Cross-stitch Instruction Book for only one new subscription to COMFORT at 25 cents for 15 months if you address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



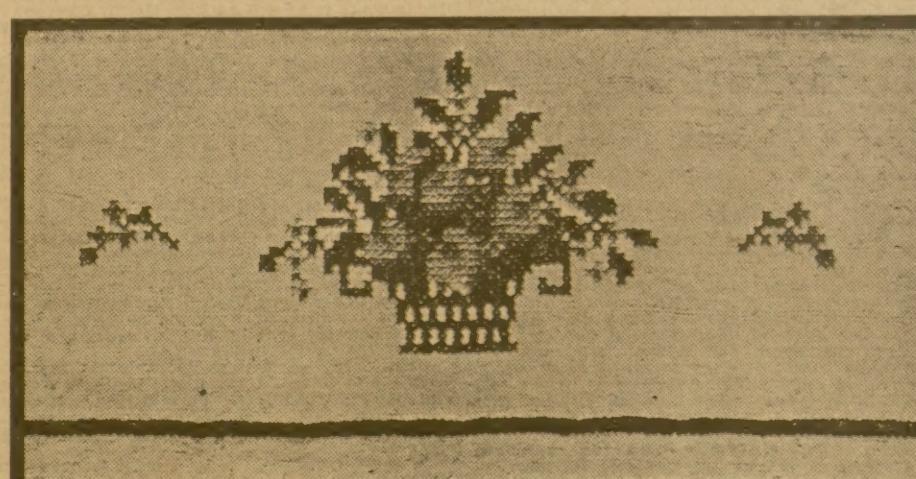
FLOWER BASKET DESIGN FOR CUSHION TOP.

The grape design given at the head of these columns is very rich and effective on natural or creamy linen worked out in greens and purplish blue. This can be used for a collar or a border and can easily be adapted and made more elaborate for the front of a waist by repeating the grape motif twice on each side of the waist.

The design would also be beautiful in Persian colors of delicate green, yellow, pink and blue on silk muslin or fine lawn.

For decorating children's school dresses and aprons nothing makes a prettier finish. In working on material of rather small checks, consider two or more a square and the work will be accomplished quicker and be more effective.

In using the cross-stitch embroidery as a decoration it is effective to turn all the hems on the right side, and then instead of hemming to finish with a single line of cross-stitch. Many girls who are clever in designing can copy ideas from lace passementerie, and can work out for themselves patterns in rose, grapes or daisies, FLEUR DE LIS.



THE SAME DESIGN AS ABOVE WITH ADDED SPRAYS FOR SCARF END.

thought one can plan to take the stitches in an orderly way; for instance, all the first stitches in each cross should be laid in the same direction, and the second stitches in all the crosses should be uniform, all in the same direction. See sketches Fig. 1 and Fig. 2. These represent the threads much enlarged.

Start by crossing from corner to corner diagonally over either one or two threads putting the needle up and through at 1 and down at C, then under on a straight line to 3 and across the square to A. CONVENTIONAL DESIGN. FIG. 3.

This is the simple cross-stitch. After working the first pattern of a border it will be found quite easy to repeat without counting, simply going by the consecutive lines.

For a tailor-made waist more conventional patterns, such as Fig. 3 and 4, are more suitable the embroidery being done in the natural colors worked in red, blue, green and black, the Bulgarian worked.

A Few Words by the Editor

THE First Baptist Church of Brockton, Mass., has issued the following prayer in pamphlet form:

"O God, we pray Thee for our sisters who are leaving the ancient shelter of the home to earn their wage in the factory and the store and the press of modern life. Save them from the strain of unremitting toil that would unfit them for the holy duties of motherhood which the future may lay upon them. Give them grace to cherish, under new surroundings, the old sweetness and gentleness of womanhood, and in the rough mingling of life, to keep their hearts pure and their lives unmarred. Save them from the terrors of utter want. Teach them to stand loyally by their sisters, that by united action they may better their common lot. If it must be so that our women toil like men, help us still to reverence in them the mothers of the future. But make us determined to shield them from unequal burdens, that the women of our nation be not drained of strength and hope for the enrichment of a few, lest our homes grow poor in the wifely sweetness and motherly love which have been the saving strength and glory of our country. To such as yearn for the love and sovereign freedom of their own home, grant in due time the fulfillment of their sweet desires. By Mary the beloved who bore the world's redemption in her bosom; by the memory of our own dear mothers who kissed our souls awake; by the little daughters who must soon go out into that world which we are now fashioning for others, we beseech Thee that we may deal aright by all women."

We feel sure that all our readers will say "Amen" to this prayer. There are a few things, however, a few more earnest petitions that might have been added with advantage to this prayer. Why not have implored God to have made inhuman employers more considerate in their treatment of the women, who, by their industry make factory and mill dividends possible? Ours is a man-made world, or rather a man-governed world. It is estimated that there are seven million women who support themselves (and there are still more millions dependent upon them) by their toil. Tens of thousands of these women have to work under conditions that are soul crushing, degrading, vile and unsanitary. God can, of course, put it into the hearts of mercenary, inconsiderate man, to stop the exploitation of women and children but we as a nation should have enough heart, pity and sympathy, and sufficient sense of justice to make the indecent exploitation of women and children impossible. God gave us the intelligence to do all things wisely and well for our own happiness and for His honor and glory, and if we would only use the intelligence that God has given us, the inhuman exploitation of the mothers and the future mothers of the race would cease. Though we should ask God to bless and prosper every worthy effort for the benefit of the race, we should not implore Divine Providence to do those things which God has a right to expect us to do for ourselves, and which we, in spite of our moral blindness, and lust for gain, know it is our duty to do. If men will not protect women both in the home and in the factory, then only a man dead to all sense of honor and decency would deny a woman the right of the ballot by which she can protect herself. Men, loving, tender and considerate of the welfare of their own womenfolk are too often harsh, inconsiderate and unfeeling, and at times even brutal and tyrannical in their treatment of women outside their own family circle. The woman toiler is not only the sapped by long hours of crushing toil.

victim of industrial conditions which sap her vitality, and blunt her finer feelings, but the hardship of her lot, and the craving for those pretty trifles so dear to the feminine heart, too often make her an easy victim of conscienceless scoundrels who prey upon those of her sex who are poorly clothed, underfed and underpaid.

The Supreme Court of Illinois made public a decision recently which speaks volumes for the good sense of that judicial body. There was a law in Illinois which limited the working day of a woman to ten hours. As usual the law was disregarded, as most of our laws are. When an attempt was made to enforce the law, a judge was found of course who promptly and obligingly decided that the legislature had no right to attempt to limit the number of hours mill and factory women workers should toil. The judge in question of course decided that the law was unconstitutional. Strange isn't it that it should be unconstitutional to protect women from being worked to death, and constitutional, lawful and right to work them until physically exhausted? Judge Hand of the Supreme Court of Illinois overruling this decision, recognized the fact that even a woman's endurance has its limitations. He said:

"To require a woman to stand on her feet for ten hours a day and perform severe manual labor while thus standing is likely to impair her health.

"And as weakly and sickly women cannot be the mothers of vigorous children it is of the greatest importance to the public that the state take measures to protect the women."

Thank Heaven there was one court in the land at least that put common sense, humanity and decency above constitutional bugaboos and legal theorizing.

To show how great is our necessity to put our prayers for the protection of womankind into deeds, the writer would like to draw the attention of Comfort's readers to an incident that happened in a big city in the State of New York. A young girl, anxious to help her father and mother in bringing much needed grist to the family mill, went to work in a cannery factory. Here are her own words of what happened:

"I had worked from before eight o'clock that morning, and it was nine at night when I was hurt. My brain was numb and my body tired. I had been standing in front of that machine for thirteen hours, and my limbs ached." It appears the child's hand got caught in a machine and was mutilated.

"This would never have happened," she said, "if I had not worked so hard. I was weak and tired and my hand slipped. I did not know exactly what did happen then. I know I grew fainter and fainter and saw my finger hanging and bleeding from a shred."

It is interesting to know that the company which employed this child, wanted the child labor laws taken off the state statute books. Just how much protection these laws actually give can be seen from the fact that this child when injured had been working for thirteen hours and was standing all the time.

This incident will bring home to all with stunning force the necessity for not only praying for our women toilers and our girl toilers as well, but the necessity for the good of society and of the race, of forcing our legislators to make laws that will safeguard their health and welfare, laws that will give them living wages and prevent their vitality from being sapped by long hours of crushing toil.

There are marked signs of national physical degeneracy appearing on every hand. The mill, factory and sweatshop are the chief agencies by which the health of the nation is undermined. Our women need and must have protection, not only in the factory, mill and store, but in the home. There is too much tragic truth in the old adage "Man's work is from sun to sun, but woman's work is never done."

A hospital nurse is on duty twelve hours a day, but she is allowed two hours off for rest and recreation. The vast majority of housewives are on duty from fifteen to sixteen hours in every twenty-four, and most of this time they are on their feet. Not even the night hours can be depended on for uninterrupted sleep. Few women with a family can count on many nights of unbroken rest. Hundreds of thousands of women have to leave their beds at five in the morning. The husband's breakfast must be prepared and the dinner pail filled. Later the children must have breakfast, and be gotten ready for school; then there is dish-washing, house-sweeping, scrubbing and dusting to be done, and the noon meal to be prepared for the home returning children. If the tired housewife has a chance to sit down in the afternoon, she will probably have to devote every moment to patching, mending and sewing. There is also washing and ironing to be done. Supper must be planned and cooked with more dish-washing to follow. In the majority of cases there is a baby that needs constant attention, and possibly there are children too small to attend school, eternally tugging at the tired mother's skirts. If the housewife is located on a farm there are many extra chores for her to do. Poultry must be fed, eggs gathered, and at times cows milked, and butter churned, etc.

So the prayer for the women who toil should embrace the housewife and mother as well as the factory worker. Let us pray that every man worthy of the name will provide his wife with all the labor-saving conveniences that the market affords. Let us too pray that the man of the house, instead of adding to his wife's labors will make them as light as he can, and render such assistance to the weary mother as lies in his power. There is much that man can do to lighten a woman's burdens if he only will.

Mother should have her rest hour whenever possible. An afternoon nap and complete relaxation for a couple of hours daily would be the salvation of tens of thousands of exhausted women, who are now from lack of rest, and the strain of incessant toil, too often broken in health and doomed to chronic invalidism, just at the time when they should be in their prime.

Let us then not only pray for the women who toil in the home, the mothers of the race, but do our best to lighten their labors, and make the dreary round and common task less exhausting than it is at present. Women are not only the creators of the race, but its inspiration. To pray for the women who toil and to work for the women who toil, is not only a duty that is incumbent on all true men, but it is also a national necessity, for only as we ameliorate and improve the condition of the creators of the race, can we improve the race itself. Let us hope this prayer will be read in every church in the land, and read with especial emphasis in those churches where wealthy exploiters of women and children occupy the front pews. We fear, however, that in the churches where this prayer is most needed, it is not likely to be heard, and for obvious reasons.

Comfort's Editor.

CAPTAIN FRANK — By William S. Birge, M. D.

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CHAPTER I.

HUNDERATION, a woman!"

"T HUNDERATION, a woman!" This ungallant exclamation was wrung from the lips of Sam Barber, the guide and leader of a small party that was about to start from Fisherville to visit what was then one of the wildest and least known portions of Northern California on a prospecting tour. The party numbered nine, and might well be called a "picked nine," as none but the best men among many volunteers had been accepted by the leader. They were armed and equipped expressly for the difficult and probable dangerous task before them.

The surprise of such a party may be imagined when a tenth person rode up, having the appearance of a man, and made this unusual announcement:

"I wish to join your party sir, and it is proper that I should inform you that I am a woman."

The surprise of Sam Barber amounted to consternation, and drew from him the exclamation above recorded.

"Yes, sir, a woman, but my name is not Thunderation. You may call me Frank, if you wish."

The amazement of the guide did not prevent him from inspecting her more closely.

She had the appearance of a good-looking, beardless boy, although somewhat above the usual height of woman, and was as well armed and mounted as any of the men of the party.

"It can't be done," said Sam Barber, finding his voice again. "Never heard of such a thing."

"You hear it now," she said, "and that is sufficient."

"We couldn't have a woman in this crowd. None but the best of men are fit for the work we want to do."

"It is absolutely necessary that I should go in the direction you mean to take."

"Why so? What's the matter?"

"My husband is out there somewhere, and he is sick or wounded, or in some terrible trouble, and I must go to him."

"How do you know that?"

"He came to me in a dream, and called me to him. I saw him stretching out his hands, and he begged me to come and help him."

"If you will tell us where to find him, we will look after him."

"But I don't know where to find him, and it's me he wants. I only know that I shall find him by going with you."

Honest Sam Barber was sorely puzzled, perplexed and annoyed. He looked around at his companions, as if expecting some suggestion from them, but received none.

"I don't want to hurt your feelings, ma'am," he said, "but this is nothing but nonsense. To think of a person starting out to hunt a man on the strength of a dream, without the most distant idea of where he is to be found. Nobody ever heard of such a wild-goose chase."

"I know that I shall find him by going with you. Come! I am ready, and have no time to waste."

"We can't have a woman in this party," sharply reprimed Sam. "You must see it yourself. It won't do, now, really."

"But I mean to go, sir, and I don't know how you can prevent me."

Poor Sam Barber was sadly troubled. He believed that this woman meant what she said. Her nerve and determination were evidently enough. She really intended to accompany the party, and they could not, as Californians, be so un gallant as actually to drive her away.

He called upon the other eight men for their opinion, but they shirked all responsibility. He was the leader of the party, and he must decide.

The matter decided itself, or was decided, rather, by the persistent intruder. She did accompany the party, and proved herself an agreeable acquisition instead of a burden. They had not traveled many days before the entire nine, including rough Sam Barber, were glad that she had come; in fact, the guide was almost ready to declare that she was "the best man of the party."

She was really expert in the use of her weapons, and was equal to all the emergencies of the expedition. No danger daunted her, no difficulty discouraged her, no fatigue was sufficient to overcome her. She insisted on doing her share of all labors, or bearing her part of all perils.

She told her story, which was a simple one. Her name was Frances Bell, and she was the wife of James Bell, an "old forty-niner" who had gone prospecting, a month or so previously, into the very region which Barber and his party proposed to explore.

She had had a remarkable dream, or vision, in which she had seen him stretching out his hands and calling to her. Nothing, she declared, could have been more lifelike and vivid than that dream, and it was hard to persuade her, when she awoke, that she had actually been dreaming. It impressed itself so forcibly upon her mind that she declared that she knew that her husband was in some dreadful extremity, and that she must go to his rescue.

Making inquiries concerning guides and help, she learned that Barber's expedition was about to start from Fisherville. Leaving her house and children in the care of friends, she equipped herself as has been described, mounted her horse, and hastened to join them.

Captain Frank, as Mrs. Bell was called by her comrades, was so thoroughly in earnest in all she said and did, and was so completely convinced of the reality or prophetic nature of her dream, that her confidence communicated itself to her companions, all of whom finally became converted to her belief.

She declared that it was a peculiar place at which her husband had stretched out his hands to her, and that it had been so impressed upon her that she would surely recognize it as soon as she should see it. She described it to her comrades, all of whom became so filled with her faith that they kept a careful watch for it all along the route.

Time passed pleasantly with the expedition. In spite of peril and hardship and fatigue, Captain Frank was cheerful, because she knew that she was going to her husband. She could not be certain that she would reach him in time to relieve him; but she did not doubt that she was going to him, and bore up bravely under the uncertainty. As a pioneer of the early days, she could give her share of the adventures that were nightly related around the camp-fire. She had loved her husband with her whole heart, and it had been her pride and pleasure to share his

perils and aid him in his enterprises. The present was not the first occasion on which she had worn man's apparel and carried a rifle.

With her assistance James Bell had been a successful man until an unlucky speculation had swept away the greater portion of his property and sent him prospecting.

Concerning such matters Captain Frank had a plentiful supply of anecdotes, and told them well, greatly to the satisfaction of her auditors.

CHAPTER II.

As the expedition progressed, the entire party "kept their eyes skinned" for the purpose of discovering that peculiar spot which Captain Frank described as having been seen by her in her dream.

Their efforts in this regard were unavailing, and it was too evident that Captain Frank was beginning, not to despair, perhaps, but to entertain a terrible feeling of doubt, that a serious question had arisen in her mind as to whether her dream had been a prophetic reality or a delusion.

Her comrades respected her mood, for they felt that they knew its cause, and they, too, rode on in silence troubling her with no unnecessary talk.

Affairs were in this condition when they came in sight of a deep and dark canyon, in the wildest and most rugged part of the Sierra. Near its entrance Sam Barber called a halt.

"I was never in this region before," he said, "but I judge, from what I have heard, that yonder is what is known as Bull Mouth Canyon. If so, we must keep our eyes peeled, as it is the headquarters of Hernandez's gang of outlaws."

"It is an unlikely place for robbers," remarked one of the party, "as it is hardly possible that any travel comes this way."

"That ain't the point," replied Barber. "They go far enough away to do their devilish work, but bring their plunder here to hide and divide it. If the officers or the vigilantes get after them, they retreat to this place and consider themselves safe."

"What's that you are talking about?" eagerly asked Captain Frank. "Outlaws and robbers?"

"Yes—Hernandez's gang," replied Barber.

"In there? In that canyon?"

"That is their headquarters, I believe."

"Let us go in, then; that is where my husband is. They have him. I now know what was the matter when he stretched out his hands to me. Come, my friends, it is all right now."

But the guide demurred.

"You might as well put your head in a lion's mouth," he said, "as to venture near old Hernandez and his cutthroats. For my part, I am willing to own that I am afraid of them, and that I had much rather not see the inside of that canyon."

"I must go alone, then. I must go where my husband is."

Others of the party declared that Captain Frank should not go without them, and the leader was compelled to yield, though reluctantly to the will of the majority.

It was a little after noon when they entered the canyon, but, although the sun was high in the heavens, few of its rays penetrated that tremendous gorge, and a feeling of gloom oppressed the travelers as they rode between those rugged

and lofty walls, carefully guiding their horses among the boulders and broken rock with which the bottom of the canyon was thickly strewn.

Captain Frank, however, pressed forward gayly. She seemed to be animated by fresh enthusiasm, and kept urging her companions to make haste, as she wished to be sure of reaching her husband before nightfall. They went slowly and cautiously, however, in spite of her persuasions, keeping a scout in advance and carefully scrutinizing every point of rock and every crevice in the awful walls that overshadowed them.

Suddenly Captain Frank stopped, uttering a glad cry. "There it is!" she exclaimed; "the very place I saw in my dream! There is where my husband knelt and stretched out his hands to me now."

All the party looked quickly at the spot pointed out by her eager fingers. It was a broad ledge some distance up the cliff at the left, with a cavernous opening behind it. Nothing living was to be seen, and they shook their heads sadly, fearful that Captain Frank had made her journey in vain.

A sharp exclamation from Sam Barber changed the scene.

"Dismount, men!" he shouted. "Dismount, and get to cover as quick as you can! Horseholder, attend to your duty!"

As quick as lightning all were off their horses, with the exception of one man, who gathered the reins of the loose animals and galloped with them to the rear of what may be called the "position" of the party. The dismounted men made haste to get behind the rocks, where they awaited the further orders of their leader.

This movement was made none too soon, for several rifle-shots were fired from the rocks at the left side of the canyon just as the men "squared."

"Hernandez's gang," said Barber. "We've dropped off on a nest of the villains, and have got to fight them whether we want to or not."

Under the directions of their leader, the men went to work in earnest, and no one was more active than Captain Frank. The horseholder, seeing what was going on, tethered his horses and came up to take part in the fight.

From rock to rock they crept, carefully keeping themselves under cover, and firing only when there was a chance to hit one of the enemy, who continued to empty their rifles as fast as they could load them.

In spite of this rapid firing, it soon became evident to Captain Frank's friends that they outnumbered their antagonists, and a whispered consultation resulted in an agreement to take charge of the rocks behind which the outlaws were posted.

Still they continued to advance slowly and cautiously, until they were within



This Department is conducted solely for the use of COMFORT sisters, whereby they may give expression to their ideas relative to the home and home surroundings, and to all matters pertaining to themselves and families; as well as opening a way for personal correspondence between each other.

Our object is to extend a helping hand to COMFORT subscribers; to become coworkers with all who seek friendship, assistance, encouragement or sympathy.

Any abuse of this privilege, such as inviting correspondence for the purpose of offering an article for sale, or undertaking to charge a sum of money for ideas, recipes or information mentioned in any letter appearing in this department, if reported, will result in the offender being denied the use of these columns.

Do not ask us to print letters requesting patterns, quilt pieces, etc., for the purpose of, or with the expectation of receiving the equivalent in return, for this is not an exchange column.

Do not ask us to publish letters requesting donations of money. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate, it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Do not request souvenir postals unless you have complied with the conditions which entitles you to such a notice. See postal request notice in another column.

We cordially invite mothers and daughters of all ages to write to COMFORT Sisters' Corner. Every letter will be carefully read and considered, and then the most helpful ones chosen for publication, whether the writer be an old or new subscriber.

Please write only on one side of the paper, and recipes on a separate sheet.

Always give your correct and full name and address, very plainly written; otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

Address all letters for this department to MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON, Care COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

BOTH because of limited means and the fact I could not leave home for many hours at a time, I was forced to look for attractions about my own town for means of entertaining two friends who had come a long distance and were to spend a week's vacation with me.

I went at it by first finding out what strangers considered "points of interest," and right here let me say it was then I discovered how little I had appreciated my own town, and that it offered all I desired in the way of entertainment.

My home was made quiet and orderly without "fuss and feathers." I arose a little earlier than usual, and before the day grew hot my three meals were planned and all signs of confusion out of the way. The days were spent in short walks and drives, some boating, attending services in our pretty church, and our evenings made never-to-be-forgotten ones by hours spent sitting together under my little porch and recalling to mind the doings of our girlhood days, and again getting in touch with those whom we had lost track of because when grown to men and women our paths had separated.

After all, it is the simple things, those that cost the least effort that most please. Nothing is quite so disturbing to our visitors as to feel they have been the cause of extra labor. A few hours spent in the woods in search of wild flowers, intermingled with chats on topics of mutual interest, and the return to a delicious meal of toast, preserves and tea, with perhaps a bit of salad prepared early in the day, or a little cold meat, will long be remembered, and how much happier your guests will be than if you had directed them to go without you and returned to an elaborate dinner to find all the indications of the hard work this meal had cost.

Entertain simply, drawing on your resources nearest at hand, and your guests will depart singing your praises, and you in turn will have new thoughts and a rested mind.—Ed.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS: Well here I am again; just a year since my first visit to this happy band. I have made many dear friends through COMFORT.

Sisters we have had joy in our family as well as sorrow since my first letter, for the stork left to us twin babies; a sweet little boy and girl. Oh, how happy we all ought to be with our dear children, for they are the most precious things in this world.

On May 6th our darling Paul, aged seventeen, was shot by a boy and did not regain consciousness. It was a cruel blow.

I am very busy caring for my six children and not strong. Many a time I go to our dear paper for comfort.

The Gulf is smooth this beautiful day and everything is green and attractive.

The following poem is in loving memory of twin babies.

Two Little Pairs of Boots

Two little pairs of boots tonight
Before the fire are drying.
Two little pairs of tired feet
In a trundle bed are lying.
The tracks they left upon the floor,
Make one feel like sighing.

Those little boots with copper toes,
They run the livelong day,
And oft's the time I almost wish
That they were miles away,
So tired am I to hear so oft,
Their heavy tramp at play.

They walk about the new plowed ground,
Where mud in plenty lies,
They roll it up in marbles round,
And bake it into pies.
And then at night upon the floor
In every shape it dries.

Today I was disposed to scold,
But when I look tonight
At those little boots before the fire
With copper toes so bright,
I think how sad my heart would be
To put them out of sight.

For in a trunk up-stairs I've laid
Two socks of white and blue.
It called to put those boots away,
Oh, God, what should I do.
I mourn that there are not tonight
Four pairs instead of two.

I mourn because I thought how nice
My neighbor cross the way,
Could keep her carpets all the year
From getting worn or gray.
Yet well I know she'd smile to own
Some little boots today.

We mothers weary get, and worn,
Over our load of care and toil.
But how we speak to these little ones
Let each of us beware;
For what would our fireside be tonight
If no little boots were there?

I hope to hear from you sisters. God bless you all is my prayer.

MRS. DOLLY DREYMON, Osprey, Florida.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS: I have been a reader of COMFORT for three years and think it a splendid paper.

As I am a stranger I will describe myself. I have dark brown hair, blue eyes, five feet two inches tall, weigh one hundred and eight pounds. I have been married five years and have two sweet little boys; ages four and fifteen months.

I will give a few remedies and "best ways."

For poison oak use lime and buttermilk to bathe affected parts; one part lime to two parts milk.

I have found that a few drops of carbolic acid in a basin of warm water is just the thing for rusty nail wounds. It takes out soreness and prevents blood-poisoning.

Take a piece of broken phonograph record, melt and pour in the holes of your granite kettle or pan, and it will be good as new.

White of egg and lime makes a good cement for mending broken china and glassware.

The shut-ins have my sincere sympathy.

Happiness and health is the wish of your COMFORT sister.

MRS. MOLLIE STAHL, Richardsville, Warren Co., Ky.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I do so much enjoy the nice letters in the Sisters' Corner that I beg to join you. I suppose I am a sister.

I am twenty-three years old, have been married nearly three years. We have a little girl one and one half years old. We call her Jewel. I do so want to train her that she will be a jewel in the sight of God. We came very near losing her last winter from pneumonia and she is not over it yet, but improving.

How many welcome the coming of spring? To me it is the grandest season of the year when nature awakens from her long sleep to deck hills, valleys and meadows in her mantle of green and bids the flowers burst forth into life and loveliness. Dear sisters, the awakening of spring reminds me of the resurrection of Christ. The many little seeds that have lain dormant, giving no sign of life through the winter, when planted in the earth and acted on by the influence of spring showers and sunshine, wake to life and new growth. It is indeed one of the greatest wonders of nature, but so common and ever present that most people scarcely give it a thought; yet it is a miracle of the humblest form of nature.

Deep in every human nature there is a spark of the divine, a spark of Christ, and we have only to roll away the stone of greed, sin and indifference, and bid our spiritual forces to rise even as Christ rose from the sleep of death.

If one has anything to give, be it ever so little, pass it on to someone who needs it. Think of the millions given to foreign missions when it is needed so much here in our very midst.

How many of you believe in treating tramps with consideration? I often think "what if it were my boy away from home, friendless and hungry," would I not bless the hand that reached out to him?

Would like to correspond with sisters. With best wishes.

MRS. MINNIE JUMPER, Booneville, R. R. 8, Box 49, Miss.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

Have long been a reader of COMFORT and like most of its readers, turn to the Sisters' Corner first.

I am the mother of three darling babies, one to four years old, so all the advice on the care of children is welcome. I am twenty-one and have been married five and one half years to one of the best husbands that ever lived. We are living on our home-stand in South Dakota, but are proving up now, and intend to move to Sheridan, Wyo., where my husband has a position as fireman on the railroad. We are sixty-two miles from the railroad, and six miles from our post-office, but the stage passes our house three times a week and delivers our mail.

I am the youngest of eleven children, of which nine are living. I was just reading Mrs. Ederick McDonald's letter saying she "was forty-six years of age and a grandmother." I wonder what she would say to my mother being grandmother at the age of twenty-nine!

My husband started away to shear sheep today, May 27th. This is his eighth year at shearing, so you see he is no "green hand," but is counted the best shearer in the crew and shears fast. Has averaged a sheep every minute and a half, beside tying the fleece. They pay eight cents per head and it is very fast money, but this will be his last summer at shearing for we will be living in our new home before shearing season comes again.

Our homestead is at the foot of the long pine hills of Montana. We can hear the music of the pines. We lived right in the deepest woods of the hills before we moved on our homestead. My brother owns a sawmill there, and another brother also owns one in the Ekalaka hills, forty miles from here.

Our town, Camp Crook, was named for General Crook who fought his last battle and was killed by the Indians on the spot Camp Crook now stands. We find lots of steel and flint arrowheads and stone war clubs, the latter being a round or oblong stone about the size of a shirt measure with a crease cut around the center of it in which they would fasten a piece of buckskin and use as a plug.

Can any of the sisters tell me of a remedy that would do my little boy's leg any good? He has infantile paralysis in his left leg, which does not pain him, but that leg is much smaller than the other and the muscles are almost entirely gone. His limping is quite noticeable. He is unusually bright with a good memory. Although he doesn't suffer with his leg, I cannot bear to see him limping the way he does if there is a way in the world to correct it.

I for one certainly think Mrs. James' plan a good one; it is exactly my view on the subject. If I am young, I have two sweet little girls I am anxious to rear right, and I hope us young mothers will prove to be good ones.

I should enjoy letters from all who would like to correspond with a Western sister.

MRS. LORA LIVINGSTON, Camp Crook, S. Dak.

Mrs. Livingston. I will tell you what was done for my neighbor's boy, a sufferer from infantile paralysis. This little fellow could not walk at all. One leg was considerably shrunk, and very sore and painful. He was regularly taken to specialists in Massachusetts where the progress of the disease was observed, and treatment given which was a form of kneading and rubbing. At the same time the mother was taught to do this rubbing. This was three years ago and now the boy uses his crutches very little and promises a complete recovery. The physicians tell the mother that the cure has been wrought by her, who with rare patience has each day worked on her boy's leg three hours. She used olive oil on her hands, otherwise the flesh could not endure so much friction. At first the tendons and muscles were so tender that only the most delicate touch could be borne, but gradually the soreness was reduced and more force could be used. Of course the circulation is cut off in a shrunken member, and massage appears to be the recognized treatment. This mother told me she could have done more harm than good if the rubbing had been improperly done.—Ed.

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Mrs. Livingston. I will tell you what was done for my neighbor's boy, a sufferer from infantile paralysis. This little fellow could not walk at all. One leg was considerably shrunk, and very sore and painful. He was regularly taken to specialists in Massachusetts where the progress of the disease was observed, and treatment given which was a form of kneading and rubbing. At the same time the mother was taught to do this rubbing. This was three years ago and now the boy uses his crutches very little and promises a complete recovery. The physicians tell the mother that the cure has been wrought by her, who with rare patience has each day worked on her boy's leg three hours. She used olive oil on her hands, otherwise the flesh could not endure so much friction. At first the tendons and muscles were so tender that only the most delicate touch could be borne, but gradually the soreness was reduced and more force could be used. Of course the circulation is cut off in a shrunken member, and massage appears to be the recognized treatment. This mother told me she could have done more harm than good if the rubbing had been improperly done.—Ed.

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Hearts Are Dangerous Playthings

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“WELL, HELEN” Mrs. Letheridge’s tone rang with an “I told you so” expression, “now we are here, I hope you’re satisfied.” She stared balefully at the gray desert of sagebrush around the forsaken station. “Where can your Uncle Dick be?” She set down her suit case despairingly. “How you ever got the idea of this mad chase after local color—I wish you had kept on writing other things, and never thought of writing a cowboy book! When I think of what we have gone through!”

Helen’s laugh rang out gleefully. “Why mother, that stage ride was splendid! and the old stage driver! It’s all just what I want. How could I write about cowboys in the East? Why, I’m



SUDDENLY TWO ARMS WENT ROUND HIS NECK, AND A TINY VOICE WHISPERED, “I LOVE YOU, NICK.”

about as familiar with their habits as I am with the Hottentots! I had to come and observe the ways of the animal in its native haunts! No picture post-card cowboys for me! No moving-picture melodramatic personage in a flaring red handkerchief and chaps, with a surrounding halo of cigarettes and six-guns! I want to copy from life. Here, with a wave of her hand, is the atmosphere. All I lack is the hero. And now!” dramatically, “enter the hero—oh!” Helen clutched her mother’s arm in sudden change of attitude as round the corner sauntered a typical cowboy. His buckaroo hat was set well back on his wavy hair, and the eyes below were what Helen, if he had been the hero of one of her stories, would have called “blue and fearless.”

“Thank goodness, he was too far off to hear me,” she thought fervently.

He had been sent by Uncle Dick to drive them to the ranch. As they came in sight of it, they saw, over by the corral, a group of horsemen, while from the confused mass ascended the smoke of the branding iron. Suddenly one of the cowboys wheeled his horse and dashed over to meet them.

“Well,” ejaculated Mrs. Letheridge, “if that cowboy isn’t Dick!” Surprise and indignation were in her cultivated tones.

“Why, mother,” laughed Helen, “what did you expect? Uncle Dick in a Tuxedo? with a Derby hat?”

“My, but it’s good to see you!” exclaimed the horseman as he reached them. “And so this is Helen! Well, are you the same little tomboy that used to cut up with your Uncle Dick?”

Helen responded to his mood. She threw grammar to the winds. “You bet I am,” she laughed, and from that moment the spell of the East was as if it had never been.

Helen began her campaign for local color next morning. “Uncle Dick,” she opened fire at breakfast, “can’t I have a horseback ride today?”

“You bet you can!” he assented heartily. “You can have anything on the place. Why—”

“But, Helen,” interrupted her mother, “You never were on a horse in your life. You can’t ride!”

“I know it,” admitted Helen calmly, “That’s why I want to.”

“Of course she’ll have to learn,” backed up Uncle Dick. “I wish I could go with you myself, but I’ll have to let one of the boys look after you.”

Helen nonchalantly raised her coffee-cup, but her eyes smiled. He might just hit on the cowboy she wanted to study, but she believed in helping fate along a little. “How about the cowboy who drove us out yesterday?” she said lazily.

“Just the one,” decided her uncle, enthusiastically. “There isn’t a finer young fellow on the ranch than Nick Lester.”

In a few minutes the cowboy led the two ponies up to the door. “Oh,” groaned Helen, “I don’t dare! That horse looks so—so Sulphuric!”

“Aw, you’ve got cold feet!” jeered Uncle Dick.

Helen glared at him in silent wrath. Then, with the dignity of an empress, she approached the animal.

“The other side,” suggested the cowboy respectfully.

Helen froze him with a look, moved to the other side, and mounted.

“What on earth do you say to start him?” she thought. After a wait, she addressed the beast. “Well, go on,” she said.

Uncle Dick howled with merriment, and even the cowboy smiled.

Helen looked at the reins helplessly. “How do you work the steering-gear?” she asked.

As her horse broke into a long, swinging lop, she instinctively clasped the saddlehorn with both hands. She was instantly furious with herself. Shyly she stole a glance at the cowboy beside her, to see if he had noticed it.

“That’s nothing,” he encouraged her. “Everybody pulls leather at first. You’ll learn quick.”

“Oh, do you really think so?” Helen glowed with delight. Then she suddenly remembered she was in search of copy. “Won’t you please teach me just how?” she said.

It is a dangerous thing to let a member of the opposite sex undertake to teach you something. Sooner or later a lesson creeps in that wasn’t in the curriculum. And when the teaching is done on the range, with those leagues of sky above, and the feel of good horses beneath you, there is an irresistible exhilaration about the learning of that lesson.

Day after day they rode together, and each night Helen’s light burned late as her ink-stained fingers flew, all too slowly, over the pages. The story was good—she felt the mad thrill of exultation that she knew meant success. Up to a certain point. Beyond that she was baffled. She could not make the love scenes convincing. “I’m not doing this part from life,” she thought, “and it shows. It’s wooden, lifeless, Bromidic.”

One afternoon they rode up to the “Rim-Rock.” Its curious formation had lured Helen from the day she saw it first. The long, flat top, with its straight, sheer, vari-colored ledges supporting it, piqued her curiosity. There was only one

By Mary Carolyn Davies

place where it could be scaled; there they guided their horses carefully up the rocky trail, and at last reached the top.

“Oh,” cried Helen, “it’s wonderful! Oh, I’m glad we came!”

“Don’t go near the edge,” warned Nick. They rode on slowly. Suddenly he saw a fissure ahead. “I’ll go and see if we can cross it,” he said.

“You wait here,” and, digging in his spurs, he was off.

Helen turned her horse’s head, and wandered over to the edge. “I don’t believe it’s dangerous,” she thought rebelliously. She knew the perpendicular rocks extended downward there for sixty feet. “But I’ll be, oh, so careful,” she promised herself.

She went to the edge, and peered over. Suddenly a stone slipped under her horse’s foot. He lurched over the edge. Helen grew cold with the only fear she had ever felt. Then, just as she thought she was gone, with one great effort the horse recovered his balance.

Weak and trembling, she guided him a few steps from the danger, just as Nick pulled his panting horse back in its headlong gallop, and threw himself off beside her.

He tried to speak, but no sound came. As his eyes met hers, her heart stood still with something bigger than the peril just over.

He was the first to recover himself. “Well,” his lips were white still, but his voice was steady. “That was sure a narrow shave.”

“Let’s go home,” said Helen faintly. She wanted to be alone to think out the problem that had just come to her.

That night the lamp did not burn, and her pen lay untouched. In the darkness she sat at her window, and gazed out at the black hills against the starlightened sky. But all she saw was one face, with eyes that said, “I love you.”

The problem throbbed and pounded itself through her brain, relentlessly, fiercely. To make her book a success, could she let him go on? Of course she could never love a cowboy. She ought to stop things at once.

“I know it’s wrong,” she thought. “But oh, I must win, I must! Without this, my summer here will be wasted. I can’t give it up!”

After that the story grew apace. And she knew it was good. Nothing was said between them concerning the accident. Summer was nearly over, the book was nearing completion.

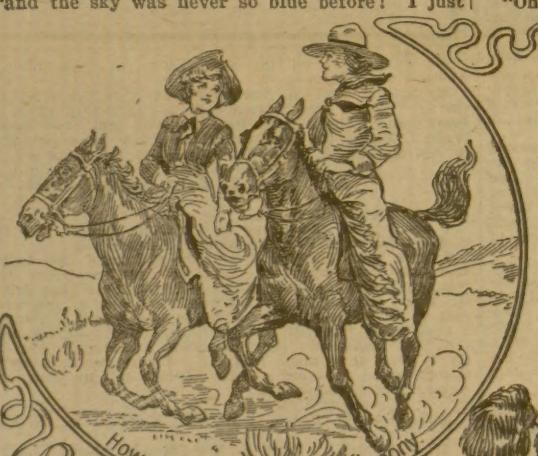
One afternoon Helen overtook the stage-driver, and pulled up beside him. “Oh, Mr. Scoggin,” she begged, “won’t you let me open our sack and get my mail? I just can’t wait till it gets to the ranch. Oh, thank you!”

She was off like the wind, but finally drew rein and let her pony amble along. She opened her letters with a hair-pin, and settling herself easily in the saddle, started to read the first one. Suddenly she sat upright. “Aunt Emma ill,” she cried, “Oh, we must go at once.” She made some quick calculations. “It’s no use to leave till Thursday,” she decided.

Suddenly, as she turned the corner of the road she saw, down by the river, the red neckerchief and the white chaps of a familiar figure.

He caught sight of her, waved his hat, and galloped up to her. “Wait a minute,” he shouted, “I’m going home, too. Ain’t the river pretty today?”

“It’s great,” assented Helen, enthusiastically. “and the sky was never so blue before! I just



Before she had finished she was back to her pony like a flash.

can’t leave it all,” she added quickly, a sudden note of remembering in her voice.

“Leave it?” he echoed, and his horse stopped with the sudden involuntary jerk he gave the reins.

Helen did not notice. “Yes,” she said, and told him the reason.

He was silent, until they came to a rocky cliff near the farmhouse. “Let’s go up and see how the river looks from there,” he said abruptly.

They guided their horses up the rocky hill and stopped. She looked away to the curves of the river winding far below. He looked at the girl on the horse beside him. The wind was blowing her hair about her face, but she did not feel it. How splendidly she sat her horse! What a picture she was, this girl with her skirt and spurs and careless cowboy hat, and through it all such womanly sweetness. He caught his breath sharply.

“Helen,” he said suddenly. There was a curious break in his voice. “I have two things to tell you. I—”

“Oh, don’t, Mr. Lester,” broke in Helen nervously. With an impulsive movement, she started to slide from her saddle, but somehow her foot slipped and she fell, only to be caught in his arms. Her hair brushed across his lips. He drew her closer.

“Helen, I love you. Didn’t you know it? There is something, too, that I must tell you.”

She was still, her heart seemed to stop with the knowledge that in that instant suddenly came to her. She must tell him what she had done, that was clear. But the telling had suddenly become a bitter thing, for in that instant

she knew that she loved him. She loved him and she must make him despise her, for she had to be honest—in her pain she felt that quite clearly—no matter what it cost, she must be honest with him.

She wrenched herself free from his arms and faced him bravely. “Oh, you don’t know,” she cried. Her lips quivered, but her eyes looked bravely into his. “You don’t know how all these weeks I’ve used all you’ve said and done and felt for my story, how even your love was just so much copy!” She dashed forth the whole scorn-worthy story. Before she had finished she was back to her pony like a flash, leaped in the saddle, and bringing her skirt down sharply, was off before he could catch his horse and follow.

He swore softly but whole-heartedly. “I’ve got to see her in the morning,” he muttered, “or it’s all day with me.”

As he reached the bunkhouse the “old man” met him with, “Nick, you’ll have to take a band of cattle up to the Horse Heaven first thing tomorrow.”

“Sure,” said Nick nonchalantly. But his eyes were wistful beneath his low-drawn hat. It was tough waiting.

As he rode back in the evening, it was only to be met with the stunning information that “the old man’s sister and niece had left.” “Gone!” he echoed blankly.

“They got a chance to go sooner than they expected to. Ranch ‘ll seem kind o’ lonesome without the women-folks, now we’re used to them.”

Nick did not hear him. He turned his pony’s head slowly. All the glory had suddenly gone out of the sky and the river, and it was a gray old world that the cowboy’s eyes looked out upon.

Things weren’t very noticeably bright that day, either, to a winsome face gazing out from an Eastern bound Pullman window. Last night she had deliberately burned all the pages of her book—the work of many weeks—the book from which she had hoped so much. It was the least she could do, she reflected bitterly, as the flames slowly curled round the close-written pages. Of course he despised her and she didn’t blame him a bit. But the world was going to be a pretty lonesome place, she thought with a rueful smile.

For several weeks, in the social life of her old circle, Helen had been trying to forget. One day, when the spell of the sage-brush was particularly strong upon her, a sudden invitation to dinner with an old school chum was a welcome diversion.

“I wanted you to meet a friend of ours while he’s in town,” explained Mrs. Waring, on Helen’s arrival. “Two literary persons like you ought to be congenial. His new book of verse is just out. He calls it ‘Buckaroo Ballards.’ He went West to get material for it, and masqueraded as a cowboy all summer. Oh, it’s quite exciting! There’s the door-bell, he must be here now. Excuse me a moment,” and the next instant Helen heard their voices in the hall.

Before they reached the room the telephone jangled insistently. “Oh,” exclaimed Mrs. Waring, “you’ll excuse me!” and from the adjoining room, with the receiver to her ear and her hand over the mouthpiece, she laughingly called, “Please pardon an informal introduction. Helen, let me present Mr. Lester.”

For an instant they stood silent, stunned with the wonder of their meeting.

Then with one stride he had her in his arms, “Helen,” he whispered, “Did you think you could run away from me?”

“Oh, how can you,” her voice came muffled

however, he was puzzled to the last degree, as he stood in front of the house watching the proceedings of a squad of his guests and defenders.

“What can they want of such a quantity of mule-beef?” he muttered. “One of ‘em would have fed the lot of us for three days, if we only had feed for the rest. Ah, yes, they mean to jerk it and keep it. Not so bad an idea. But what are they doing with the hides and with those wagon-tents?”

A curious piece of work it was, to tell the truth, for, as mule after mule was ruthlessly slaughtered, till a whole team had been sacrificed, their hides were stripped off with marvelous celerity, the strong hickory tilts, or frames, of the wagon-covers were torn down and clapped into them at their upper edges, as a kind of stretch until so many mule-skin bowls, so to speak, had been manufactured by lacing the edges of the skins roughly and tightly to the tilts.

“What’s all that for?” he mechanically inquired of one of the busy mountain men.

“Ask Cary Holman,” was the curt response. “I’d take off my hide in this yer stockade, if he gave me the word. Them things’ll float, won’t they, old man?”

A gleam of light flashed across the countenance of old Westfield, but just then the hawk-like face of his son was thrust into his, and the latter hoarsely exclaimed:

“They mean to desert us, and carry the girls and the gold away with them.”

“Not so bad as that,” calmly and sternly interrupted Cary Holman himself, as he slowly approached. “If the Apaches give us a chance, we will be half-way to Bill Williams’s Fork before sunrise; but we don’t mean to leave anybody behind us, and I’ll give you my word to bring you all back again.”

Just as that moment, however, a fierce, all but animal, yell from the rear of the house was followed by the sound of angry contention, and the voice of Percy Wetterman shouting:

“John, old man, this way! The villains are walling up the mine, machinery and all!”

“Your friend is crazy,” said Holman. “That’s the only thing to do in the fix we are in. How long can such a mere squad as ours hold this place without a hope of help, and without ten days’ provisions, except mule-beef? Our only chance is to move at once.”

“And rob us!” roared John Westfield, as he put his hand on his revolver, menacingly.

“None of that, now,” quietly interposed one of Holman’s men, as the muzzle of his repeating rifle was leveled with John’s head. “No nonsense, mind yer, just now, if you please.”

The grasping hand came away from the revolver, but the shouts of Percy Wetterman were changing into yells of such frantic and desperate ferocity, that the whole of them rushed forward toward the mine, as if impelled by the same instinct.

The strong-armed miners were, indeed, rapidly closing up the entrance to the shaft with such a mass of slabs and boulders of rock, as to give very good warrant that no lazy redskin would ever take the trouble to remove them; and at a few paces distant stood, or rather danced up and down, the lean, ghostly form of Percy Wetterman, restrained now from any violent interference, strange to say, by nothing more or less than the small sunburned hand of Laura Paine herself laid upon his arm.

“Be quiet, please, Percy,” she said, in a low and steady tone. “Do you not see that the mine cannot get away, nor the machinery either?”

“Of course it can’t,” hoarsely responded the ghostly miner; “but how are we to get any more out?”

“We shall lose all we have, and the machinery, too,” said Laura, quietly, “unless we drive away the Apaches. Don’t you see it’s nearly sunset?”

“We can mine just as well—” began Wetterman.

But his frenzied will was fast yielding to the magnetism of the fair girl beside him, and she seemed all unconscious, as she led him away toward the house, of the admiring glances which were turned upon her by more than one pair of many eyes.

“She’s no ordinary girl,” muttered Captain Varley to himself; “but how she has changed since three years ago. I must have changed, too, for not a soul of them all appears to remember me. Perhaps because they have had something more interesting to think of this busy afternoon.”

“Varley,” just then growled the voice of old Hedger in his



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To protect the weak and aged.To be kind to dumb animals.
To love our country and protect its flag.

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NOW here is something that will surely interest all of you, and it is clipped from the high-toned Boston Advertiser in which it appears as a news item: "New York. A Chinese luncheon was given in the Hotel Vanderbilt by Mrs. Arthur L. Holland of 134 W. 81st St., in honor of her pet Pekinese spaniel, Vi Sin of Aldebourne. Seven of Vi Sin's most intimate friends attended, properly chaperoned, of course, by their mistresses. Covers were laid for sixteen, each dog occupying a separate chair. Vi Sin received his guests in the main foyer of the hotel and attracted considerable attention by his costume, which consisted of a huge pink ribbon bow and a beautiful pink carnation. The menu: Consommé en Gelee, Ouen-Teufang, Truite de Rivière, Sautee Broads Oak Beetle, Pigeon-eau Roti Chur-Erh of Aldebourne, Salade Yangtse - Kiang, Glaces Fantaisies au Dragon, and Gâteaux Assortis à la Koto, Café." The cost of the luncheon for the seven dogs was seventy-five dollars.

A number of these disgusting dog dinners have been reported in the papers of late. Of course you can't blame the dogs, dogs don't know any better, though I've no doubt any decent dog would be fated in this manner. It must have a big chunk of contempt for its owner. I have, however, a pretty good idea of what your opinion will be of the women, or rather the individuals dressed in skirts who nauseate and turn the national stomach upside down with these public exhibitions of loathsome degeneracy. I know there are a lot of sexless people who find intense joy and unbounded pleasure in canine cuddling and dog worship and other low-down tomfooleries, but people who have perverted tastes, might at least engage in these degenerate stunts in their own homes and not make a public exhibition of their degeneracy in a fashionable hotel, and allow all the details of their revolting performances to get into the newspapers. Anything more degrading and disgusting than these dog luncheons I cannot conceive. I'll wager that the female owners of the dogs who participated in this performance couldn't muster three babies of their own to save their necks. If there is a baby in any of the homes owned by these female dog worshippers, I'll wager it is tucked away in a nursery, garret, cellar, or maybe a stable, while his lordship the dog is occupying a gold bed in the front parlor with a diet specialist to attend to its meals, a maid to curl its tail, and a veterinary surgeon to feel its pulse and take its temperature every few minutes. Now don't condemn all women because of the indecent antics of these female parasites. As I have often told you there are three sexes, men, women and things, or freaks. Blame rather conditions, which make these exhibitions possible and blame the men who permit their wives to outrage public decency in this disgraceful manner. What is the cause of all these mad antics of the overgorged idle rich? Simply this! they have too much money to spend and entirely too little to do, except make idiots of themselves, and indulge in such riotous luxury, that even the putrid rottenness of Rome when it was tumbling to its fall, plunging to ruin from over indulgence, corruption, sensuality and bestiality, seem commonplace in comparison with their degenerate antics. Rome was ruined owing to the fact that its world-wide conquests gave to its privileged, patrician, idle rich class, more money than it knew what to do with. Abraham Lincoln said that no nation could exist that was half free and half slave, and the mighty Roman Empire was seized with dry rot, and wiped off the map by lusty barbaric tribes, because most of the people were virtually slaves, while the ruling class were idle, rich voluptuaries. What happened in Rome some two thousand years ago is happening here today. History has a habit of repeating itself. You will say we have improved a great deal since the days of Rome and savagery. So we have. But wait a moment. At a certain feast given by a wealthy Roman, while the gladiators were hacking each other to pieces, a hundred semi-nude girls were serving the guests of the wealthy host with wine and refreshments. At the conclusion of the feast, the girls were herded together, drugged with wine and then burned to death. This was the star feature of the entertainment, and the host and hostess of course received the congratulations of their guests, and were warmly thanked for the enjoyable time that had been provided for them. Horrible! horrible! you will scream in unison. What is a dog dinner in comparison with such horrible barbarity as that? Wait a moment, dear friends. Our idle rich dare not publicly burn their serving maids, as was done in ancient Rome, but a good part of the money that pays for these dog dinners, cat suppers, reptile repasts, lizard luncheons, baboon breakfasts, comes out of the very life blood of hundreds of thousands of underpaid workers, who are speeded and sweated and at times driven to death itself, that dividends may be paid on watered stocks, and mighty fortunes built up from the streaming brows of men, women and child workers, whose happiness, health, and alas, in too many cases—lives are sacrificed, that golden streams of wealth may be accumulated for a privileged, parasitical few to dissipate in every possible form of disgusting luxury and debauchery.

The world shuddered at the loss of the Titanic, but in the coal mines of the United States alone last year more than twice as many lives were sacrificed as on the Titanic. If at a society function in Newport a hundred girls were burned to death for the amusement of our Four Hundred, the nation would gasp, but who cares about the 83 miners who died not long ago at Jedd, W. Va., the 100 miners at Briceville, Tenn., the 250 miners whose lives were snuffed out at Jacob's Creek in Pennsylvania, the 87 mine workers slaughtered at McCurtain,

Oklahoma, and the 265 luckless souls entombed in the mines of Cherry, Ill. What about the 146 girls whose bodies were made into a funeral pyre in the Triangle Shirtwaist Factory in New York? Does anybody care about these burnt human offerings on the altar of greed. These mine horrors are nearly all due to the failure of those who own mining property, to protect their working men. Do you think if the Titanic had been an ordinary ship without any millionaires and prominent society people aboard, and had gone down with 1,600 immigrants, common people in search of work in the New World, that the whole universe would have been racked from one end to the other? No, indeed. In a day or two the newspapers would have ceased to have mentioned the matter. Within a radius of two miles of where this particular dog luncheon took place, thousands of human beings exist who would have been glad to have gathered up the crumbs that fell from the platters of these over-gorged canine pets. Hundreds of thousands of people in these United States haven't even the bare necessities of life, and millions more live on the hunger line, while countless once happy homes are now haunted by the specter of want and worry owing to the high cost of the necessities of life. And the cost of living is made high because the idle, unscrupulous rich want billions for every form of extravagant luxury, including dog dinners and poodle pink teas, and it is you who have to be pinched and half starved to pay for it all. The Committee of Fourteen that made a thorough investigation of the social evil and the white slave traffic in Chicago, reported that numberless victims of the traffic were dragged hellward, not by passion nor love of clothing, nor pleasure, "but by the overwhelming force of actual physical want." Under these conditions then, is it not revolting, disgusting and horrible with so much human misery, want and suffering abroad in the land, that women who might be ministering angels, and who could relieve hundreds of cases of poverty, want, disease and physical anguish, squander the ill-gotten wealth of their husbands in the degrading and disgusting way mentioned above.

In conclusion, let me ask you not to remark, as many doubtless will: "Oh, I guess that's some of those suffragettes that were mixed up in and were responsible for all that business." It may please you, or if it doesn't please you, at least you ought to know, that woman-suffrage has done and is doing more to broaden woman's point of view, deepen her sympathies and give her a higher conception of life and her duty towards not only her own sex but all human kind, than all the preachings of the centuries. The women who indulge in these disgusting dog dinner episodes are not interested in the uplift of their own sex or anything else. They are just butterflies of fashion, parasites of pleasure, gaudy moths that flit eternally round the candle of wantonness, wasteful money burners who reap what others have sown, and who drag the fair name of womanhood in the dust, and who make our great republic a laughing stock, and the butt of all the jests and sneers of the envious and critical of the nations of the world. Don't forget, it is the stupidity that you, the masses, have shown at the ballot box, and in electing your legislators, that have made the idle rich and dog dinners possible, and forced you to support the one and pay for the other.

Summer is waning, we are on the threshold of fall. Next month we celebrate Uncle Charlie's birthday, and there is no better or more appropriate way to celebrate it than by securing a copy of his wonderful book of poems, the best 160 page book of fun and inspiration ever published, beautifully bound in lilac silk cloth, sent free for a club of only four fifteen month subscriptions to COMFORT at twenty-five cents each.

You should also send in a club of only two fifteen-month subscriptions to COMFORT at only twenty-five cents each and secure Uncle Charlie's beautiful song folio which contains twenty-eight



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of the most enchanting musical numbers ever written. Full music for voice and piano. Both books free for a club of six. For further particulars see end of this department. Work for them today.

The new correspondence list is now out. Send a stamped addressed envelope and give your League number if you want a copy.

I know you will be grieved to hear that the surgeons at the great John Hopkins Hospital, Baltimore, Md., could do nothing for poor Lee

Mabry. His spinal column is severed, and his case is a hopeless one. You did your part nobly but his case is beyond help. It will interest those of our readers who live in Baltimore and its vicinity to know that the only help that came to Lee Mabry came through COMFORT and its readers. The Baltimore newspapers got interested in his case, and gave him quite a lot of publicity, in fact from what our readers wrote me one would think that Baltimore was spending millions to put Lee Mabry on his feet. Baltimore tried to hog the credit that alone belonged to COMFORT and its readers. One wealthy merchant was supposed to be paying Lee's carfare, etc. I wrote Lee and asked him what it all amounted to, and he replied that the Baltimore help was all "hot air". The money you sent this poor soul is helping to make him comfortable now, and he is just as grateful to you as if you had given him back his health and strength.

Now for the letters:

Station A., CLEVELAND, OHIO.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I have been reading your letters all the afternoon, and have had to dodge pillows, books, and papers only knows what all for doing so. Shall I tell you why? Suppose you can make a shrewd guess. Just because I laughed and three old sober-sides were trying to sleep. They insist I roared and howled, and according to them I must have done so.

You dear Uncle Charlie if I were near you I would give you a big, big hug and just a bushel of kisses. Uncle Charlie, I think you are a *scream*. You write some of the funniest things. You take a letter and turn it upside down, inside out, and poke all kinds of fun at it.

In regard to myself, I'm an orphan, nineteen years old. I work in a suit and cloak factory. Am a skirt hand and in the busy season can make an average ten dollars a week. I am blessed with perfect health and cheerful nature; always hope for the best, enjoy all kinds of outdoor sports, also dancing. I have no thought of marriage, as I'm perfectly content as I am. Suppose if Mr. "Right" comes along, might change my mind. But at present boys are the least of my worries.

About two years ago, three other girls and I decided to quit boarding houses and "homes," and start up housekeeping on our own account. We leased a five-room cottage with good, deep yard, for five years, at ten dollars a month. Went to second-hand stores and bought our furniture, just what we had to have for our immediate needs. Spent one day washing and polishing it and fixing up our home. Our first outlay of money was seventy dollars, including the rent. Went out to the Infirmary and got a dear old lady to come and live with us and be our own "Muzzle," which she gladly consented to do. Now after two years we have a dear, plain but oh, so cozy home, awaiting us after a hard day's work at the shop, and dear "Muzzle" always has a good, hot dinner ready for us. When we boarded we paid four dollars a week and no lunch or laundry work, and had a tiny poke of a room. (You would have had to pay six dollars to eight dollars a week for that accommodation in New York City, Uncle Charlie.) Now we have a *real home*, and it does not cost us quite four dollars a week each, and "Muzzle" gets her living out of it, and our lunch we take from home, and every two weeks we have a woman to come in and do the washing, sweeping and heavy work. Dear "Muzzle" has her garden, chickens and flowers and does all the mending and cooking and she is busy and contented, as she is not dependent, but *independent*.

So you see dear Uncle, we four girls solved one of the poor girl's alone-in-the-city problems. If only girls would do as we did, how much misery and heart aches they would be spared, and think of the hundreds of dear old ladies to whom it would be a perfect Godsend to have a nice, quiet home, and I assure you they would more than pay for their board and clothes.

Well, Uncle, really I did not intend to write such a long letter, and I'm sure you will call me "Rabbling Kitty." But please forgive me this time.

Praying God will give you strength to continue in your good work of spreading sunshine, I am,

Your loving niece, KITTY RYAN.

Kitty, yours is a most delightful and entrancing letter. It made me happier than you'll ever know, and I know all of COMFORT's readers will be deeply interested in your masterful solution of the working girl's greatest problem: how to get a real home in a big city on small wages. Your wages are above the average of the ordinary working girl, but, and there is always a big but in such matters, I fear your employment is not regular and steady all the year round. Nearly all trades have their slack seasons, and if a girl can get employment nine months out of twelve she is lucky. If you are idle three months in the year your wages would only average \$7.50 per week, and unless you had hit upon this cooperative plan of running a home, all the happiness that now is yours in that dear little nest of yours, with your dear old "Muzzle" would have been denied you. Kitty, your experiment proves the value of what I consider life's most vital principle, and that is cooperation. Alone we can do little, but when we band together, stick together and pull together, we can accomplish miracles. If some man or woman of wealth would send women who understood the cooperative principle and explain it to girls who are eking out a miserable existence in so-called "homes" how they could by cooperation and renting a house of their own, have a real home, they would be doing noble work and would bring happiness to thousands who now live miserably. Many working girls have made a success of this cooperative plan of living and thousands more could make a success of it if they would only try it. It only requires a little enterprise and industry to bring schemes of this kind to successful fruition. Working girls' homes run by well-meaning people are generally stiff and uncomfortable places. There are so many rules and regulations that a girl feels more as though she were in a prison than a home. The board, too, is generally poor and an aggressive matron rules the ranch with a rod of iron. A girl after a hard day's work needs the atmosphere of a real home, needs freedom and relaxation to make her forget the cares and troubles of the day, and this atmosphere is entirely lacking in an institution run by a bunch of well-meaning but misguided church people who think that scriptural texts and iron rules, tough steak and thin soup, are all that are necessary to make a tired, harassed, homesick working girl, entirely happy and comfortable. Kitty Ryan evidently has had her experience of boarding houses and "homes," and coined that experience into comfort and happiness. Think too, of that dear old lady being rescued from an institution, restored to usefulness, and smothered with that love for which the mother heart ever hungers. Kitty you have done nobly. I congratulate you, dear, and hope that thousands of others will follow your example. God bless you and Muzzle. I'm sorry you didn't give us your street number—your complete address as thousands will write to you and when they receive no replies will swear you don't exist, and that I have faked your letter, and evolved it out of my own fertile brain.

MELROSE, WIS.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I am a subscriber to COMFORT and have been for years and am in good standing. Now what I want to ask you is: Who is the best man to elect President of the United States?

You read a great deal more perhaps than the average man, and so have a better chance to form an opinion. My husband and several of his men friends wish for you to decide that question regardless of party.

How are we to know if our man is elected that he will do as he agrees, and not favor the idle rich?

What do you know of Woodrow Wilson of New Jersey? of La Follette of Wisconsin? W. J. Bryan of Nebraska? Champ Clark of Missouri? I for one do not believe in W. J. Bryan as he has run too often and as often been defeated. What's the matter with Taft being reelected? Hasn't he done a great deal of good? or has he done harm? Why wouldn't Teddy do for another term?

Please let us know through COMFORT. How can we know or anyone else know if the same tricks that are now being played in regard to the mileage system is still carried on or stopped? (The mileage system is a law not a trick. Uncle Charlie.)



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REVERSIBLE COLLAR COMPANY
Department E, Boston, Mass.

I do not belong to the League of Cousins but intend doing so when I renew my subscription this fall. We all enjoy reading the cousins' letters and Uncle Charlie's witty answers.

I will close wishing you long life and same to COMFORT, too. Yours for a reply and the truth as COMFORT isn't afraid to speak the truth.

MRS. SADIE DEWOLF.

My dear friend, I would be the happiest man on earth if I could answer your letter in the way you would like it answered, and in the way I would like to answer it. There was one thing, however, you forgot when you made this request of me, and that is that COMFORT cannot discuss such questions as the one you wish me to advise you on. Of course it is a very unfortunate thing that such matters cannot be discussed without causing acrimony, bad blood and ill feeling, but they simply cannot. If I were to say one word in praise of Teddy, I would have ten thousand letters within a month from people who do not like that gentleman, and who would inform me that Teddy was an egotistical swashbuckler, and a hot air distributor. All of these people would also request that their names be removed from COMFORT's subscription list, and possibly fifty thousand who didn't write at all would say: "I'm through with COMFORT, now it's attempting to give us another dose of Roosevelt and 'my policies'." If I were to say a word in favor of Taft, Roosevelt or Wilson, there would be a racket you could hear from Maine to California, and COMFORT would have to close up shop, and Mr. Gannett would be forced to retire to the bankruptcy court, while I would become a public charge, and would have to take up my abode in the nearest dog's home or city hospital. Every public man is connected with a certain party, and to praise this one or disparage that, is to arouse fierce fires of partisanship, and once you light these fires you'll (CONTINUED ON PAGE 9.)

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EDIE SUNSHINE

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HO-HO, HO-HO, HO-HO!" trilled Edith shrilly from the kitchen, peering through the bedrooms to the parlor. "By-by, momsie, I'm going."

A portiere was drawn aside in the parlor doorway revealing Mrs. Evans's smiling face.

"By-by, girlie, I thought you were gone. Dear me! Edie, shall I ever get used to these dark rooms? All I can see out there is a sort of blur."

"The blur is me, momsie, throw a kiss at it. There—I caught it, by-by." With a ripple of laughter the blur vanished. Out in the gloomy hall the ripple ended in a sigh.

"No, you will never get used to them, momsie, nor shall I," breathed the girl, tripping down the steep, narrow stairs. "Oh! Their dense, noisy, 'little old New York' isn't what it's cracked up to be. But I didn't know, momsie precious, when I tore you up by the roots from your dear old village garden and transplanted you into a cramped little pot here in this dirty, bustling, hateful city!" She halted inside the street door to dab her eyes with a lace-edged square, then passed out and down the stone steps murmuring: "It's just do the best you can, now, Edie girl."

She turned the corner and walked swiftly along the clamorous avenue, wincing at the squeaking, rushing elevated trains and the clangorous surface cars whizzing dizzily past, gladly turning away to the quieter street that held the church of her choice. Inside its spacious vestibule she hesitated a moment, then descended the few steps and passed through the swinging doors into the Sunday schoolroom, there to stand in a tremor of abashment, gazing out the aisle to the platform from which the primary superintendent was surveying the sea of bobbing heads.

The superintendent did not notice Edith, although she had solicited her help in the Sunday school when they had met at prayer-service. The girl was about to retreat in embarrassment when she discovered four teacherless urchins in a rear seat. They hunched each other, eying her closely. The superintendent raised her hand and Edith slipped tremblingly over and sat down beside them.

"Gee!" came an audible whisper, "pipe the outfit!"

"Cheese it," snickered another, "she's a push from the school."

"Aw—shut up!" commanded still another.

A teacher in front turned to administer a stare so cold it sent a chill down Edith's spine. She reached out a slim arm and gently endeavored to incline the nearest heads reverently, but the small necks stiffened obstinately. Her brief experience with the New York youngster impelled the harassed girl to produce a nickel and display it alluringly. The boys grinned and sat through the remainder of the prayer in uneasy silence. At its close three hands were held out simultaneously.

"When the session has ended the best behaved laddie gets it," whispered Edith, smiling appealingly into the expectant faces.

"Aw—" grunted one, slouching doggedly down into his seat. Two others grimaced, whilst the fourth, a manly little fellow of eight years, edged toward her whispering:

"You don't have to buy me, teacher, I'll be good."

When the services were over Edith tarried awaiting recognition from the women she had worshiped for several Sabbaths. One in passing gave a curt nod that dashed a wave of timidity over the girl. She passed hurriedly through the doorway. Out in the open she drew a long, relieved breath.

"Dear Mrs. Barry," she murmured, thinking of an old home-friend, "Edith, childie, she would say, 'a smile for a frown, dearie; a warm hand for a cold shoulder'; but oh, I can't, they're so formal."

Tears trickled down the pink cheeks and the girl turned to gaze into a store window whilst she stealthily wiped them away.

"Oh, momsie precious," she breathed, "I dare not let you guess else you would wilt entirely, but I'm so homesick! We're no better off financially and not half as comfortable. The difference in a teacher's pay seemed great; but I didn't understand city expenses. Momsie precious, your Edie is a little ignoramus."

A cold little hand was thrust within her own and she found her smallest scholar walking beside her.

"I waited for you, teacher," he announced. "Say, I ain't going to be bad at all. I like you, teacher," he confessed boldly.

"I'm so glad you do, dear," rejoiced Edith. "I had almost given up winning friends here; but—'A little child shall lead' she quoted. 'You don't understand that, do you?'

"No'm. You don't think I'm the worstest kid, do you teacher?" he queried wistfully.

"I think you're the bestest," declared the girl quickly. "Tell me your name."

"Walter Amory, teacher, do you want to know why I like you?"

"I'm not sure," hesitated Edith, "though truth is best even if it hurts," with a heart-breaking twinge, remembering the nickel he had justly won, which, in taking him at his word she had bestowed upon another. "Poor little Mr. New York," she murmured whimsically, "pointing one way and leading another. Couldn't bear the other fellow getting the graft—after all."

"Well, first, teacher," began the child gravely. "I love you for you. Then, next, I love you for mamma. You're like her, teacher, only you're a girl," he concluded.

Edith whisked the child back to avoid a terror on roller skates, then, oblivious of observation, she turned his round, cherubic face up between her two palms and kissed him on willing, responsive lips.

"Scored one, Wallie," she said happily; "but you can't understand, darling." Then to herself reproachfully. "Edith Evans, is it possible that New York has made you skeptical of the integrity of even her little ones?"

"You called me darling, teacher, just like mamma did," cried the child tremulously.

"Like mamma did," repeated Edith, sadly comprehending. "Oh, Wallie dear!" She stooped to again kiss the full red lips.

"I live on this street, teacher," said the child, still clasping her hand.

Edith glanced out the street with its somber, old-style dwellings.

"Whom do you live with, Wallie?" she questioned, gently patting the small, clinging hand.

"Mis' Vogel, teacher, pa an' me—we boards. And, teacher," grasping a plait of Edith's blue skirt. "Mis' Vogel ain't purty; her hair don't curl, and her dress ain't ever like this."

"You flatterer!" laughed Edith, tweaking a pink little ear, "don't you want to go home with me and see my momsie?"

"I'd like to, teacher, but pa's waiting for our walk," he explained pensively.

"Run along, then, I'll hunt you up some day," promised Edith cheerily.

"Teacher," he asked timidly, clasping his bare hands around a gloved one and gazing up shyly, "Are you a girl-boy when you kiss folks?"

"You're the most delicious morsel I've found in this big, heartless city, even if you are a girl-boy," cried Edith joyously giving him a vehement caress.

On an opposite corner a man was loitering, wonderingly observant of the scene. Sauntering up the avenue as they came down he had noted them and paused when Edith thrust the child from the pathway of the roller skates. He was a tall man, finely proportioned, about thirty years of age, with a gentle, scholarly, clean-shaven face, and grave gray eyes looking earnestly out at the world through gold-rimmed glasses.

As Edith walked swiftly down the avenue she heard the patter of hurried feet and the breathless call:

"Wait, teacher, wait a minute."

She whirled around quickly, to laughingly catch the running boy in her arms.

"Oh, teacher," he panted, "I can go with you, if you'll tell me where it is, so papa can call for me at six o'clock."

"Why, you haven't been home already, Wallie?" she asked in surprise.

"No'm, teacher, but my papa—oh, he's caught up," pulling her back to meet the man in gold-rimmed glasses smiling benignly upon them.

Grabbing his hand the boy dragged them together, jubilantly announcing: "This is my papa, teacher, an' he's a reg'lar Cracker-Jack!"

"I'm pleased to meet you, Mr. Cracker-Jack," greeted Edith in a gale of laughter. Then blushing, "pardon me, Mr. Amory, but this small boy is too much for my risibles."

Reed Amory raised his hat, bowed politely, murmured "thanks," choked back a gurgle of responsive mirth and said reprovingly:

"Wallie, I fear you are too impetuous; and you've not told me your teacher's name, son?"

"That's beyond his power," declared Edith, fumbling for a card. "And don't quench him, I beg of you, he's delightful! Oh, here, I thought I had one—address and all. I'm a newcomer," she exclaimed, seeing a perplexed expression upon his face. "Also an economist, you see! I drew a line through the old address and wrote the new one above it."

"Is it possible that you came from Owego?" he queried, beaming upon her. "Why, I'm from that vicinity myself—from Binghamton."

"What joy!" cried the girl impulsively, extending a cordial hand. "How tickled momsie will be; you'll go and see her, won't you?"

"If I may," he replied, clasping the welcoming hand closely. "I should enjoy it hugely."

"I know it isn't the New York way," excused Edith, tripping along at his side. "But—'home-folk'—have you been away long enough to vibrate at those words?"

"Have I?" he exclaimed, "why, there's been times I'd have hugged even a mongrel pup from home!"

The boy gambled ahead until they reached the flat-house where Edith lived.

"Come, Wallie, you've passed the goal," she summoned gayly, as they approached the door. Inside she raised a playful finger, shaking it solemnly.

"Not one word about murder, fire or thieves within these mock-mahogany portals," she adjured. "Momsie's mind is haunted by the morgue whenever I'm late home. She lies awake nights sniffing for smoke, and if a hungry mouse ventures to search for a possible crumb, she imagines a big, bold burglar is after the jewels of the *Verde de Vere's*."

She ascended the stairs lightly, crowded before Wallie, his glad hand held close. At the second landing she produced a second key.

"See, I'm quite a maid of affairs, carrying latch-keys. It saves momsie a scamper through the flat, for she spends most of her time gazing down into the street, wondering where all the people are going and if the cops are after them. Momsie cannot fathom the New York hustle."

She inserted the key, but the knob turned from within, the opening door revealing a sweet old face, with blinking eyes endeavoring to pierce the gloom without.

"It's you, at last, Edie girl," she cried joyously. "Oh, you're not alone!"

"Momsie precious, you'll never guess," beamed Edith. "This little lad is in my class and this big lad," casting sparkling eyes on Reed Amory, "is his father, and—momsie, just think—a Binghamton boy!"

Mrs. Evans drew a long, astonished breath, grasped Wallie, kissing him heartily, and caught Reed's hands in a tight, genial clasp.

"Well, if ever I was glad to see anybody in my life I'm glad now to see someone from home!" she rejoiced. "Come right through this way. It don't seem fit, to me, to go traipsing through bedrooms to get to a parlor, but that's the way they do here. Back home our bedrooms are decently tucked away overhead. Didn't Edie come in? Well, throw off your coat and sit down. If Edie told me your name I was too excited to catch it."

"I rather think she didn't," laughed Reed. "It is Amory—Reed Amory."

"Dear me! Why, I've known Amorys all my life, and Reeds, too. Was that your mother's name?"

Reed acknowledged that it was and there followed a matching up of acquaintances that placed them on a truly familiar footing. From the kitchen came ripples of laughter and answering giggles that were tantalizing to Reed, but unnoticed by the homesick old lady gloating in his companionship. She would not listen to his leaving, but insisted that he should have tea with them.

Reed Amory cherished forever the memory of that long, pleasant evening. The hospitable table, the dainty home cookery, the jest, the laughter, the music, the song. It wafted him back to the days of his happy younger manhood, ere death had robbed him of his wife and despair had driven him into a rush of life and work to drown the devastating memories. Somehow that night the memories ceased to sting. They came to him like the faint fragrance of withered roses, whose thorns had died and dropped away.

"The city is no place for children," he told Mrs. Evans. "If my mother were alive I never should have come here. Mrs. Vogel is good to the boy, though I found it hard to believe at first, when I came home nights to find him wandering on the streets. 'T much has to do,' she explained frankly, 'so I bats him out once.' When I remonstrated she clinched the matter by hauling me to the door and pointing out swarms of children. 'They all bats 'em out,' she assured me. 'Tain't so many as lives in boardin's, no, they lives in homes, but they bats 'em out—see?' I was obliged to own that she held the truth in her hand."

"I rather think she didn't," laughed Reed. "It is Amory—Reed Amory."

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"Edie never told me," she sobbed. "I almost believe she didn't understand. And I hoped—oh, how I hoped—Reed! My poor boy!" As a quick indrawing of his breath drew her gaze to his suffering face, "Well, it doesn't matter now," she wailed.

"No," replied Reed bitterly, "nothing matters now."

The two men kept silent vigil in the parlor that night, whilst in the adjoining room the nurse and the grieving mother watched the flickering breath that seemed, at times, to have ceased. In the first faint flush of dawn Mrs. Evans beckoned to Reed from the portered doorway.

"I wish you to raise her," she whispered, "so we can arrange the pillows. My boy, it seems right that it should be you."

Reed slipped his arms underneath Edith's shoulders and raised the dear, sweet face upward. There was a flutter of the white lids and the brown eyes gazed into the gray ones almost joyously, it seemed, at first, then an expression of horror overspread the fragile face.

"Wallie!" she murmured brokenly, "Wallie?"

"He is safe, my darling—my beloved," Reed whispered soothingly, his hot cheek against her cool, clammy one.

She turned her head weakly and her soft lips brushed his face in a gentle kiss. When Reed had tenderly lowered her upon the pillows, Mrs. Evans passed into the front room.

"You have been very kind, Mr. Brooks," she said in a tone of polite dismissal. "We will let you know if a change occurs."

A week later Wallie crept in where Edith lay. Awaking she beheld him seated upon his father's lap. She smiled at them, pouting out her lips for Wallie's kiss.

"My dear little boy," she joyed, "and my dear big boy. Oh, Wallie, I'm getting stronger every day. Soon we will be going back to the land of flowers and sunshine, singing birds and golden happiness. Has papa told you, darling, that he has given the little boy I saved for him to me—to keep forever?"

"Oh, teacher," cried the child, "are you going to be my really, truly mamma?"

"Yes, your 'really, truly mamma,'" she laughed.

"And my Edie sunshine," murmured Reed lovingly.

By Sada Ballard

were impossible—but the look, the tone, the touch, Edie, that would tell you my secret—making your tender heart ache because of that you cannot give."

Winter passed, spring came, summer followed. With each succeeding month Reed Amory's calls at Edith's home were shortened. It seemed to him that Mr. Brooks was always there. The old lady clung to Reed. She begged him to come often and stay long.

"New York is the lonesomest place on earth!" she explained pathetically. "I don't know how I ever stood it before. I had you and Wallie, Edie has her school and her church—I think she's contented—but I can't get used to the people. I shall never feel at home here, never! I don't complain to Edie, there's no use to fret her. We can't go back, that's certain, for it cost us almost our last dollar to get here—so here we've got to stay," she quavered.

Reed Amory soared away in a cloud of dreams. He saw a rose-embowered cottage on a quiet, shaded street, where happy birds nested in the giant maples and hopped over the velvety lawn.

He saw Wallie scampering about as of old. He saw Mrs. Evans rocking serenely on the broad porch. He even saw himself standing at the gate—without a pang for what once had been—gazing at his Edie sunshine flirting joyfully among the flowers. His dream cloud descended and dissolved in the reality of the little teacher's trill of laughter in the hall, mingling with a much detested bass.

Reed Amory was walking up the avenue from the elevated station, thinking of Wallie with their good friends and wishing that he might join them without the infliction of the alien presence that so ruthlessly tortured him. Particularly distasteful was the thought of Mrs. Vogel's cookery; wretchedly dingy and smelly the boarding-house parlor; scathingly hot the stuffy rear room which was quieter, of course, than a front one, but made thoroughly unattractive by the outlook upon a swaying mass of dripping washery on the pulley-lines of the flat-building facing the next street.

"All ready now, Hedger!" asked Holman. "All ready," responded Hedger; "but it's all-fired queer thar ain't no sign of the redskins."

"Cast off them, as soon as the raft gets well out. Silence all!"

Silence it was, in the crowded boat and in the abandoned stockade; but the miners of "Holman's outfit" had no doubt in their own minds that their trip was likely to be "a good thing," for they had emptied the Westfield treasure-house with their own hands, and what were a few mules and wagons to a haul like that?

If they got away with it. That was the point, indeed; but where could all the Apaches have gone to?"

Where? Gone? Not gone at all, perhaps—or what

A Fake Ghost and the Tragic Consequences

By Clarence Merritt Agard

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THE awfulness of a tropical storm is no more impressive than the condition of the opposite extreme, a tropical calm; particularly a calm night with a full moon. The former compels thoughts of the present, the latter impels thoughts of the past.

Picture a calm in the tropics on a night with a full moon. This night was such and nature surely seemed to be asleep. Not a ripple on the sea, not a leaf moving, no, not even a breath of air stirring.

Even the sand-flies and other noxious insects seemed to be enthralled by some occult power. The heavens seemed like a thin deep blue, almost gauze like tapestry, suspended from an invisible arch. The moon, with its pale glow as a large medallion of alloyed silver and gold, fastened in the upper segment and the stars, as innumerable as minute pieces of gold or tiny jewels fastened loosely in space, reflected a most brilliant play of colors.

The light of these heavenly bodies was reflected from the treetops of the forest, on the island and in the lagoon as a green metallic luster. The edge of the island was an intense black band separating the sky above, from an exact replica below, on the glassy surface of the still water.

Putting into this sea of glass was a small promontory, entirely fringed by cocoanut trees. The base of each tree, curving into the pillar-like trunk, invariably leaned towards the sea. Each trunk was surmounted by a cluster of stiff penniform branches. All were motionless. There was no incongruous element in the harmonious picture of rest.

Such was the scene as viewed by a party of four engineers from the balcony of their permanent camp. They were engaged in a survey for a proposed railway in Panama. It was Saturday night and they had assembled there, as was their custom, to be out of the damp jungles, for one day each week.

All had been sitting mute, smoking and musing for fully an hour, when Barrett, an American and the most jovial member of the group, broke the silence. "I say, Collins, where is Lembert tonight? Didn't he come in?" was his query.

Collins was a gaunt, round-shouldered man, past middle age, of average height, gray-haired, with a tendency to baldness in front and a small rather puffy, ashy and deeply wrinkled face. A thin white mustache, badly stained by tobacco, partly obscured a straight mouth, which was the one strong feature on a countenance otherwise infirm. This appearance being accentuated by very thick, convex spectacles, necessitated by a previous operation for cataract.

"Lembert, you say," answered Collins. "Oh, he'll be in later on. He stopped down at Dos Canos to see Mr. Black, for a few minutes. He is working up that piece of land along the river and needs a canoe, to cross over and back."

"Jove, but I'm certainly getting restless on this job," continued Barrett. "It is just one continual round of pleasure. We start on Monday, plough through swamps and jungles all week, come down here and sit around Sunday, waiting for some scandalmonger to drop in and tell the latest; and then begin the cycle over again."

"Come, come Barrett, you'd better increase your quinine," was the reply. "When a fellow talks that way, he is full of malaria. You had better not be so kind to the mosquitoes or you will be laid up."

"No, that's not the trouble," said Barrett, "but to sit still and think, particularly on a night like this, makes me uneasy. I'll bet, that in the last half hour I have thought of everything I ever did in my whole life. I guess I'm getting the blues. You fellows would sit here like mummies, forever. What can we do for excitement?"

No one answered.

A moment later Barrett jumped up shouting. "Oh, by gobs I've got it! There's a dead snake just out by the messroom. I'm going to put it in Lembert's bed. When he comes home and throws himself down, to read, well that ought to stir things up some."

The other two, who thus far had not spoken, jumped up eagerly offering assistance to further the scheme, complimenting Barrett upon his resourcefulness.

Collins rather shuddered at the thought, which action called forth taunts and laughter from the other three, with suggestions that he was getting too old to enjoy a joke. After the outburst had lulled somewhat, Collins spoke.

"No, boys, I'm just as keen for a joke as I ever was, but for the thirty years that I have been knocking about I've had a number of experiences, which, perhaps alter my views of a joke. I was just thinking over some of them when Barrett first spoke.

"I remember several years ago, while in charge of a survey up in Honduras. One night I came back to the little thatched shack, which was a temporary camp, tired out. We were sleeping on beds on the floor, with leaves for mattresses. It could not have been long after I had retired and fallen asleep that I half awakened with a sense of something moving near me, but fell asleep again, believing that it must have been a dream.

"Sometime later, something moving my pillow, again disturbed me. I lay with my eyes open, to make sure that I was awake. Nothing stirred, and all of the other boys were asleep. So reassured and of the opinion that it was nothing but a nightmare, I fell asleep again.

"In the morning, when I awoke, after daylight, I reached under my pillow to get my gun, as I always slept with it there. The object that my fingers touched, moved. Springing up I seized a machete in one hand and the pillow with the other. There, with its head just beneath where my pillow had laid was a big snake which the natives call a *Tomagoff*. It is one of the largest poisonous snakes in the tropics. Before it could do anything I had killed it. I believe I was never more scared in my life. For that, and some other reasons, I dread seeing a snake put in a fellow's bed, even now."

"Ugh, that sure enough was a creepy position to be in with a live snake," Barrett assented, "but don't you see there's no danger here. A dead one will only scare Lembert for a few minutes, afterwards he won't be as ticklish about snakes as he is now."

"Go ahead boys, if you want to," replied Collins, "but personally I don't like the idea of scaring people because I can never forget a scare I helped to carry out." Collins sounded persistent in his objections.

Again everyone lapsed into silence.

In the pale blue-white light of the moon, Collins's face bore an almost death-like appearance. The deep sighing respirations, the slight tremor of his lips and the occasional slow, irregular shaking of his head, vividly expressed that some, if not the most sorrowful memory of his life had been revived. The others were moved by his ghastly appearance and repeatedly asked the cause of it. Finally in tones, charged with remorse, Collins began, in a low, yet impressive, voice.

"It is a good many years since it happened. We were surveying and opening up a part of Texas. The engineers, contractors and foremen were all lodging together in a big wooden camp. Of the engineers, one fellow named Joe Clark, was acting as chief of the construction department. He was a young fellow about twenty-eight, clean shaven, rather tall, straight and wiry, and was

one of these fellows, who seem to be made up of nerves alone.

"He would cover more work and keep things running smoother than all the rest put together. If you once met him, his pale, tanned skin, firm mouth and earnest, kindly brown eyes, would surely strike you, but if you lived with him, shared his confidence and heard his conversation, you could never in your life, forget him.

"When a fellow was getting despondent or starting to drink more than was good for him, Joe was the first to note it. You'd see him having quiet little talks with the fellow, finding something to get the fellow interested in and always trying to bring the best there was in a fellow out, but in a way that no one could feel sensitive over. He was always doctor and nurse in case of sickness.

"When not helping someone else, he was sure to be found in some quiet, out-of-the-way place, reading or else, as he used to express it, 'just meditating'. These were the times to talk to him.

"How he ever acquired and remembered the facts he could expound and the theories he could relate, puzzled me. He could talk intelligently on anything from the proper way to sew on a button, to the most abstruse psychological problem, but was most interested in studying the power of the mind over the flesh, spiritualism and hypnotism. Every fellow in camp, loved him heartily.

"After a time this continual strain began to wear on him, and at night he didn't sleep well. He got so that he would get up at night to investigate the source of any unusual noise. Some of the boys thought that he was afraid and began to scheme, how they could scare him. One night we put a dead rattler, well-known snake in frontier days, in his bed.

"Of course when he 'turned in' his feet touched the snake and you could just hear a slight rattle. He jumped up, grabbed a club and began to beat the cot. When he cautiously pulled down the blanket and found the headless snake, we all roared.

"Joe got pale and a little more nervous than usual and said, 'Fellows, I want you all to remember, never again to try to scare me like that. If you ever do, I'll shoot the one who started it, as soon as I find him out.' There was no more laughter that night, everyone believed that he meant what he said.

"After that Joe seemed more nervous than ever and took to walking until late every night, but even then when he retired it was only to toss and turn in a troubled sleep the greater part of the night.

"About two weeks after this, one of the boys proposed to see, just for fun, if Joe would shoot, if scared again. We waited until he had gone out for a walk. Then we planned and rehearsed a ghost scare.

"Taking the netting off of a mosquito bar we rubbed it over with moistened match heads; got out a pair of white pajamas, a white handkerchief and some flour. Then we tied a rope to the upper leg of Joe's cot and stretched the rope along the angle of the floor so that it could not be seen. After this we put out all the lights excepting the lantern over Joe's cot.

"Then it was retiring and feigning sleep until Joe came in. He glanced about to see that all were in, turned the light down somewhat and knelt to pray. Then he hung his belt and revolver on a nail at the head of his cot and retired.

"When he had fallen asleep, I got up quietly and secured his revolver. While one of the fellows 'made up' as ghost in the kitchen, the rest of us extracted the lead from the cartridges and placed in their places small bits of paper to keep the powder from spilling.

"This done, we gave the balls to the 'ghost' and quietly put the revolver, loaded with blank cartridges, where it was originally hung by Joe. When the ghost was ready, entirely white and the entire figure draped in the phosphorescent gauze, I tell you, to have it stand back in the shadows and slowly raise and lower its arms, was about as uncanny and shadowy-looking creation as you would care to meet.

"When all was ready the ghost stationed himself about forty feet from Joe's bed. The rest of us got into bed. Then one pulled the rope hard enough to almost upset Joe's cot. He jumped up and, instinctively grabbed his gun. For a moment he gazed speechless, standing in front and looking at the phosphorescent specter which was slowly raising its arms. The silence made the appearance all the more impressive.

"I know that you are one of the boys,' he said, 'and you remember what I said before. If you haven't got that rig off by the time I count three you'll never act that part again.'

"One."

"The specter stood still."

"Two."

"Still no movement and no sound from the ghost."

"Three." This was immediately followed by the crack of Joe's revolver.

"Now the specter moved. Slowly it reached its hand as if to pick up something from its breast, and then gently tossed a leaden bullet almost at Joe's feet.

"As he picked it up and saw what it was he staggered a little and grasped the head of the cot, as if to steady himself. Immediately becoming himself he fired four more shots in quick succession. Four times, in slow succession, the ghost tossed a leaden ball back, each rolling on the floor at the feet of the shooter.

"By this time we were all sitting upright and, some even shouted to Joe, but he seemed oblivious of everything but the ghost before him. His wide staring eyes were fixed in the direction of the form which stood facing him. Glistening drops of sweat could be seen all over his pale face. He tried to brace himself and mop away the perspiration, but he was trembling all over. For the sixth shot, he raised his gun but his hand was unsteady.

"As he fired this time, the specter put out its hand, as if to catch the bullet, which had gone wide of its mark, and again tossed back, to the feet of the sender, a leaden ball.

"A unearthly, horrible contortion deformed Joe's face, the bulging eyes rolled in their orbits, and a sudden convulsion set his entire body and in a moment he collapsed and fell in limp mass. Most of us had been almost spellbound, until then, but when we saw Joe fall we ran to help him. We thought that he had only fainted and some started to get brandy. But as we lifted him on to his cot, we realized that the time for stimulants had passed and that the time for prayer was at hand. Our comrade was dead."

A silence in keeping with the tropical forest followed. One by one we went to our cots, Lembert came in and went to bed in peace. The tropical night brought back memories of the past, perhaps not peace but no present trouble.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

be roasted to a turn. The majority of newspapers and other publications live by fanning the fires of partisanship. The democrat takes his democratic paper, the republican sticks to his republican sheet. Both look at public life from different angles, and in the majority of cases you could not change that angle of view, not even if you used a shot gun for an argument. Thank God we have another large class of peo-

ple with common sense, thinking folk who have looked at the shackles of partisanship, and who look at life from more than one angle, studying public questions, studying the acts of public men and forming their own opinions and acting on their own judgment. It is these men who make progress possible, and advancement sure. If I had a magazine of my own I would answer your question my dear friend, and a good many more questions that cannot be answered. In a family journal like COMFORT, and I should answer them so thoroughly and in such an original, aggressive and decisive way, that one issue of my magazine only would ever appear in print, as my comments on public men and public questions would immediately land me in jail. COMFORT can attack wrong, injustice, privilege and corruption, and it can fight for every worthy reform, and educate and inspire six millions of people every month by pursuing its present policy which is so familiar to you all. If however, it descended to partisan politics and began to uphold this man and disparage that, its light influence for good would be quickly destroyed, and it would dwindle to a puny sheet with a few thousand rabid followers, a mere ghost of its former mighty self. One thing, however, I think I can tell you without treading on anyone's political corns. Mind you this is merely my individual opinion and not COMFORT's. Even if the next election does not bring a change of government, as I believe it will, I do not believe that any really great reforms will be inaugurated, or any great advancement made by the nation along the highway of progress, until the old line party ranks are broken up and dissolved, and men are forced by the crumbling and decay of worn-out political structures to look at matters of public policy, not from the democratic or republican angle, but from the view point solely of common-sense, patriotic American citizenship. In this new alignment, we shall see or ought to see a new progressive party, thoroughly representative of the great masses of the American people, a party that stands for all that is best and noblest in American life, a party that truly represents the highest ideals of American citizenship, a party that is not owned and controlled by monopoly or tainted by privilege, a party that will, with all its heart and soul, apply itself to the task of converting this country from an oligarchy of wealth into a genuine democracy, a democracy which will bring comfort and prosperity to every worthy inhabitant of this majestic land. In England the party lines are sharply drawn. There we see the liberal or progressive party, representing the great masses of the English people, and setting us a pace in progressive legislation that it will take us twenty years to catch up with. The Conservative party is just what its name represents. It represents the nobility, the powers of privilege and all those reactionary elements of birth and wealth that have for centuries grown fat at the expense of the toilers. Let us have our liberal or progressive party here as they have in England. Let our progressive democrats and republicans break away from their fossilized, antiquated, bewhiskered, political machines, to which they in their blindness so determinedly cling, and form a party as outlined above. Let all our standpatters, monopolists, form a conservative or nonprogressive party similar to the one in England. With the nation thus divided into two political camps, progressive and non-progressive, all the present flimflam, deception and humbug, would be done away with. We should not see greedy monopolists and the predatory rich grouped under the banner of a party hallowed by the glorious name of the immortal Lincoln nor Tammany Hall thugs and pirates using the honored name of Jefferson as a cloak for their political crimes. Shakespeare asked, 'What's in a name?' In the case of our two prominent political parties, much and everything. People are hypnotized by and worship names which once had much signif-

icance, but which mean nothing, for whichever of the old parties win, the government of the country will be run just as it is today, from Wall St., not Washington. It will take a new party as before mentioned, a progressive all American party to rewrite another declaration of independence, and restore to the long-suffering people of this country, the old ideals of democracy, and the right of the sovereign people to govern and manage their own affairs in the interests of all, a right which once was theirs and will soon be theirs again, when they once wake up and think and use their ballots as weapons for protection and deliverance from wrong, and a means of progress, instead of using them as they do now, as instruments that debase and enslave.

WEST LAKE, IDAHO.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:
I have been reading the stories of the young folks and them very much. I am twelve years old and weigh ninety-eight pounds. Am five feet three inches tall, light hair, blue eyes and have a tan complexion and wear a number six shoe in women's size. That is going some, isn't it? Well I can wash dishes, scrub floors and wash clothes. I don't like to do housework very well. I like to milk cows and ride horses, but we don't have any horses or cows. I can crochet some. Well, I guess this is enough as dinner is most ready. We are going to have mince pie for dinner and fried onions. Well, good by, Avis COLBERT.

Avis, you say you have a tan complexion. I don't know what a complexion is, especially one of the tan variety. Anyway whatever it is I congratulate you on having it, for I feel sure you would not have drawn our attention to it unless you had considered it a possession of considerable value. Maybe you refer to your complexion. If so I congratulate you on the fact that it is well tanned, as tan indicates exposure to the air and sunshine and they in their turn, indicate health. I am cooped up in a big city, and the only thing that gets tanned around here is leather. The sun seldom tanned me as a child, but what the sun forgot to do, Pop made up for. I can't say whether it was summer tan or a winter tan exactly, but I think it was what you might call an all-the-year-round tan. No sunbonnet in the world could ever have prevented me from acquiring that particular kind of tan. You say that you wear a number six shoe in women's size and that is going some. If you have a number six foot it is to be fervently hoped it is going some, as I should imagine you could comfortably spare half of it, and still have more than enough to retain your equilibrium. I don't know what a "woeman's size" is, but surely it would be woe to men and woe to women if that number six shoe of yours ever landed on them. There must be some good, rich soil round West Lake, Idaho to grow such fine, healthy feet, Avis, as you have been blessed with. I am glad you can wash "cloths," maybe if you keep on you will be able to wash clothes some day. I'm sorry I can't join you at dinner, and dissect that mince pie, and get a squirt at that new dish, fried "onions." Billy the Goat says an "onion" is an ordinary onion after the smell has been extracted. Billy says there is only one way to make an onion moult its smell, and that's to get a sledge hammer and a keg of nails and drive the perfume out of it. Avis the next time you have "onions" for dinner I hope you will invite us all to be present.

BODEGA, CAL.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:
I am a little Indian girl, thirteen years old. I have dark brown eyes and hair, which reaches down to my hips. My skin is fair so I am sometimes mistaken for an Italian or Portuguese. I go to the Bay School, a small country school, and am in the seventh grade. I have six brothers and four sisters, they are all married. One of my brothers is an artist and I hope to be one too, when I grow up.

Nearly all those who write to you, claim they have the best state in the Union. Now I don't believe that, I think California exceeds all the states in everything. The county I am in is Sonoma, which is a nice little county, with many growing towns. Santa Rosa

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 12.)

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

I must ask for a little corner of your valuable space in which to say "I thank you," to the many kind friends who remembered me.

I also thank those who took the trouble to copy and mail the chain prayer, but as none got further than my waste-paper basket, I have not experienced the blessing, and of the calamity I have no fear. It takes more than lip service to reach the tender heart of the Infinite, though it is infinitely tender. Some day our good people will wake up to the folly of the chain prayer idea.

With loving greeting for all, I remain, sincerely yours,

KATHERINE E. REED, Caledonia, R. R. 1, N. Y.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have long been a subscriber of COMFORT and I don't think it could have a better name, and I hope it will never be anything else but perfect comfort to all who receive it, or as long as it is printed.

I am greatly interested in what you are saying about children, the rearing and care of same. But I don't think there has been enough said about the wearing apparel of school children. I will relate something which occurred in my house not so very long ago.

I was getting my boy ready for school one morning when a neighbor's boy called for him. He was all ready except polishing his shoes. I told the neighbor's boy to come in and wait for Willie as he would be ready in five minutes. And I went ahead with his shoes. The neighbor's boy looked on as if astonished at what I was doing. At last he said:

"I wish to goodness that my mamma would take care of me like you do Willie and polish my shoes and trim my finger nails and comb my hair nice like you do."

Is there a sister that can imagine my feelings when I listened to this small lad telling me what he would like his mother to do for him? He had on a very bad conditioned waist and pants. He was bushy headed and his hands were in very bad shape. I was truly sorry for him. But one cannot expect anything better from a woman who is indolent, idle and altogether shiftless in her house. It costs nothing to be clean. We can all be tidy and clean no matter how much, or how little we have. What say you sisters? I would like to hear something on this subject.

If cobwebs are bound on a fresh cut it will stop bleeding. Castor oil is good for healing cuts or burns.

I would be pleased with pieces of gingham or calico about seven or nine inches square. Be sure to put your name and address in so I will know from whom they come.

I remain as ever your sister in COMFORT,

MRS. S. A. HUGEL, Harveysburg, R. R. 1, Warren Co., Ohio.

Mrs. Hugel. A child's personal appearance is a great factor in its proper development. If the "shiftless" mother could follow her child or children to school and see the better groomed ones naturally draw away from them, she would receive a lasting lesson if there was any sense of pride or well-being in her makeup. This may seem like rather strong language, but as a friend to all children, my heart has ached many a time for the offspring of the unworthy mother.

A teacher must ever be on guard with herself to treat the dirty and perhaps ill-smelling child as she does the one who comes to school of clean and wholesome appearance, though his trousers may be patched and odd buttons on his waist.

There will be periods in a mother's life, especially where there are several children, when sickness or other causes will temporarily handicap her, making it a human impossibility to meet all the demands upon her time; then the world sympathizes with her, but never with the mother who neglects.

Such unfortunate children never find their school days happy ones, and at an early age grow restless to earn money and pull away from an atmosphere in which only discontent breeds. —Ed.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have not called on you before, although my little girl and I have your COMFORT buttons and love the paper dearly and read it with interest.

My right hand is too drawn to use a pen and I am trying to pay for this typewriter by monthly installments of five dollars, and being over seventy-two and having sick ones to care for, you will see that I have not much time to write for pleasure, but I do want to tell you that we like COMFORT and expect to read it while life lasts.

Poverty is a hard master, yet I think it is good to have to work and plan for others and to trust in God for all the rest. I should be pleased with a few letters from other sisters and a few quilt patterns as I make quilts for sale, for I am not rich in this world's goods and must work.

God has given me bravery, industry, hope, faith, love; and I like to live and serve Him and to rise superior to all things and to fight my way to Heaven. But, sometimes I feel my widowhood and am lonely. Will some of you who are blessed with home and husband write to me?

With best wishes for everything pertaining to COMFORT, I am your sister and friend,

MRS. S. D. KELLAR, 2344 Morgan St., St. Louis, Mo.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

I've read COMFORT at intervals for the past ten years but never subscribed until recently, though different members of the home folks have.

However, I've become very much interested in the COMFORT sisters' letters. When put to use one derives much practical benefit from the many helps suggested, pertaining to most any kind of work relative to the home and home surroundings, including the many cheerful thoughts or looking on the bright side of things, which is very essential for everyone to observe in any station of life. As one good turn deserves another I hope I may send some useful thoughts along in answer to Mrs. Leroy Swank, who requested information in regard to raising geese.

We live on a farm of two hundred acres; raise horses, mules, hogs, cattle and geese, in fact most all kinds of stock and fowls raised on the modern farm.

There are seven standard varieties of geese. We raise common mixed varieties which when mature and fat range in weight from twelve to fifteen pounds. While the goose cannot be profitably raised in as large numbers as other fowls, still a few on every farm with suitable range are all right. When put on the market they bring a fair return, equally as well as other fowls, compared with the care and cost of food necessary for their maturity. Their flesh is good for table use and their eggs can be used for the same purpose as hen's eggs. The feathers make comfortable beds and pillows and when sold bring from sixty-five to seventy-five cents per pound. There are places on the average farm that are worthless for cultivation that can be utilized with excellent results for geese raising. They thrive best where they can have free access to a field with running water. A goose on range will gather the largest portion of its food, consisting of grasses, insects and other animal and vegetable matter to be found in the fields and streams. When on this kind of range they are ready for picking every six weeks or when the feathers are ripe which can be ascertained by pulling out some of the feathers. If they pull easy and there is no blood, in the quills they are ripe and ready to pick. They feather quicker and are much cleaner when staying where there's plenty of clear water. It isn't advisable to pluck the feathers off the geese during the laying season. Those who contemplate raising geese should procure their stock early enough so they will be accustomed to the place before the laying season, which usually begins the last of February. The stock should be two years old. They make their own nest and are very prolific, one goose laying from twelve to eighteen eggs before becoming broody. And if not allowed to sit will lay again until she has laid three or four layings. The eggs are very fertile and usually hatch well. Two geese and one gander is quite sufficient to start on a small scale. It takes about thirty days for incubation. Oftentimes the goslings, apparently too weak to exist, will not come out of their shells for three or four days after the egg has pipped. A drop of sweet milk given at such a time will strengthen and be a great aid during the hatching process. I do not think the old birds make good mothers, especially for setting, as they are likely to mash the young ones at hatching time. Set the eggs under chicken hen; set two at once and give both batches to one hen. A large hen during mild weather can easily cover seven eggs. After the eggs have hatched leave the hen and goslings in the nest for twenty-four hours. After this time remove mother and brood, put them in a roomy coop or pen where there's tender grass;

Give plenty of sweet milk and water to drink and feed such food as is given to young chickens until about two weeks old. After this time if given milk and range containing grass in addition to a little artificial food, they will make their own living. After a few days old they can be taken from the hen, but should be cooped up at night in a warm place according to age and the weather. They should always be kept out of hard rains until four or five months old as they're easily drowned prior to this time. They are likely to become lousy if allowed among other fowls, but as a rule are free from diseases, especially such contagious diseases as rank among other fowls. However, I've known the young ones throughout the country to die with a disease called "craps". They throw their heads back and act as though they had a fit which may not prove fatal at the time, but almost always terminates in death later. I've had this experience two seasons and hope someone will give me some information on this disease.

With best wishes to all, I will close, lovingly,

MISS LILLIE SCOTT, Everton, R. R. 5, Dade Co., Mo.

DEAR FRIENDS:

I just have to talk to someone even if it is on paper. We have been in Salt Lake City all winter and I know so few people here that my tongue gets stiff for lack of exercise.

I am a Kansas "jawhawker" and I swell with pride when I tell it. Dear old Kansas with her cyclone cellar and mammoth crops of grain suits me. I was born, reared and married in Atchison, Kansas, fifty miles north of Kansas City. I like Salt Lake City better than any Western place we have been. This is a beautiful and also noted city. The famous Mormon temple being here. One of the present Joseph Smith's wives (he has five) lives on one side of us and a son on the other. His children are beautiful and also lovely people. I think the Mormon people have been blamed for lots they never have done and in my dealings with them, I find them as honest and obliging as a Gentle.

The Wasatch mountains are a beautiful sight and I wish everyone could see them. I believe we miss a great deal by going abroad for beauty instead of seeing America first. The Royal Gorge and a trip up the Columbia River with stop over here is worth considering.

Salt Lake will have the second largest wireless station in the United States. It will have two towers five hundred feet high. We have the tallest buildings here, this side of St. Louis. One of the finest five and ten cent theaters, containing a twenty thousand dollar pipe organ. The State University is here; also Ft. Douglas, a lovely piece of government land east of the city. Great Salt Lake is north of the city and has a picnic park built in the lake. One of the largest dance halls in the West is on this lake. The park is all framework, not grass and trees. It is a sight to see them plowing salt in the salt bed as a farmer plows his field.

I am told that things are raised in this state by irrigation but can say they raise good vegetables.

Our water supply is melted snow from the mountains and runs down a canyon. It is very cold and just fine for laundry. We have salt storms here. The wind seems to gather salt from the lake and then it rains salt. I have been caught in several of these storms and it takes a good cleaning to get the spots off of the clothing. A building called Salt Palace was burned a year ago. It was built of rock salt and was beautiful. The park still holds the name but I do not believe the building replaced was built of salt. We have two beautiful depots here. Denver and Rio Grande, and Oregon Short Line and San Pedro.

The streets here are very wide and shade trees on each side, all cement walks and streets are paved with asphalt.

A new high school and county building will be started in a few days.

I have a boy eight years old today, and a girl eleven months old the 19th. She is "boss" of the house and pride of all.

Our boy received a ball suit for his birthday and he is the "big cheese" in his crowd now. He is very proud of sister Edith and he insists that she gets as much as he. Not a bit of jealousy on his part.

Did you ever make beaver fritters out of left over navy beans? I think they are nice. Mix cold beans with egg and flour and fry in lard the same as with corn fritters.

I am an orphan and have always had a lonely life. I suffer from stomach and heart trouble.

Oh, how I have hungered for a mother's love. You who have mothers, do love and care for them.

I do love to read your letters on religion for they do me so much good and I try to live as near to Christ as I can. I want the prayers of all of you sisters to help me to bring my little children up as they ought to go.

Now dear sisters I want to ask if some of you will send me good reading, papers or books, to help pass the lonely hours.

Yours COMFORT sister.

MRS. W. R. MATTHEWS, Welch Station, Tenn.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have been a silent reader of COMFORT for a long time so I thought I would write a letter. I have received so much help from COMFORT and do think it is the best paper published; it is next to my Bible with me.

We live in such lonely places as my husband works on timberlands and we live wherever his work is. So there is no church or Sunday school where we can go, and not being strong I hardly ever go anywhere. We have but few close neighbors and my husband is gone all day.

I was an orphan and have always had a lonely life. I suffer from stomach and heart trouble.

Oh, how I have hungered for a mother's love. You who have mothers, do love and care for them.

I do love to read your letters on religion for they do me so much good and I try to live as near to Christ as I can. I want the prayers of all of you sisters to help me to bring my little children up as they ought to go.

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Yours COMFORT sister.

MRS. W. R. MATTHEWS, Welch Station, Tenn.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

This is the middle of May and I suppose all housewives are attending to their gardens and chickens now.

I have a nice little start on my year's work. I have one hundred and twenty-six baby chicks and one hundred and eighty-nine eggs setting. I raise most of my chicks with an incubator and think it is the best way as it saves work and worry.

I will give my way of doing a few things in the poultry line. Although they may not be the best, they work all right for me. When your eggs begin to hatch do not open the door often. We have all heard of the "seventh day" mortality, with incubator chicks. Let me tell you right here that it all depends on the care taken of them the first few hours of their life. My oldest ones are two weeks old today and I have lost only one.

Fix a warm lined-up box, and if it cannot be kept warm enough other ways, put in warm irons wrapped in rags and watch the little fellows hover close to them. When they begin to get cool take out and put warm ones in their place. Never take chick out of an incubator till they are dry and lively. The over-chilling or over-heating when young starts a fever, then a great thirst, then the stilts, and next death. Never feed till they are two days old, then give fine grits and corn bread. Put a few handfuls of rice in a pan, cover with milk, set in stove oven and bake till it flakes, this is a good preventive of bowel trouble. Do not always be doping your chickens. Keep your henhouses and coops clean and "dope" only when it is necessary. I have never seen a henhouse persistently "doped" but what there were alliling fowls.

Here is a poison I use for all kinds of pests and have never seen it fail: One pint of spirits turpentine and two ounces corrosive sublimate, get this at the drug-store and when you get home put a pint of coal oil in it and spray it around and bid flea, mite, bedding, etc. a long fare-you-well, for they will never visit you again. Keep it out of the children's reach as it is poison.

Well, politics seem to be the order of the day. As for myself I had rather stay at home with my business, or visit some sick neighbor, than to vote. Neither do I care a cent for woman-suffrage. When all the women get to be "suffragettes" the men will all be "suffragettes."

I had rather be at home with my chicks and baby than to be in the window-smashing brigade, or any of their admirers' company.

I am a young housekeeper. We have been married three years last December. I will not tell the good and bad traits of my husband, for most all married women know, and the girls are dreadfully anxious to learn.

With best wishes to you all,

MRS. C. J. BROWN, Ozello, Fla.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

As I am just a young mother I have come to you for help. My baby is just three months old, his bowels will only act when given a laxative. Please tell me what to do; some of you who have had experience.

Mrs. MAE HALBROOK, Chandler, R. R. 3, Okla.

Mrs. Halbrook. Laxatives are injurious to infants and must only be used as a last resort.

First try the simplest, and usually very effective remedy of cocoa butter. Get a cake from your druggist. Cut off a piece about an inch long, and with a knife cut to the shape and size of a sharpened lead pencil. Insert the pointed end very slowly, as fast as the heat of body softens it. Keep child on its back. In a short time it is liable to cause evacuation of bowels. Give this a thorough test before you try anything else.

It may take more than one trial. Use at a regular hour each morning. This falling, inject half a cup of blood-warm water to which a little Castile soap has been added. The cocoa butter is preferable, as it heals and lubricates.—Ed.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I want to thank all the dear sisters for their kind letters and cards and the kindness shown Miss Weber, who is a very happy girl with her chair and all the pretty little remembrances she received from the sisters. She was with me for a few days on a visit but her papa came and took her home again yesterday.

Give plenty of sweet milk and water to drink and feed such food as is given to young chickens until about two weeks old. After this time if given milk and range containing grass in addition to a little artificial food, they will make their own living. After a few days old they can be taken from the hen, but should be cooped up at night in a warm place according to age and the weather. They should always be kept out of hard rains until four or five months old as they're easily drowned prior to this time.

They are likely to become lousy if allowed among other fowls, but as a rule are free from diseases, especially such contagious diseases as rank among other fowls. However, I've known the young ones throughout the country to die with a disease called "craps". They throw their heads back and act as though they had a fit which may not prove fatal at the time, but almost always terminates in death later.

Well, she is such a dear little girl, and so thankful.

Wishing dear Mrs. Wilkinson, Uncle Charlie, Mr. Gannett, and all of COMFORT's band of workers success, and hoping the good Lord will keep you well, I am,

MRS. M. ZACHARIAS, Phillips, R. R. 1, Wis.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have just recently subscribed for COMFORT and think it a delightful, interesting paper.

I have received so many excellent suggestions from the Sisters' Corner that I wish to come to you with a serious question that is perplexing me very much just now.

My baby, a boy, is a very large, fine, healthy baby of thirteen months, who is now suffering from a rupture beginning on the upper left-hand side at the navel running upward about an inch.

Will someone tell me what to do and if this will prevent the little fellow from being a strong, healthy youth or man?

Any suggestions or cures will be highly appreciated for I am very uneasy about my boy.

Will kindly solicit correspondence with you sisters.

With best wishes to all,

MRS. LILLIAN WILCOX, Blackfork, Box 2,

The Convicting Evidence

By Wallace Arthur

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RUTH WESTON picked up the curiously carved ring with a low cry of wonder and alarm. A quick throb went through her heart, and she sat down to struggle against the rush of faintness that swept over her. In her hand she was holding the ring which was a part of the booty, so the papers had said, that had been taken from the home of the wealthy manufacturer, Blanton.

Only a few moments ago Ross Wilkes had been sitting in that chair near where she had found it, his hands carelessly shoved deep in his pockets; and he had been chatting with her in his easy, comradely way.

Her first impulse was to rush to him, call him from his room, beg him to tell her how he had come into possession of the ring, more than all, to ask him to deny it, to hear him say that he had not been in any way connected with the robbery.

Swiftly into her mind rushed the half-hidden words of the other boarders in the house when they had seen that she was rapidly coming to think more than friendship would of the tall, good-natured fellow. She recalled sly warnings, statements to the effect that no one in the boarding-house knew what his business was, where he came from, that he was often out late nights, returning in the dawn and looking weary and worn.

Everything rushed into her mind, now, bringing to perfect clearness her realization that she loved him too much to endure the thought that he might even be charged with guilt. She had kept her love for him hidden from his eyes—just why she hardly knew—perhaps, it was a fear of this, doubt of him; but surely and slowly such doubt had been worn away. Now—this!

She stared at the curious ring. This was an heirloom, so the papers had said, and Mr. Blanton had been deeply angered at its loss; the gold and the stones set in it made it precious, but the associations made it more so.

She was at loss just what to do, and her thinking was not all clear under the stress of what she knew. This had slipped from his pocket as he had sat comfortably and at ease in the big chair.

Slowly a determination formed in her mind; she would go to Blanton with the ring; he was wealthy—perhaps, he would be satisfied; perhaps, he would call the detectives off. She shuddered as she thought of strange men trailing Wilkes to his door.

Only for a minute did she fight the battle of the right and wrong in the situation, whether or not to report the finding of the ring to the police, and to accuse Wilkes. She loved him too much to do either; she would return the ring, explain as little as possible, then she would tell Ross that she knew what he had done, that if he loved her he must make full redress, and begin another life.

In the haste of her thought it seemed so easy to do what she planned. She had no doubt but that it would all work out as she wished. She had not been long in the city; to her the world was full of charity and good will, of earnest effort to help those who fail.

She drew on her street wraps hastily. A car brought her near the residence district where Blanton's house was. She found it after a short walk and a few questions answered by a wondering policeman.

A maid let her into a little side room while she went with her request that Mr. Blanton might be seen by one who had very important news for him.

Evidently the wording of the message interested him, for the girl returned and suggested that they go up to Mr. Blanton's library.

Ruth found herself facing a fat, grim-eyed man whose scowl softened a little as he saw her face. "Evidently, you're not one of these everlasting reporters," he said, "but I'll bet you're here with some yarn about the robbery." His face hardened. "I'd like to get hold of the gang that did it. Well, what have you to say?" he snapped.

"I came to bring this ring which the newspapers reported was the most valuable of all that was taken," she held it out to him.

He rose from his chair quickly, and she saw the color slowly gathering in his face. He was overjoyed, she thought, to regain the heirloom. But she saw that she was wrong the next moment.

He raised a face dark with anger, and hurled the ring onto the floor. "That was part of the stuff but that was all rot what the papers published—that ring isn't worth a hundred dollars and I don't care a cent for it; but I do want to know—where you got it?" he said, quickly, his small eyes gleaming, stepping toward her.

She quailed from him.

"Where'd you get that ring?" he demanded again.

"I—I—" But how could she speak—to tell would be to give the name of the man she loved; that she would not do. She shook her head.

"Oh, you won't? I see," he said, sarcastically. "There's something behind this. What did you come here for?"

She explained tearfully.

He stared, then laughed. "Either you are very green in the ways of the world, or else you are very clever; and I think—it's the latter. Do you know where this came from?"

For a moment she hesitated, then she nodded.

He stared again. "You know who had this before you?"

She nodded again, and he gasped, then turned to the telephone on the table.

"What are you going to do?" she asked in a frightened, half whisper.

"I'm going to telephone for an officer, and have you placed under arrest!" was the sharp answer.

Her frame seemed to lose its strength, and she crumpled with a moan into the chair. Once she started to go out but he detained her and forced her back into the chair in spite of her pleading.

There were steps in the hall and two men entered. Like one who hears voices in dreams she heard the sharp voice of Blanton telling what he had discovered. She started to speak, but a voice that sounded curt and even told her that she could explain at the station. She had begged, then, not to be forced to go, but the sudden thought that she was shielding Ross gave her courage, and she said no more on the swift ride to the station.

There she was brought into a room before a gray-haired man whose keen, cold eyes lost their coldness when he looked at her. He listened to the explanations of the officer and Blanton who in his zeal had come along with them. She heard the remark: "But she's nothing but a slip of a girl. I'll examine her." Then the steady gray eyes had turned upon her, and the questions came.

She answered them with care, vowing in her heart she would not betray the one she loved; and the examiner stopped finally with the simple statement: "It is perfectly evident that you are shielding someone for whom you care a great deal—someone who is a thief!"

"No—no! he may—" She stopped, realizing she had said just what the gray, steady eyes had seen she would say.

"I understand; you are trying to shield him; I hope for your sake he isn't the thief. But we will have to see. Stratford, what luck?" He turned to a man just entering.

"We got him, sir, he'll be here in a moment or two," the man answered.

She trembled. What did they mean?

"You were good enough to give your address

Miss Weston, while talking with Mr. Blanton, a detective found out who it was that you cared for at your boarding-place, and—here he is!" the examiner added.

Wilkes' face went white as he saw her. He started across the room with a cry—"My dear little girl, what—" A strong arm caught him, and a voice said: "Wait!" Wilkes drew back, though his eyes full of wonder and pain still rested on her face.

"Miss Weston, you evidently know him. Mr. Wilkes, you evidently know her. She has been brought here; in her possession was an article stolen from the home of Mr. Blanton; she went to win him from further prosecution of someone in whom she is greatly interested. That someone may be you—and may not? What do you think? Is or is not?"

Wilkes' face was still tense and bloodless. "I sincerely hope that I am that one in whom she is greatly interested. But as for her robbing—why, it's all bosh!" She—

"We hardly think she did it. But—" Suddenly, the officer held out the ring in front of the young fellow. But Wilkes did not jump like a guilty man. He stared at the ring.

"Where'd that come from?" he ejaculated. "Then, it's yours evidently," the other said, and a murmur went around the room. "Remember that whatever you say here will be used against you. How did this come into your possession?"

Wilkes' face lost its whiteness, and he laughed. "This is serious, but I am still in the dark."

"We'll help you to see light, then. This ring is part of the stuff stolen from Blanton's home. Have you heard of the robbery?"

"Only heard it mentioned at the table, sir, but that ring—or one just like it—I bought from a chap that hailed me on the street and offered to sell it for a dollar. It was carved funny, and I bought it. He was half drunk—odd looking sort of a chap with a white scar under his eye. I didn't suppose it was worth much, but he hung onto me when he saw I was interested, and finally I took it. I hadn't missed it, but come to think, I had it in my pocket when I was up in Ruth—Miss Weston's room; it must have fallen out—" He looked across at her, a light in his eyes.

She half rose from her chair. She believed him! And that was all that was necessary. But the others did not think so.

"I have heard that yarn with variations, for years my boy; think up something new—Wilkes, started forward, his voice quivering. "Wilkes, don't believe it, then?"

"The only part that isn't quite plain is the going of this girl to the house of Mr. Blanton. Perhaps, she did it because she really believed what she said. If she did, she is an unusual girl—"

A man hurrying in spoke in the Captain's ear. The latter looked surprised and nodded.

The next moment, an officer brought in the man with the scar under his eye. He looked disheveled as if just recovering from a rough struggle. His eye gleamed a little as he saw Wilkes, and he smiled.

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A



BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

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Inexpensive Houses for Summer Care

OUR colony houses are six feet long, three feet wide, thirty-six inches high in the front, and thirty-four at the back. They are made of light scantling; the ends, back and roof being covered with roofing paper, and the front, to within eight inches of the ground, with unbleached muslin, which insures perfect ventilation and prevents rain beating in upon the birds when they are on the roosts, which are fixed a foot from the bottom and nine inches from the back of the coop. Two holes are made, nine inches apart, in the middle of each end of the coop, and a heavy rope knotted through them, to form handles.

The coops having no flooring, and the whole construction being light, they are easily moved to fresh ground each week, and so kept clean with little trouble, an important item when there is a large quantity being used. Having a large orchard, we placed the coops in rows thirty feet apart, as two sides of the orchard adjoin woodland, through which a never failing spring stream runs, so the birds have a splendid range.

Twenty birds are placed in each coop. The first week a portable yard, five feet long, is placed in front of each coop so that the young chicks cannot wander off and get lost, as they surely would in strange quarters. During that time a self-feeding hopper and a drinking fountain are placed inside the coop. When the yard is removed, the individual vessels are dispensed with, large drinking tubs and feed hoppers being stationed midway between every four coops, to reduce time and labor in caring for the birds.

The large hoppers are nothing more than boxes, five feet long, two feet wide, and six inches deep, over which is placed an A-shaped cover, made of slats, one inch apart, to prevent the birds getting into the box, and scratching the grain onto the ground, where it will be wasted. For water, five gallon kegs are used, with an automatic escape, which keeps a small pan constantly full. Both feed and water are placed under a rude shelter, to protect them from sun and rain. Using such large receptacles, it is only necessary to fill them every other day.

Feed consists of a dry mash, composed of ten pounds of wheat bran, ten pounds of ground oats, one pound of white middlings, one pound of old process oil meal and ten pounds of beef scraps, all well mixed. In addition to that, they receive at night a feed of wheat and cracked corn—two parts of the former to one of the latter. About half a pint is scattered in front of each coop, at about 4 p. m.

Grit is supplied in large quantities. Being near a stone crusher, we buy the screenings by the cart load and dump it in heaps on the outskirts of the orchard, where it does not show, but is quite accessible to the chickens.

On these rations, without any variation, the pullets are kept until September, when they are transferred to their winter quarters—houses twelve feet wide, ten feet high in front, sloping to eight feet at the back. Each house is divided by wire netting into twelve foot compartments in each of which forty birds are kept. Winter feeding commences as soon as the birds are settled in their houses, and consists of the same mash as when on range, except that ten pounds of corn meal is added, and instead of the ten pounds of commercial beef scraps, sixteen pounds of freshly cracked green bone is used, and in place of being before them all the time, it is fed once a day, just what they will eat up clean in fifteen minutes.

Until three years ago, we used to moisten the mash and feed at eight o'clock in the morning. Now we feed it dry, at 2 p. m.; at night, wheat, cracked and whole corn, scattered over cut straw, which covers the floor of the house. The proportions are three pounds of whole corn, one pound of wheat and two pounds of cracked corn. The birds are always eager for the whole corn, and as they run about to pick it up, the cracked corn and wheat get shaken down into the litter, so they rarely get any but the whole corn at night, which fills up their crops and keeps them warm until morning, when the fine grain induces them to scratch—vigorous exercise which sets their blood circulating and keeps them busy until 8 a. m., when the drinking fountains are filled up with hot water.

For green food we use Swiss chard, cabbage and rape until the frost destroys the supply, after which resort to clover hay, chopped and steamed. It is fed at about 11 a. m., a large panful to each compartment, and at the same time a pint of wheat and cracked oats is scattered on the floor. Sharp grit and oyster shells are always before them, and in very cold weather the drinking fountains are filled up with hot water at eleven and three o'clock.

If you have no orchard, or other partly shady place for coops, it will be necessary to erect some sort of shelter for the birds to rest under during the heat of the day. Any sort of material or shape will do, so long as protection from the sun is afforded. If free range is quite impossible (as it often is for suburban poultry keepers), the birds must be given as large yards as possible and supplied with lots of scratching material, over which small grain must be scattered two or three times a day. Fresh green bone will be better than the beef scraps. Vegetable food is most imperative under such circumstances. Sow a large patch of Swiss chard; it is a true cut-and-come-again crop. Oats and rape are also useful crops for poultry keepers who can give their birds free range during the summer.

A word of warning: If you are reduced to cutting grass, or use lawn clippings, be careful to have cut into short lengths of not more than an inch, otherwise the birds may become crop bound.

The cockerels which go into the market pen are fattened and sold as quickly as possible, except the few we keep for stock, and these are given larger yards and fed in the same manner as pullets on range.

For fattening birds, use ground corn and oats in equal parts, add half a part of charcoal and moisten with skim-milk. Give plenty of green feed and sharp grit. Feed little and often. All expedition must be used in the matter of marketing, for every day's delay after they reach the required weight is a dead loss.

Constant culling and marketing is one of the secrets of success. Culling must be observed just as rigidly when selecting winter stock. Discard any faulty birds. There are always some in every flock, even if the parent birds have been blue ribbon specimens; crooked tails or feet, ear lobes which are red instead of white, or white instead of red, according to the variety you may be keeping. Wyandottes, Plymouth Rocks, Orpingtons, Brahmans, or Cochins should all have bright red ear lobes. Leghorns, Minorcas and Andalusiens should be pure white. It is a bright, energetic looking pullet which makes the best layer, and it is not profitable to keep any but the best layers, so put them into small pens and fatten. The young roosters bring good prices in the fall,

and their absence from the farm reduces feed bills and prevents crowding in the house, which is always disastrous.

Do not delay, after September first, in getting the pullets into their winter quarters, for it is important that they get accustomed to their new surroundings and reconciled to the change from free range to semi-inactivity. It often takes five or six weeks for them to become accustomed to the new conditions, and unless they have time to adjust themselves, they won't start laying until cold weather sets in, which means that the egg crop is likely to be unprofitably delayed.

Correspondence

C. L. S.—Would you please tell me through *COMFORT* what is the matter with my eggs? I see ninety and don't hatch a chick. The hens were good sitters. I broke some on the eggs, and there was a small, well-developed chick in each one, and you could see the white and the yolk in each egg, and set some before, of the same flock of hens, and the hatched fairly well. Any advice that you would give me would be thankfully received.

A.—I am quite at a loss to account for none of the eggs hatching as if you say, they were fertile, and the hens sat well. Sometimes when hens are very fat, or are weak in vitality through illness or badly balanced rations, their eggs will not hatch well, even though fertile; the embryo dying between the seventh and fifteenth days, as a rule. But it seems impossible that ninety eggs would all be in the same condition, and as they were set under hens there is no incubation to blame. Was there any heavy hammering or disturbance of any kind going on around the house where the hens were set? There surely must have been some outside cause, as none of the eggs hatched, but I am sorry to say that I cannot help by suggesting what the cause could possibly be.

A subscriber.—Will you please tell me if I can keep a full-blooded Plymouth Rock rooster to breed from again this year? I bought him a year ago last month (April). I used him for my old hens that spring, and again this spring I put him with the pullets I raised from him last year. They are large and healthy. Now, can I use him again next year for the chickens I am raising this year? That would be using him with his daughters and granddaughters. Would it be all right? He is two years old this spring. How many hens could I put with him? And could I keep one of the young cockerels I will raise this year to put with his sisters and old hens? And I will have to have two roosters anyway, as I will have too many hens. Please answer this as soon as possible.

A.—It would do no harm to breed back to the old rooster, as he and the hens were no kin. Fair the cockerels with the old hens rather than with the pullets. Ten hens are sufficient for one male bird when they are of the heavy class like Plymouth Rocks.

A. L. H.—I have about eighty hens, White Rock and White Leghorn. I have bred them eight years with new blood each year. Are they pure-bred chickens, or how many years does it take to make pure-bred chickens? I don't seem to be making them very profitable. I have a house about fourteen by eighteen, and feed them in litter or hay. I feed Kaffir corn, corn, bran mashes, poultry food moistened in milk with Alfalfa mixed, and table scraps. I am only getting about nine eggs a day. Please answer through *COMFORT* what you think is the matter. I feed two to three gallons a day of grain, besides mash. Corn is seventy-five cents a bushel here in this drouth district, and about twelve miles to where any can be had at all. Chops, one dollar and sixty-five cents and bran one dollar and fifty-five cents. Do you think that I could make hens pay in such circumstances? Eggs are twenty-five cents a dozen now, and they get as low as twelve and one half cents in summer, but sometimes I get very weary and gloomy, but I have learned so many good things by reading *COMFORT* and the dear old Bible, that now the blue fits do not last long.

The good letters of our corner help us to know that there are many, many Christians with pure loyal souls that still hold for "The good, the beautiful, the true," and I think after all, perhaps this old world isn't so very bad.

I must say something of Uncle Charlie's Easter sermon; the first of it was gloriously grand, "lifting the soul from the common sod," giving us a wider view, and filling us with new hope. But, oh, the last of it! It wrings my very soul to think of such depths of sin, corruption, and degradation in this republic of ours. Dear free America, where is the toiler? Can it be possible that as a nation we have fallen so low?

Slaves, slaves not only to the moneyed kings but also to these low principles and vices. How I wish every voting man in these United States would have read Uncle Charlie's sermon; also the letters he has written since Christmas and would have profited by the advice and sound doctrine given in them.

Have we forgotten how when a tax of three cents per pound was put on tea by Great Britain, our forefathers stubbornly rebelled, not so much at the amount of tax, as at the principle of the thing?

And we, the offspring of these liberty-loving and serving souls. I think our country is asleep and dreamless; and I think, merciful Father, what will the awakening be?

I was sad when I read in the April *COMFORT* where Uncle Charlie said one of every two letters he got from N. C. were appeals for help. Now I am sending the names of three women who are financially unable to take *COMFORT*, but who will appreciate it very much. One is an invalid with seven little ones. I am glad our editor asked us to send her such names. My wish is that the Great Father will bless Uncle Charlie, give him strength to do the great work before him; also God bless Mr. Gannett, dear Mrs. Wilkinson and all of *COMFORT*'s staff and readers.

Mrs. M. P. WATSON, Bessie, N. C.

business, and am having bad luck at the start. Would like you to tell me what is the matter with my chickens, and a cure for it. They seem to be perfectly healthy until a swelling comes over the eyes, completely blinding them, and gets as large as a good-sized pea, but only comes over one eye. After the sight is lost, they droop around, and finally die. I have the full blood Buff Orpingtons, and hate to lose them. I feed them Kaffir corn, and sometimes a mash with poultry food and red pepper mixed in it, and give them all the milk that they can drink. Please tell me how to feed them ready to take to the fair, and will be ever so much obliged.

A.—The hen has inflammation of the mucous membrane of the eye—disease called conjunctivitis, usually caused by cold or by unsanitary conditions. Bathe the afflicted eye as soon as noticed. Have peroxide or dihydrogen slightly diluted with water. Space will not allow me to tell you in this column how to prepare breeds for the show, but next month I will take it as my main subject.

R. E.—Will you please tell me through the poultry page of *COMFORT* what will cure or prevent white diarrhea?

A.—White diarrhea is a germ disease which originates in the intestines of the hen, and is usually carried through a germ adhering to the shell, for which reason all eggs which are to be set should be wiped off with alcohol. A germ picked up by a newly hatched chick, either in an incubator or under a hen, will start the trouble in a brood, because the droppings from the infected chicken spread the disease.

F. B.—The hens are too fat. Put a teaspoonful of citrate of magnesia in every quart of drinking water twice a week for three weeks.

L. D. writes of her little chicks getting pasted behind and dying. This condition usually comes from improper food, or feeding before chickens are thirty-six hours old. Little chicks want nothing to eat until they are thirty-six or even forty days old; then they should be given a fine, granulated corn, and hulled oats, all broken to a fine, granulated condition. Never feed soft or pasty food; there is a regular chick food on the market. If you have all the chickens in the same condition, bathe the vent with warm water until the accumulated droppings are removed, and then feed as recommended. But really, I can't hold out very much hope of curing little chicks when they once become sick.

Note.—I must beg our subscribers not to ask for personal letters. It is quite impossible for me to answer through the mails.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10.)

tions, I will adopt thee as my nephew, as I only have twelve to write to and am a poor scribe.

Will close with good wishes to all.

MRS. M. G. MEREDITH, Pennville, Ind.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

As I have just renewed my subscription to that best of magazines—*COMFORT*, I thought I would write a few words to you. I have been a subscriber to *COMFORT* for five years; but have read it ever since I was a girl of twelve years, and now I am thirty-three years young. Have been married nine years, have a good husband, a happy home, and three little ones.Edith Veg, and Edna Dale, girls of eight and six and one half years; then baby boy Kermit two years old. We own our farm of one hundred and forty acres here among the mountains of Western N. C., and as farmers' wives know, I have to work hard to keep things even half straight, and I will admit that sometimes I get very weary and gloomy, but I have learned so many good things by reading *COMFORT* and the dear old Bible, that now the blue fits do not last long.

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MRS. M. P. WATSON, Bessie, N. C.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I want to say a few things about housecleaning that will help some of the sisters. Don't be in too great a hurry. A medium time for spring cleaning, brings a medium time for the fall work, and a medium course in most things is best. The housekeeper can plan her work to suit herself, and no cut-and-dried rule will fit every one. Because your neighbor gets up at half past three in order to get her washing on the line before anyone else does, should not keep you from taking the much needed rest. And what has she gained by her earliness? Does she get much more done through the day than the woman who gets up at a reasonable hour, and probably works better and with more spirit than the one who has robbed her night of its best rest? The same rule applies to the early housecleaner. Take it leisurely; to get the bureaus drawers in order is a help, to overhaul closets and boxes and bundles before the real cleaning begins helps things greatly. Go up-stairs some pleasant day when it will really be pleasure to do it, and begin your cleaning in the same small way. There is little time in cleaning drawers till the winter underwear can either be put away or relegated to the rag bag. At the same time the summer clothes can be taken out, and if need be, starched and ironed ready for use when the warm days come. I do this before I seed my garden, and perhaps there will be some old summer gowns that can be dyed and so made new and fresh. This is worth while if the dress is modish and not too much worn. Then, too, if there is a stormy period such work is not pleasant you can cut and make the spring outfit, for later when fine weather comes one can spend more time sitting out of doors than sewing. It is very certain that housecleaning is much pleasanter done when one feels like it and when the weather is fine, than on disagreeable days just because one has begun and wants to get through. If the little extras are done beforehand, the main cleaning of doors, windows and woodwork is not such a terrible task, I do this after I get my garden planted, sometimes though it seems profitable to wash all the windows in one day, and leave the rest for another day, but really doing things when the spirit moves is much less harassing than doing them when both spirit and body enter a protest against the doing.

Now, dear *COMFORT* sisters and Mrs. Wilkinson, I hope I have given advice that will help some busy sister.

I will close with love to all,

MRS. E. E. GREEN, Colfax, R. R. 2, Wis.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have been a subscriber of *COMFORT* for a long time and greatly enjoy reading the Sisters' Corner and Uncle Charlie's pages. It is the only paper I know of that allows the sisters such a chance.

We have been married eight years, and as husband and I love children we would like to adopt one. I would prefer a girl from about one year to three.

We live on a farm in the country and I think it's the place to bring up children.

People are having a time trying to get their crops planted as we have had so much rain this spring.

Wishing the Sisters' Corner success, I remain your friend,

MRS. S. L. BURDEN, Carrollton, R. R. 3, Miss.

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Rescued by a Somnambulist

By John W. Bennet

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Of all the historical sketches which have been handed down to us since the discovery of our country, those which are connected with the Virginia and Carolina coasts are among the most interesting; and of all the stories and legends of ante-bellum days, those of that section are not the least exciting. More than a few of these old traditions are, even to the present day, treasured in the minds of the descendants of our forefathers who settled round about Albemarle Sound. There has recently come to my ears a story which is of much interest to me, and thinking it possible that others might like to hear the same, I shall endeavor to relate it, as nearly as possible, as it was given to me, omitting only the unnecessary details.

While spending a few days in the home of a gentleman whose cognomen was Booker, he told me of an instance when walking in sleep proved to be a fortunate misfortune. When Mr. Booker's mother was a young girl she contracted the habit of talking in sleep. For the sake of amusement her brother would answer her, and by asking questions and making remarks which the words of the girl suggested, he would often lead her into conversation that was extremely amusing. This practice went on for a few years, and at last the thought suggested itself to the boy, that he might get his sister into the habit of walking in her sleep.

One night in the month of August when the sky was bright with the twinkling of many stars and the silvery light of the moon, Annie was heard to call out in her sleep, "Come on Bill, let's go to the watermelon patch."

Bill, who was in the next room, answered, "All right, come on Ann, I'm nearly dead for melon, come on, we'll go."

In an instant the girl was on the floor, and in another Bill had opened the door, and they were both out in the bright moonlight. Many times had they run down the lane and across the field to that melon patch. It was a daily occurrence in the melon season of each year. So off they went at full speed. Annie, being the older, and well developed by regular exercise, was easily able to take the lead.

On reaching the melon field they plucked a large melon, and sitting down, began to eat. As Annie had not spoken a word but had preserved an abstracted attitude since she got out of bed, Bill knew she was still asleep. When they had finished the melon he decided to carry the joke a little further.

There was an old scarecrow standing in the field against a burned stump. A stick, to give the appearance of a gun, was attached in a leveled position. At the distance of a few rods, in the night, this might readily be taken for a real man with a club raised to strike the black stump which looked like a prostrate man. Bill pointed to the scarecrow and said, "Look, Ann, that fellow is killing the other!"

The girl started and, taking in the object at a glance, with a faint shriek, she darted towards the river. Her brother undertook to stop her, but she headed not his call. With all his speed he rushed after the flying sleeper. He was not able to see that the distance between them grew any less. She had almost reached the river which at that point was twelve feet deep. If she plunged into that she would likely be drowned before he could save her, as the banks were perpendicular and at least five feet higher than the water. All his remaining force was put into action. Gradually the distance between them grew less. Once, twice, three times he was almost able to seize the trail of her skirt, but his eager fingers enclosed only air. Only ten feet remained between his sister and her watery grave, and he felt his whole frame thrilled with the icy chill of despair. With a desperate leap he bounded forward, and for an instant his flying body was parallel with the horizon. With one hand he grasped the flying trail, with the other he caught a bush that stood near the river's brink. Supported by the hand which clinched her garment the girl was pending over the murmuring water.

Holpless with fright and exhausted beyond the capability of an effort she was drawn back and laid upon the ground a few yards from the bank. No sooner was this done than Bill found that his strength had left him and it was a full hour before his nerves were again settled. At the end of that time the girl was sleeping soundly. Very carefully he raised her in his arms and bore her to the house which was not more than one hundred yards away. He placed her on the bed, and assuring himself that she was in no further danger he returned to his own room.

The next morning Bill listened for Annie to relate a wonderful dream, but as nothing was said he ventured to ask her what she had dreamed. She could give him only a vague idea of being chased by a man, and of being terribly frightened. As no other member of the family knew of the visit to the melon patch, Bill decided to keep the whole business to himself till such a time when it could be told as a thing of the past, so far back as not to provoke a rebuke from his father.

From that time no further attempt was made by Bill to elicit either a conversation or a perambulation from his sleeping sister. It remains a fact, however, that the habit of talking never left her, and it was not an unusual thing after that to find her walking through the house in the dark. Sometimes Bill awoke in the night and found her pulling at his arm.

In those days people were much occupied in fishing, hunting and trapping. Sometimes they would go out into the swamps ten or twelve miles from home and remain for several days or weeks hunting bears, coons, deer, and beavers. Some miles from the home of our friends at the head of the Scuppernong river, surrounded by broad swamps of heavy timber, lay Lake Phelps. The lake, a beautiful sheet of water, was in the favorite hunting center of the section. Often Bill and his father would spend several days there. It happened one fall, when the boy was eighteen years old, that his father must remain at home, so Bill prepared to set out alone on a hunting trip. Withstanding all his sister's premonitions that he should not go alone, when the day came to start, the boy disappeared in the forest.

Day after day passed and he did not return. This, however, did not cause any unusual anxiety, since, when with his father he had been accustomed to spend several weeks. Annie had had no more dreams of warning since he left and everything seemed to move along smoothly. It had been two years since the race for the river. The old melon patch had not been tended, but was used as a grazing ground. The old scarecrow had not been entirely destroyed by the weather, but the raised club had been driven, by the force of time, a little nearer to its victim, the black stump. It was just after dark and Annie had been after the cows. As she passed the spot a strange feeling came over her; a vision of her brother crouching before a dark being floated before her; a cold shudder quivered through her frame and she hurried along in the wake of the indifferent cattle.

Her mind seemed to be turned toward Lake Phelps as she forced the white streams into the resounding pail. The meat gave a melancholy hiss as it simmered on the coals; the dishes rang mysteriously as she cleared them from the table; the white pillow cases looked like two specters at the head of her brother's bed as she passed through his room on the way to her own; the cover seemed to close about her throat, when she retired, like the icy grip of a demon; the clock struck nine, ten, but its brazen ring was like the voice of despair; the signal bells of distress

were sounding in her ears. In the hope of excluding the outside world from her thoughts she drew the cover tightly over her head and was soon asleep by the stupefying effect of her smothered breath. And yet, she was in that state of subconsciousness which is beyond the explanation of man. She could see the dark waters of Lake Phelps, and hear the wild walls of the forest accompanied by a smothered groan uttered in despair. She could see a club raised by a fiendish hand and a dark form crouching beneath it. The moon lighted the face of the victim; it was her brother, and her name was on his lips. As he uttered it she unconsciously left her bed, dressed herself in a flash, took a pistol and dagger from the wall, opened the door, and stood under the starry sky. Only a moment she hesitated, and then, with the energy of an enraged tigress, she bounded for her canoe, which was the swiftest that floated on the river.

The river with all of its bends was as familiar to her as her father's yard. Noiselessly she heaved her little "dish pan" as she called it, which yielded to the strain of the bending paddle with a velocity that had never been equalled on the Scuppernong. Scarcely twenty minutes had elapsed when she met a boat without a pilot, drifting down the current. Her eyes were then kept on the shore while her canoe was kept in the middle of the stream. After some five minutes had elapsed she came in sight of the big bend. A voice was heard in the distance and she drew her canoe to the shore and made it fast under cover of the bushes. Then listening she could hear subdued voices around the bend. Stealing cautiously through the underbrush, in a moment, she was within a few feet of the actors in the scene. A man with a raised club and a form crouching beneath it challenged her eyes. Unobserved, she crept closer, she heard her name murmured by the crouching form. The moonlight fell on the upturned face and she recognized her brother as the club of the unknown was descending. From her bosom flashed a glittering dagger; the raised club was turned aside and its unknown wielder rolled in the sand. No sound that could have been heard at a distance of fifty yards was uttered. The rescued man whispered the name of his sister and as she turned he followed her to the canoe.

As they pushed into the stream Bill saw that his sister was asleep and watched her movements in silence. Not a word was uttered as the canoe glided through the water with a velocity that Bill had never before witnessed. When she had silently tied up at the home landing the girl bounded toward the house and when Bill got there she was in bed asleep as sound as a child.

The next morning she told the occurrence of the night as it had been a dream, for as such it seemed to her.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12.)

sible editor of course, destroys these fool communications immediately. All those that reach me when postage is sent I return, the rest the goat eats. Having failed with the editors, the next thing is to tackle the song publishers. Honorable firms promptly destroy this kind of dope which comes to them by the ton daily, or return it. Dishonorable firms write back and jolly the poor song fly that his buzzard tracks if set to music will make him independently rich in a couple of weeks. He must, however, put up fifty dollars to have his "words" set to music and published. The song fly walks into the spider's web, the fifty dollars is found somewhere, somehow, and the poor deluded fly dreams golden dreams of wealth, which never come true. Not one single copy of these home-made songs ever reaches the market. Two hundred copies are struck off and sent back to the victim, and that closes the deal as far as they are concerned. No publisher could ever induce a music dealer to purchase one of these weird atrocities, for music dealers are wide-awake business men, and purchase only songs that are hits, songs that it has taken the big firms thousands of dollars to popularize. The song fly after a while, after he has been nicely stung and his blood sucked, awakes to the fact that he has been victimized and complains to Uncle Sam, and the fake publisher gets put out of business, but usually not until he has handled a good many thousands of dollars of money fleeced from the song victims. Now a word of advice to you all. Easy though it may seem, song writing is a rare art that calls for great ability and at times years of study, before one can achieve successful results. The people who send their so-called "songs" to me, don't know even what a song is. They call a few rhymeless rhymes of doggerel a "song". Now a song consists of words and music. These words are known as lyrics, and not until the words are set to music is the product a song. The people who can write good lyrics in this country are so scarce that you could almost count them on the fingers of one hand. Thousands of people write excellent verse, but even the cleverest verse writers seldom venture into the lyric field, as lyric writing requires a special knack and talent, and at times a thorough knowledge of music. The expert song writers of this country are under contract to a few big firms in New York, and they produce nearly every song, which you see displayed in music stores and hear whistled or sung on the streets or in the theaters. These men live in New York. They are experts in their line, they study every new stage production, they have their fingers on the public pulse, and know how to fit the public taste to a nicely. A few of them accumulate money, but very few. Not one song in five hundred pays for the cost of publication, and not one song in five or ten thousand ever makes a hit. The preposterous idea that every rubbishy song that is printed will draw royalties is absurd. Probably not fifty people in the U. S. today ever drew or ever will draw song royalties. I've been writing for the best known firm of music publishers in the United States for many years, and I know whereof I speak. It may interest you to know that I wrote one song that was sung all over the world and made thousands of dollars, and I was mighty glad to sell it for the magnificent sum of five dollars. Sousa only got thirty dollars for his greatest march. If you have mortgages to raise, children to educate, homes to keep up, don't be so crazily foolish as to think that you can accomplish these things by penning trash on a piece of flimsy paper. You will note the letter above (which by the way was written in pencil) betrays illiteracy of the most appalling kind. It is a fair specimen of letters I get from would-be "song" writers by the hundred, and infinitely better than many. Five people had to examine the address before we could decipher it, and then if we had not had a postal directory we should have had to have given up the job in despair. Fancy a person unable even to write, or too careless to write her address legibly, and unable to spell simple words, imagining that shrewd business men in New York would pay her large sum of money for pitiful drivel, and that the public would buy such dope. Educated people never indulge in this folly. They know their limitations, but as the poet said: "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread." Write for your own amusement if you wish to, but don't unless you are well educated, and have proved beyond a doubt that you are more than ordinarily talented, attempt to enter the lyric field with the idea that it will open up an avenue of profit for you. For people without talent, education or ability, or even good common sense, to think that they can make money in this most exacting field of art, shows to what depths human folly and ignorance can go. Don't send your song lyrics to me. If I even read all those that are sent me,

I'd never have time to eat, sleep or earn my own living. People who want my time to further their business schemes must pay for it. People who want my time to help them exploit their follies will never get it.

LENA, WIS.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I have one sister and two brothers. I am ten years old. My sister is eight years old and she is taller than I am. She has light complexion and I am dark. My weight is sixty-four pounds. I have brown eyes and brown hair. I have pink cheeks. I go to school and I am in the fifth grade. I like school very well. I can make a cake and crotchet. I make lace for my doll. I can wash dishes.

I live on a farm with eighty acres. I like to live on a farm. It has many hills on it. I go coasting every year. I hope to be a dressmaker when I grow up. Good by Uncle Charlie, Your niece,

RUBY MORRISSEY.

LENNA, WIS.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I am a real smart letter for a little girl. I am glad you have pink cheeks. There are millions of children in this country, most of them in the big cities, who never have a dash of color in their faces, except when their cheeks are red with the flames of disease. You are a lucky girl to have the glow of health in your cheeks. There is no artist who can paint as nature does. You say you can make a cake and crotchet. I've no doubt you can make a cake, Ruby, but how on earth do you make a "crotchet", and for the land's sake, what is a "crotchet" anyway? What does a crotchet look like after you have constructed it, and what use do you put it to after you have made it? I wonder if you don't mean crochet, instead of crotchet. Anyway crochet is a hard word for a little girl to spell, and so we will forgive you. If, however, you don't mean crochet and do mean crotchet I hope you will draw a picture of it that I can put in COMFORT, I am sure everybody would like to see what a real live crotchet looks like. That's awfully sweet of you to make lace for your doll, and I hope your doll pays you well for your work. I'll bet dolly has a spasm in her sawdust every time you tack some new lace on her bloomers. You say you live on a farm with eighty acres. I hope they are all nice, well behaved acres, and that none of them ache too much. If they were nasty, cantankerous, disagreeable acres it might not be pleasant to live with them. What does it feel like to live with eighty acres? Can you accommodate them all in the house, and if so does it not make the place kind of crowded? I think I would rather live on an eighty acre farm rather than live with eighty acres. I hope you will achieve the desire of your heart and be a dressmaker some day. When you are a real live dressmaker, you can make a hobble skirt for Billy the Goat, and put a crotchet on it.

CLAYSVILLE, PA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I am five feet ten inches tall, weigh one hundred and forty-eight pounds, am eighteen years old, and of a bashful disposition. Uncle, I wish you would tell me of a cure for bashfulness.

I live on a dairy farm about one half mile from Clayville. Uncle if you will come down to Clayville, I will teach you how to milk a cow, and do all kinds of farm work and I am sure you would never go back to the city. While I am not working on the farm, I am taking pictures or riding my bicycle. Well perhaps I had better save my paper as I fear Billy the Goat will be hungry about the time this letter gets there.

Hoping to hear from all the cousins and will try and answer all. Your nephew,

ELZIE H. CRAWFORD.

Elzie, you ask me if I can give you a cure for bashfulness. I don't know whether I can or not, but I certainly will try. Bashfulness is about the meanest sort of affliction that a poor girl can suffer from. A modest, bashful girl is made all the more attractive by being modest and bashful for in her case these qualities are a virtue. Bashfulness, however, in a young man is anything but a virtue, though if I had to choose between a fresh, flip, sassy, nervy, buttsinsky of a boy with the gall of an elephant, one of those irreducible buttsinkies who blows cigarette smoke in a girl's face, acting generally as if he owned the earth, and a young man who stood in a corner silent and abashed with his face blushing like a yard of red flannel, I think I would unhesitatingly choose the bashful boy to the buttsinsky. There is a happy medium, however, that you want to reach. We want neither sassy, gally, brazen young savages, nor blushing willy boys. What we do want are manly boys who know how to behave themselves in a lady's presence and who can be gentlemen at all times without being barbarians or sissies. Bashfulness usually comes from an overdose of self consciousness. What you want to do is to try and forget E. H. Crawford when you are in the presence of others. Don't begin to think that your feet are trebling in size, that your hands are too large for your body and that you have no place to put them. Don't worry about how you look nor of what others are thinking of you, for the odds are no one is thinking of you anyway. Just be your natural self, don't try to conceal or hide any defects that you may think you possess, because any attempt to do that will only make them more obvious. You are not bashful when you are alone, and therefore you need not be in company, for unless you are a very important personage, you are attracting no more attention in public than you are in the secret recesses of your chamber. Just conduct yourself as though no one was around. Most young men who are bashful generally betray this failing in the presence of young ladies. Don't be afraid of the girls. They are quite harmless and they won't bite. Just be your natural self and even if you are not a raging beauty and the tomato blooms do start to sprout in your cheeks, they will remark when out of your presence that even if you are not a beauty, you are an awfully nice boy, and when a girl or girls begin to refer to you as a nice boy, that is the greatest compliment they can pay you. Years ago I was bashful myself—several hundred years ago. I had a crush on a girl, but hadn't the nerve to put her wise to it. I asked a chum of mine who was an expert in such matters, and he told me I was to break the ice by saying something soft to her. After maneuvering for a while I got her up in the corner, and blushing furiously whispered in her ear "mashed turnips." She rushed off to her brother who stood six feet and weighed three hundred pounds and said I had insulted her. The brother took me up by the seat of the neck and the scruff of the pants and threw me out of the window into a snow-bank. The gizook who had been instructing me in the gentle art of making good with the girls rushed out to find out what had been said to cause the earthquake. "You told me to say something soft," said I, "and I said it." "What did you say?" he inquired anxiously. "I just whispered in her ear mashed turnips, that's all." That guy went back into the house and laughed for three weeks, and from all I can hear he is laughing yet. Why, heaven knows for I don't. Anyway after I went through that window and hit that snow-bank that jolted all the bashfulness out of me, and maybe Elzie, if you take the trip it will have the same effect on you.

CORA, MO.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I enjoy reading Uncle Charlie's replies to the letters. Cousins, if we would all follow the advice Uncle Charlie gives us, we would never go far wrong. I think if there were a few million Uncle Charlies and fewer Andrew Carnegies this would be quite a different old world. If Andrew Carnegie had used some of the wealth which he donated to public institutions, for the benefit of the poor shut-ins, it would have been more humane, not to say charitable. I hope the time is not far distant when graft and greed will be forgotten, when man will regard the dollar as a medium of exchange instead of an idol; when man's selfishness will be swallowed up in love.

CORA, MO.

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for his fellowmen and when everyone will do unto others as they would have them do unto them, and I think Uncle Charlie and his noble work will help to bring that time about.

I am twenty years old. I have brown hair, blue eyes, a fair complexion, and weigh ninety-eight pounds. Mamma and I live all alone on a small farm of nineteen acres. Papa died four years ago, leaving mamma and me alone. He was a soldier in the Civil War. I have no brothers or sisters, so I haven't the company and pleasure that most of the cousins have. But I manage to enjoy life most of the time, anyway.

Mamma is sixty-four years old and in poor health all of the time, especially in the winter season, so I have lots to do.

I am located in Sullivan Co., Mo. Missouri is certainly a fine old state. We have a pretty good climate, beautiful scenery, and many pretty girls and handsome boys.

The farmers raise a good deal of live stock for the market. They also raise good crops of corn, wheat, oats, etc., when the floods don't destroy them.

Say, cousins, I have a copy of Uncle Charlie's Poems, also his song book. Aren't they fine? I am fond of music, flowers, poetry or almost any kind of good literature, but my favorite hobby is music, although I play nothing but the harmonica, and am not an expert with that.

Come and visit me, Uncle and bring Billy and Maria, and I will measure you off a few yards of noise from the harmonica.

The Pretty Girls' Club

Conducted by Katherine Booth

The Removal of Superfluous Hair

I HAVE a great pity in my heart for those of my sex who are so unfortunate as to be afflicted with hair that persists in growing where it should not—namely, on the face and arms.

This is a state of affairs that need not be endured any longer, as within the last two years several ways have come to light of circumventing a hairy growth. It really is beauty sin this year of nineteen hundred and twelve for any woman who takes a pride in her appearance to sit with her hands folded in her lap while the tiny fuzzers grow at will over her face or neck or arms, as the case may be.

Instead of accepting your unhappy lot with resignation, bend all your energies toward forever effacing those unsightly hairs.

Probably you are curious to know what caused this affliction to descend upon you. Really I cannot say with any positiveness. The constant use of an oily cold cream could cause much mischief in this direction, but then heat and friction could do fully as much harm. An unsightly



PULL THEM FROM THEIR STRONGHOLDS WITH A PAIR OF TWEEZERS.

growth of hair also frequently follows a fever. With most of us, however, I think it is a case of the natural perversity of the flesh. Not a very satisfactory explanation, I admit, but it is the best I can do for you.

One way out of your superfluous hair trouble is to make a friend of the electric needle. When it is plunged into the hair follicle, the root is immediately killed and the annoying hair falls out.

There is just one objection to this treatment, but it looms large upon the horizon. Electrolysis is extremely expensive and it is only one woman out of five—I am almost tempted to make it ten—whose pocketbook is sufficiently well lined to warrant her having her extra hairs removed in this manner.

The usual charge for this expert work is five dollars for one hour's treatment, two dollars and fifty cents for a thirty minute treatment and one dollar and twenty-five cents for fifteen minutes. This would not be so expensive if you sought to have only a few scattered hairs removed, as this would at the most not take more than an hour of the operator's time, but if there were very many hairs, you would need numerous treatments at not less than one dollar and twenty-five cents each. In the end this would mount up to a considerable sum, more than the average woman could afford to pay.

The expense, however, is the only drawback to this method of removing a superfluous growth of hair, as it is sure and safe.

Your next question is, I know full well, "Do the hairs return?" No, not if you have had the good sense to employ an expert operator who has thrust the tiny electric needle each time into the center of the hair follicle. Electrolysis is unsuccessful only when the operator is careless and does not let the needle follow the general direction of the hair.

I know that a great many people say that electrolysis scars the face, but this is only true when too many hairs have been extracted from one spot during a single sitting. An experienced operator skips hither and thither, picking out a hair here and a hair there, but never more than two or three hairs in one place. Disregard of this rule has caused many a scarred face.

You will be glad to hear that there are other methods of removing superfluous hair permanently from the face, even though results are not as quick or as sure. For instance, I am very enthusiastic over the Peroxide of Hydrogen way of dispatching extra hairs into oblivion. It has my recommendation because it is inexpensive and—or so I think—finally effective.

Milady will have to take a great deal of patience to this treatment as it will be many months before she will have the pleasure of seeing the hairs fade and die.

The treatment is simplicity itself, as you will see if you read on. All that the enemy of a hairy skin is asked to do is to moisten the unwanted hairs twice daily with Peroxide of Hydrogen. Persistent effort should be made to wet the hair close to the skin, as this will, in time, inevitably destroy the hair root. Why does the peroxide have this destructive effect upon the hair and follicle? Because it induces an actual decay of the entire hair structure, rendering it brittle and shrivelling it up. This method of acquiring a downless face should appeal to the economical woman with an unlimited fund of patience, but My-lady-in-haste will, I fear, tilt up her pretty little nose at it. She prefers electrolysis, I have no doubt, and so would we, all of us, had we sufficient money. There's where the trouble lies.

Where only a few hairs have made their appearance, it is the easiest matter in the world to jerk them out of their strongholds with a pair of tweezers. This trifling operation hurts a little, but you must not expect to secure a hairless face without paying a price. After each little fuzzer has been exterminated, as it were, moisten its erstwhile abiding place with spirits of camphor. There is a reason for this. The burning fluid penetrates to the papilla and causes the hair root to think a long while before venturing to send forth another shoot. This treatment is only feasible for a few scattered hairs, as it would prove too irritating to the cuticle if carried on more extensively.

Questions and Answers

Mayme Z.—If you are anxious to get rid of some of your extra pounds of flesh, then you might try the reducing lotion given above. While not infallible—what remedy is?—it generally gives satisfactory re-

sults if directions are implicitly followed and treatment is taken for a sufficient length of time.

Epsom Salt Reducing Lotion

Dissolve one pound of epsom salts in one quart of rain-water. Shave fine three bars of white soap and dissolve in one quart of boiling rain-water. When partially cool, pour in the epsom salt solution. At this time rub the preparation on such parts of the body as you wish to reduce, and let it dry in. When morning comes, wash it off. Continue the use of the fat reducer until the desired results are obtained. In addition to this wash, take the juice of half a lemon in a cup of hot water, three quarters of an hour before breakfast. The average reduction in weight is two pounds every week.

Mrs. E. H., So. O.—You must have sent to some very small drug-store. I have never found, anywhere, a drug-store that did not keep benzoin or spermaceti. Sweet almond oil and quince seeds are also carried by any drug-store that is a drug-store. Perhaps you will find the following freckle lotion gives satisfaction, although it is difficult to banish freckles entirely.

Simple Freckle Lotion

Ammonium chloride, one dram; distilled water, four ounces. Apply at night after face has been bathed in hot water.

Dorothy Frances.—I never answer letters personally. Judging from what you say your scalp is infected by mean little microbes which in should be your aim to get rid of as soon as possible else you will lose your pretty hair. Excessively oily hair is caused by the scalp becoming infected with tiny microbes, which, if left alone long enough, will cause hair to fall and scalp to be covered with dandruff. The oiliness of which you complain, is one of the symptoms. Here is the treatment—and a very disagreeable one it is. I ought to know—because I took it—but if instructions are followed your hair will finally become healthy and excessive oil will be a thing of the past. Every night moisten the entire scalp with the following ointment:

Sulphur Ointment

Sulphur precipitated, fifteen grams; vaseline, fifty grams.

Do not throw the hair over the eyes or rub the eyes with the fingers while giving this treatment, as the sulphur fumes will cause the eyes to smart in a most distressing way. Take this treatment nightly for four weeks, then three nights out of every seven days for two weeks or more. As you near the time to discontinue sulphur ointment, disinfect brush and comb every day, as you don't want to reinfect your scalp. Also, I would suggest holding your hair over burning sulphur to get rid of any lingering microbes, and of course you must buy a new pompadour pad, if you want one.

When you have said a happy farewell to the ointment begin moistening scalp nightly with the following lotion for six weeks. It acts both as an astringent and a disinfectant:

Salicylic acid, one part; glycerine, two parts; alcohol, seventy parts; water; distilled, thirty parts.

The best way to apply this lotion is to fill a medicine dropper with it, and then run the dropper hither and thither through the hair.

To reduce a large bust, keep it snugly bandaged with a wide strip of stout cotton cloth, day and night. Do not wrap bandage so tight that it bruises the flesh or stops the circulation. Read my reply to Jennie S. and Papa's Little Girl.

Jennie S.—Blackheads are a great trial but daily treatment will finally banish them. Never forget to wash your face at night before retiring with hot soap water and a rough cloth. After this rub in a little boracic powder and if this smarts the skin, massage in cold cream. Every other night scrub blackheads with a soft, soapy nail brush, after bathing the face and before the boracic powder is rubbed in. Scrub very lightly else the skin will be irritated. Once a week, after the face has been washed, steam it over a basin of boiling water, then rinse in hot water and spread over face a handful of soap jelly. After ten minutes wash this off and massage for several minutes. On this night omit the boracic powder.

Soap Jelly

Pare one cake of Castile soap into three cups of water to which has been added one teaspoonful of powdered borax. Boil until mixture jellies. Put in covered glass jar and use as wanted.



PUMICE STONE BANISHES HAIRY GROWTH TEMPORARILY.

Miss Elizabeth G.—To make your slow-growing hair hurry up, massage scalp every night for fifteen minutes with the hair pomade given below, as it is a wonderful hair grower, as you will perceive after you have given it a month or six weeks' trial.

Hair Pomade

White vaseline, three ounces; Castor oil (cold drawn), one and one half ounces; galic acid, one and three quarters drams; oil of lavender, thirty drops.

Frankly, I do not believe that freckles can be banished permanently. To be freckle free, if you are addicted to these pests, means keeping everlasting at it.

Snowdrop.—Those wishing to reduce cannot do better than to live on lactated milk. This diet causes one to lose, on the average, two pounds of flesh every seven days. In order to prepare lactated milk, you must boil sweet milk and treat it to a pinch of salt and a lactic leaven. The leaven, which comes in the

form of tablets, is sold at the drug-store. The formula calls for one tablet (crushed) and as much salt as will lie on the point of a knife. These are to be put in a quart of milk after it has been boiled. Milk should then be set away until it becomes perfectly cold, after which it is put in stoppered bottles and left for twenty-four hours when it is ready to drink. If you use the tablet and salt while the milk is hot, your drink will be spoiled. Dispense with food as much as possible, and confine yourself to the lactated milk diet. Only, in this way can you secure satisfactory results. Exactly how much milk should be taken? That is a question easily answered. For each two pounds of a person's weight take one ounce of lactated milk. You say you "detest taking exercise". Probably that is the reason you are so fat. What you should do is to get out and walk at least two hours a day, but I suppose there is no chance of your taking this advice. Foolish little girl! I am quite sure if you massage a skin cream nightly into your finger edges, that after a little the skin will become soft and smooth, instead of rough and scaly. A very good cream is given in my reply to Lora.

Lora.—Formula for a healing, whitening cream that should be on every woman's bureau is given below:

Benzoin Skin Cream

Spermaceti, one half ounce; white wax, one half ounce; sweet almond oil, two ounces; lanoline, one ounce; cocoanut oil, one ounce; tincture of benzoin, three drops; orange-flower water, one ounce.

Melt the first five ingredients in a porcelain kettle, take from fire and add the benzoin and the orange-flower water, suffusing it with an egg beater until cold.

Mrs. M. E. F.—A hair-restoring treatment that appeals to me is given herewith. It consists in anointing the scalp nightly with unbeaten yolk of egg and during the day taking alternate doses of sulphur and iron. Your druggist will tell you the size of doses and how often they should be taken. This treatment is logical as it supplies the two minerals upon which the color of the hair is supposed to depend.

Brown Eyes.—Wood alcohol will not reduce fat. Why don't you try the local reducing treatment spoken of in my reply to Mayme Z?

Farmer Girl.—I mean an ordinary cake of soap, not the long bar. One thing that will keep the face away from the heat and fumes of cooking, is a long-handled stirring spoon. Something you must remember not to do is to lean over kettles and gaze at contents. In nine cases out of ten this intent close-at-hand scrutiny is not necessary. But this is not giving you a pore-closing treatment, so I will stop lecturing this very instant. To contract open pores, it will be necessary for you to dampen a square of old cotton cloth—big enough to cover face—in the following astringent:

Elder-flower Astringent Lotion

Place in half-pint bottle one ounce of cucumber juice, half fill bottle with elder-flower water and add two tablespoonfuls of eau de cologne. Shake well and add very slowly one half ounce of simple tincture of benzoin, shaking the mixture now and then. Fill bottles with elder-flower water. When the cloth, all dripping wet, has been patted down on the face, compose yourself in a comfey chair for two or three minutes, then remove bandage and dipping it again in the astringent liquid, place it over the face. Continue in this way for three quarters of an hour, then take a saucer-shaped piece of ice and pass it slowly over the face and neck for three minutes. The shock of the cold tones up the skin and tightens sagging muscles. Continue with this treatment until pores contract, which may be in a week or a month. Of course you love pretty arms and hands. No girl deserving of the name would feel other than you do on this subject. My advice is to smear hands thickly at night with the cream given below, then draw on a pair of woolen mittens and hurry off to bed. Do this every night until hands become soft and white.

Hand Cream

Benzolinated mutton tallow, three ounces; oil of sweet almonds, one ounce; glycerine, two drams; rose-water, two drams; oil rose geranium, twenty drops.

Heat the tallow and oil of almonds in one vessel and the other three ingredients in something else. Mix the two then and stir until compound is cold. It is not difficult to make the benzolinated tallow. Simply take one half pound of tallow and one half ounce of benzoin and keep at a high temperature until the alcohol has entirely evaporated; then strain through muslin. The astringent treatment given above will toughen skin slightly so it will not freckle easily. Please read my replies to Martha and Mrs. Jonathan.

Martha.—Since your waist seems to you "short and chunky" it is evident I must do something to help you get rid of this beauty trouble. This is rather warm weather for physical culture exercises but where "there is a will" a little heat will not matter.

Lengthening Waist Exercise

Stand erect and throw hands up and back. Now incine slowly forward until fingers touch the ground, meanwhile keeping the knee rigid. Practice this exercise for ten minutes, night and morning, and you will gradually cease to be your particular aversion—a short-waisted girl.

Mrs. Jonathan.—Anyone who perspires as much as you do, should make use of the following powder:

Perspiration Powder

Oleate of zinc, one dram; powdered starch, one ounce; salicylic acid, one third dram. Dust this frequently over affected parts.

Lillian C. McH.—You weigh just right for your height. Yes, the Epsom Reducing Lotion is effective when applied to the hips.

Sunny Jim.—The face bleaches will not bleach the hair. If peroxide does not bleach your hair, I do not know of anything that will.

Address all letters containing questions to KATHERINE BOOTH, care COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

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I WAS A SIGHT FROM SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

But I BANISHED IT FOREVER, NEVER TO RETURN, by Simple Home Method.

I WILL TELL YOU FREE HOW TO CURE YOURS TOO.

For a long time I was sorely troubled by a hideous growth of Superfluous Hair on my face and arms. My face was indeed a sight from the exasperating growth, and I grew almost to hate myself for my unsightly appearance.

There are many things advertised for Superfluous Hair, and I think I tried them all, but never with any result, except to waste my money and burn my skin.

But, notwithstanding all my years of disappointment, today there is not a sign of Superfluous Hair on my face, arms, or anywhere else—I got rid of it through following the advice of a friendly scientist, a Professor of Chemistry at an English University. The treatment he advised is so thorough, simple and easy to use that I want every other sufferer in America to know about it. It worked such a change in my appearance and

my happiness, that I gladly waive my natural feelings of self-loathing, and will tell broad-cast to all who are afflicted, how I destroyed every trace of hair, never to return.

If you are a sufferer and would like to have full details, just send along your name stating whether Mrs. or Miss and address, and a two cent stamp for return postage addressed to Miss Eleanor Chapelle, Sec'y 558 SN-Delta St., Providence, R. I., and you will receive my complete experience and advice by return mail.

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HOME DRESSMAKING HINTS

Summer Fashions By Geneva Gladding



No wonder that the "tub" dresses gain in popularity for what can be more satisfying than a dress that combines the practical with attractiveness and inexpensiveness. The models shown on this page are seen at fashionable resorts, and equally suitable for street and house wear.

The cotton dresses predominate; gingham, crash, satin, voile and dimity the most worn.

The collarless type of dress is generally adopted while many are made with the adjustable chemise which may be worn when greater protection is desired. Three quarter sleeves give great freedom to the wearer, and the sunburned arms are nowadays an accepted fact.

Many cotton dresses have no other trimming except a flat round or sailor collar made of a bit of all-over lawn, trimmed with insertion and lace or hand embroidery. The Dutch collar and cuffs are seen trimmed with a narrow plaiting of the sheerest lawn, and one model of dimity showed the plaiting carried around the bottom of the skirt.

White cotton voile is effectively trimmed with blue and white voile and a little white soutache braid.

Flat bows as shown in No. 8235 T are made of white or colored linen and the velvet or silk drawn through slits may be of black or to match gown. These are pinned flat onto the front of stock, or onto the dress at the meeting of turndown collar, or flat onto the dress made collarless. In fact 'tis a pretty touch of neck wear to be worn as one chooses. Several flat black velvet bows are worn on many of the summer dresses; one above the other at the front.

Pattern Descriptions

No. 8235T—Embrodered Neck Bows.—These

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lar; two yards of edging for square collar; one and one half yard of edging for round collar. Price of pattern, 10 cents.

No. 5845—Girls' Tunic Dress. What could be daintier for a growing girl than this pretty dress which any mother can fashion in a short time and at little cost. The frock is a tunic model with the closing at the back. The four-gored skirt is joined to a guimpe. Linen, madras, percale, gingham or chambray may be used. The frock is nicely trimmed with bands of contrasting material. The pattern is cut in sizes eight to 14 years; medium size requires for tunic and skirt three and three eighths yards of 36-inch material and for guimpe one and one quarter yards of 36-inch material. Price of pattern, 10 cents.

No. 5722—Children's French Dress. Blue chambray was selected for the fashioning of the pleasing little frock here given with the collar and sleeve bands of all-over embroidery. The dress can be made with long or short sleeves. There is a tuck at each shoulder at the front and two tucks in each half of the back. The skirt is plaited in becoming fashion. The frock closes at the back. The pattern is cut in sizes two to eight years; medium size requires two and one half yards of 36-inch material and three eighths of a yard of 27-inch contrasting goods. Price of pattern, 10 cents.

No. 1543—Boys' Russian Suit. There is nothing that quite takes the place of a Russian suit for a small boy and this excellent model is one that every mother will appreciate. It is easy to make and very attractive looking. There is the regulation long blouse and the usual bloomers. The blouse is featured by a pretty sailor collar and the sleeves have band cuffs. The shield is removable. Linen, pique, poplin and similar materials may be used. The pattern is cut in sizes two, four and six years; medium size will require three and one quarter yards of 27-inch material. Price of pattern, 10 cents.

No. 5822—Girls' Dress. Simple frocks that button in the front are always nice for the little girl and we give in this model a pleasing dress in modified sailor fashion with large sailor collar and turned-back cuffs of contrasting material which trim the garment prettily. The dress can be made with long or short sleeves and the shield is removable. The skirt is becomingly plaited and is attached to the waist by a narrow belt. Any wanted wash material may be used and the design is nice also for development in mohair, serge and silk for wear later in the season. The pattern is cut in sizes six to 12 years; medium size requires three and one quarter yards of 36-inch material and one half yard of 27-inch contrasting goods. Price of pattern, 10 cents.

No. 5432—Misses' Dress. The charming frock offered in this model is designed for the miss and small woman. It is made with the body and sleeves in one, has body and sleeve lining and the skirt has a straight lower edge. The model is a simple one to carry out and it may be delightfully developed in chiffon, cotton voile, organdy, swiss and other sheer materials that may be shirred easily. The pattern is cut in sizes 14, 16 and 18 years; medium size requires five and one half yards of 36-inch material, two and three quarters yards of applique or insertion and three and one half yards of ribbon. Price of pattern, 10 cents.

No. 5869—Misses' Dress. This very attractive dress is so simple to construct that the young miss can fashion it herself without difficulty. It is in sailor fashion and has the popular front closing. The skirt is a six-gored model. The waist is made with the body and sleeves in one. There is a handkerchief pocket at the left front. The frock may be made of linen, pique, repp, poplin, chambray, linne or plain gingham with the collar and rolled-back cuffs of contrasting material. The pattern is cut in sizes 14, 16 and 18 years; medium size requires four and one quarter yards of 36-inch material and seven eighths of a yard of 27-inch contrasting goods. Price of pattern, 10 cents.

No. 5787-5852—Ladies' Costume. Two splendid patterns, an excellent waist and skirt design compose this stylish dress. The waist closes at the back. It is made without shoulder seams.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20)

The Bush Girl's Revenge

By F. J. Cunningham

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IT was early morning on the Jordan Creek diggings, in Queensland, Australia. Old Scotty Magregor and his youthful mate, Jack Murray, had just finished breakfast, and were about to start work in their claim.

"It's no use, old chum," said Murray. "The stuff must come faster for me. We're getting our 'tucker' out of this claim and maybe a little besides, but I've got to strike something big; I just must, that's all."

His companion regarded him for a moment, and his eyes lighted up with an eager, far-away look. "I ken the way ye feel ma laad, an' it's na lang since th' old man was lak ye; but we're makin' wages out o' this wee claim, an' it's na right to leave it."

"Right you are, old mate, but I'm going to let you work it alone for a few days while I do a little prospecting."

"Well gude luck to ye, ma laad, an' be keerful. You're na gude bushman, ye ken," and shouldering his tools, the elder man trudged down to the claim.

For some minutes Murray's eyes followed the old digger's retreating form, but his thoughts had bridged the Pacific, and had flown far away to a little village in Ohio. In fancy he lived over again the events of a New Year's night three years before, when he had bid his sweetheart a tearful good by.

"In three years you will be twenty, little sweet-heart, and by then I will have made a fortune and will return," were his parting words.

Brave words, indeed but then they both were young, and the world, to lovers, seems easily conquered.

Since that eventful night, Murray had battled his way in many climes, and his experiences were many and strangely varied; but as he stood before his tent on this bright morning, his total assets would not exceed a hundred pounds.

"Not a very handsome fortune," he muttered grimly, "and only three months left in which to make good. Well, here's where I find a winner."

One soon learns to soliloquize in the lonely bush of Queensland.

Gathering up his pick, shovel and dish, he was about to leave the tent, when a terrified native girl of the savage race of Bushmen, still inhabit the wilds of Australia, burst into view from the track which led through the bush. Closely pursued was a big, burly miner, whom Murray recognized as a desperate character who had but recently arrived on the diggings.

"Me one fellah Mary close up finish, mine thinkit," gasped the trembling girl, as she threw herself beside Murray. "Baal me no sit down along a big fellah's tent, he tell it kill him poor fellah Mary."

Murray understood from this that the miner had tried to force her to enter his tent, and when she refused, threatened to kill her. By the time Murray had grasped the girl's meaning the miner was upon them. Seeing that the girl had found a protector, he turned on Murray and snarled: "That's only a nigger girl! What are you butting in for?"

"In my country we would call her a woman," Murray answered, "and a Yankee is always ready to fight for a woman."

"Then I'll show you!" roared the miner, with an oath, as he made a vicious swing at Murray.

The youth avoided the blow with the ease of the skilled boxer, and the surprised miner quickly perceived that he had to deal with no mean antagonist. In clumsy desperation he rushed and drove in sledge-hammer blows, but his wily opponent always eluded them. The battle was necessarily brief. Seizing a favorable opportunity, Murray threw all his strength into a terrific blow which caught the miner on the jaw, and he collapsed into a limp and insensible heap.

When the miner revived, the fighting spirit had been knocked out of him for the time, and he slunk away with muttered threat to get even.

After his antagonist's departure, Murray gathered up his tools and took the trail leading up the mountains above his camp, heedless of the girl's awkward attempts to express her thanks.

Through the whole morning he prospected in likely gullies and creeks, but nothing that would offer rich returns showed in his dish. It was lonely work, this climbing through the bush-covered mountains, for let it be said here, that perhaps in no part of the world does the solitude so pall upon one, as in this mysterious and lonely Queensland.

As has been hinted before, Murray was but an indifferent bushman. Therefore it is not to be wondered that, when several times during the morning he heard faint cracking of twigs, he gave but slight attention to the sounds. Now as he arose from examining some pieces of quartz, he was startled to find the native girl whom he had championed, standing before him.

Although he was hedged in on all sides by thick and tangled vines, her approach had been absolutely without sound. How one person could approach another without detection, under such conditions, is a secret known only to the Australian native. They come upon you as though dropped from the sky, and mayhap ere you have recovered from your surprise, they will as silently disappear. There is something uncanny about it all.

"What name, Mary?" questioned Murray, as the girl stood regarding him in the half-shy manner of her race. "Big fellow bother you some more?"

"No, him sit down along a camp. Him plenty fellahs afraid, mine thinkit," and she laughed, showing a glistening set of ivories.

"You no catch him money long a here," she continued, pointing to the quartz which Murray had been examining. "Suppose you come alonga me. Bimby me show you plenty fellahs money sit down alonga libber, close up."

A wild feeling of joy surged through Murray, and he could scarcely contain himself. At last Dame Fortune in primitive disguise was beckoning him to follow. He knew that the natives were aware of the location of rich "reefs," but it was rare indeed to find one willing to divulge the secret. With a glad cry he gathered up his tools and shouted: "Lead on, my fair one. I'll follow you clear to the 'Never—never Lands,' if you'll show me the gold at the end of the journey."

His words were Greek to the girl, but his actions were eloquent enough, and she swung off across the ridges at a pace that taxed Murray to equal.

For upwards of an hour they continued in this manner; the girl never being at a loss, for the right direction, and Murray could not but marvel at the wonderful instinct that guided her through the maze of bush and tangled vines. Several times she stopped for a moment and appeared to be listening intently; and each time as she started again, it seemed to Murray that her face lit up with a devilishness that reflected all the cunning and ferociousness of generations of cannibal ancestors.

Finally, these repeated actions on her part, began to arouse in Murray a feeling of doubt and dread, as to the sincerity of her intentions with regard to himself. He was about to force an explanation, when the sound of rushing water announced their proximity to the river. The girl now pushed forward more rapidly, the noise of the river growing momentarily louder, and Murray wondered why it remained invisible. Suddenly the girl halted, and spreading apart the dense vegetation pointed downward. Hurrying to her side, Murray beheld a truly remarkable sight.

They were standing on the extreme point of an immense wedge-shaped cliff. On their left, and hundreds of feet below, the river rushed along its rocky bed. On their right, a stream of smaller proportions emerged suddenly after a long and tortuous course amongst monster boulders that

filled its bed. Immediately below them both streams met in a tremendous swirl of rushing waters.

Through centuries of time the two streams had worn their way deeper and deeper into the solid rock until the great promontory stood the result of their tireless labors—looking for all the world like the prow of some gigantic ship ready to plow its way through the waters.

For several minutes not a word passed between the pair. The man stood gazing, rapt in wonder, at the awe-inspiring spectacle the girl watching him with a curious smile on her dark face.

Suddenly she grasped his arm. "Big fellah money sit down there," she cried, and pointed down.

"Where?" queried Murray, aroused on the instant to the business at hand. "You mean the river?"

"No. He close up alonga here," and grasping a stout bush she leaned far out over the dizzy height and pointed to a spot on the face of the cliff about fifty feet below.

Murray's heart sank within him, for the side of the cliff descended sheer for two hundred feet and appeared as smooth as a plastered wall. He began to fear that the girl's reason had become dethroned, and regarded her with growing suspicion.

Suddenly she extended her hand. "Give it to me," she demanded. "Then me cut him big fellah lawyer-vine; mac kit plenty fellah rope, mine thinkit."

Almost unconsciously, he surrendered the hatchet that hung at his belt. With marvelous agility she scurried up a tree, and began rapidly detaching an immense lawyer-vine which wound serpent-like up and down several nearby trees. In a comparatively short time she had severed its tenacious grip, and together they drew it down, and after taking several turns with it around a tree which grew near the edge, allowed the balance to hang down the face of the cliff.

Murray peered over the edge, then drew back undecided. His several years wandering around the globe had included considerable service as a sailor, and although he realized the chance of accident, he felt equal to the task of descending the improvised rope. But he could not rid himself of a certain uneasiness regarding the girl, and hesitated to place himself in a position where he would be wholly at her mercy.

She must have partly divined his thoughts, for she demanded, tauntingly: "What name? Plenty fellah afraid? No catch him big fellah money."

With her last words the lure of the gold was again upon him, and putting caution behind he

tary cry, no sound escaped from his lips, which were bitten through in terror. One instant, and death seemed imminent to the youth—another, and the miner with a terrible cry shot suddenly out into space, and turning over and over, plunged down to a terrible death on the rocks below. Simultaneously the face of the native girl appeared above, grinning in diabolical glee.

Sick with horror, Murray had barely strength enough to climb to the top, where with the girl's assistance, he dragged himself over the edge and dropped limp and exhausted on the ground. Lying there he listened to the girl's disjointed account of how she had become aware of the miner's pursuit early in their journey through the bush; how she had endeavored to throw him off the track; how she had again sensed his proximity while Murray was descending the rope, and hid herself in the bush and, finally, how she had crept upon the miner from behind and pushed him over the cliff while he was in the very act of cutting the rope.

All this she related with a seeming indifference that made her listener turn sick at heart. True, he owed his life to this singular creature, but the cold-blooded manner in which she treated the tragedy just enacted caused him to regard her with a loathing he could but ill conceal.

Rousing himself at last, he besought the girl to show him a way leading to the base of the cliff so that they might recover the miner's body and give it decent burial. In spite of repeated entreaties this she steadfastly refused to do. Seeing that neither threats nor pleadings would avail, Murray allowed her to conduct him back to the main track leading to the camp. He was hastened in his decision by the fact that night was coming on, and the knowledge that, in that region, darkness descends swiftly with the setting of the sun.

During the return journey Murray blazed the trees at frequent intervals so as to be able, later, to find the way. Reaching the main track the girl waved her hand in the direction of Murray's camp, and as he turned for the moment to get his bearings, she vanished silently into the bush.

At daybreak next morning, accompanied by his old mate, Murray returned to the scene of the tragedy. Magregor was acquainted with the locality, and soon found a spot some distance up where they were able to descend to the river. A rocky beach of considerable width extended from the base of the cliff to the river's edge. Along this they retraced their steps until immediately beneath the spot from which the miner had taken the fatal plunge. A few minutes' search disclosed the spot where the unfortunate man had fallen; grawsome evidences of the fearful impact still showing plainly on the rocks.

"It's no use!" I said, with a fine air of martyrdom. "Don't grieve for me when I'm gone."

There was just one thing that troubled me. I was afraid that Grace, as she leaned through the railing, might be able to see where my feet was resting. Evidently, she did not, however, for there was no diminution of concern in her manner. Finding her strength unavailing, she suddenly sprang up.

"I'm going for help!" she cried, and, before I could get my breath, she was running at full speed and had run the bend in the road.

Now, this was not at all what I had bargained for. In a trice, I had climbed on the bridge and started in pursuit. The only thing left for me to do was to overtake her. By the time I reached the bend in the road, I had gathered considerable speed, so much, in fact, that it was exceedingly difficult to come to an abrupt halt; but come to a halt I did; for there, on an immense log, sat Grace, a belated daisy in her hand, from which, with the utmost deliberation, she was plucking the petals, one by one.

"I—I thought you had gone for help!" I stammered in confusion.

"Too far," she replied tersely. "So you left me to die a rat in a hole while she sat down to consult a daisy as to whether I loved you or not."

"I left you with your feet on a firm foundation, and, judging from appearances, you did not die."

So Grace had seen through the ruse, after all! I cleared my throat. For the moment, it was the only conversational stunt of which I was capable. Gradually, however, my wits began to return. I sat down on the log a short distance from her.

"I'm afraid you're a very hard-hearted girl," I said finally; and I spoke in an injured tone, which I have always thought did credit to my nerve.

Grace did not condescend to reply, and, for a few moments, silence reigned supreme. A caterpillar, crawling up the trunk of a tree, attracted my attention, and, at the same time, suggested a bright idea. In a story that I had read recently, a caterpillar figured very prominently. It was in the middle of a girl's back; in fiction, they always are. When the man in the case told her it was there, she screamed and begged him to take it off. Of course, not being a brute, he removed it—after he had made his own terms. The idea seemed a good one. I determined to put it into practice.

"Oh, Grace! There's a caterpillar on you!"

Grace had taken another daisy from her lap—where she got them, Heaven only knows—and she divested it of two petals before she spoke.

"Where?"

"Right in the middle of your back!"

Two more petals came off that detestable daisy.

"What kind of a caterpillar is it?"

"One of those fuzzy, creepy ones," quoting from the novel. "It seems to be crawling up toward your neck. I don't know whether it's a caterpillar or one of those big green stinging worms."

"Are you sure it isn't a rattlesnake?"

I bit my lip. My dignity wouldn't permit me to laugh.

"This higher education business is making women unfeminine," I observed severely. I might have known Grace wasn't afraid of a caterpillar. She was interested in biology.

"All girls don't go in for science, you know," suggested Grace, cheerfully. "There's Harriet Boyd."

"But she's so homely."

"Well, Mazie Mitchell, then. She's as pretty as a picture, and as feminine as anyone could wish."

Another brilliant thought occurred to me. Jealousy! There never was a novel in which jealousy didn't play a part. A man has only to praise another girl in the presence of his beloved, when immediately she becomes jealous.

Accordingly, I began to praise Mazie up to the skies. To my chagrin, instead of being piqued, Grace seemed pleased. She added her encomium to mine, until between us, we had credited Mazie with virtues and graces enough to make an angel of her, right here on earth, without the preliminary of "shuffling off this mortal coil." But Grace had shown no symptoms of jealousy.

This last blow completely shattered my faith in fiction. What my next move would have been had I been left to my own resources, I do not know; for, just then, something occurred that, for the moment, completely diverted me from my purpose.

Grace was still heaping praises on Mazie's defenseless head, when, suddenly, we were startled by a clatter of flying hoofs. The next moment, from around a turn in the road, a horse dashed into sight, running at breakneck speed, and drawing after it a carriage, in which, grasping the reins with impotent hands, sat Mazie Mitchell.

I sprang out into the road, and none too soon. There is a trick about stopping a runaway horse that only experience can teach. Thank Heaven, I had had that experience.

Presently, Grace was quieting the hysterical Mazie, while I soothed the poor, frightened animal, which now trembled in every fiber. If only I knew as much about women as I do about horses, I thought, rather bitterly, I shouldn't have been making a fool of myself all the afternoon.

When Mazie had recovered sufficiently, both Grace and I offered to get into the carriage and

this necessary preliminary over, I intended, later on in the afternoon, to propose in a totally different manner, and receive the answer I had vowed to obtain.

We had strolled over to the woods in search of autumn leaves, though, in truth, it was too early for them, and had just sat down to rest on a low pile of rails when I decided—as the novelists say—to put my fate to the touch.

With all the lordliness at my command, I began; and I've no doubt I should have gone on to the end in the same high and mighty way, but for one circumstance: Grace looked at me. Strange how a glance from a pair of brown eyes will disconcert a man at times. In a moment, I was floundering and blundering around in the most helpless manner imaginable. I did exactly what I had determined not to do: I let the girl see that I belonged to her absolutely and that I was not at all sure whether she would take me or leave me.

Then Grace shattered all my hopes at one fell swoop. She made her refusal gentle and considerate, though there is no denying it was very firm and decided.

With my head in a whirl, and my plans in a state of chaos, I arose, and leaving the girl sitting there, went over to the bridge and leaned on the rail, making an effort to collect my scattered thoughts. Suddenly, an inspiration seized me. In fiction, if a man's life is in jeopardy, the girl is always overcome with remorse for the way she has treated him, and everything ends happily.

In an instant, I had slipped off the bridge, and was clinging to the lower part of the railing. Incidentally, my feet had found a good solid resting-place on the woodwork beneath; but this did not show from the bridge. I appeared to be merely hanging to the rail with my hands.

Even as I disappeared, I had the satisfaction of hearing a scream from Grace, and the patter of her small feet as she ran to the bridge. The rail to which I clung was just high enough to bring my head above the flooring. Grace knelt beside me, her face pale as death.

"Can't you pull yourself up?" she gasped. The girl was really frightened. I felt sorry for her; but surely the end justified the means.

"What's the use of trying?" I said in a melancholy voice. "You won't have me anyhow."

"Here, I'll help you!" Grace put her head and arm through the railing, for the rails were some distance apart, and began to tug at me. It was all I could do to keep from laughing. I weigh a hundred and fifty-five pounds, and Grace, well, Grace is a dainty, petite maiden that I could carry under one arm, if she'd let me.

"It's no use!" I said, with a fine air of martyrdom.

"Don't grieve for me when I'm gone."

There was just one thing that troubled me. I was afraid that Grace, as she leaned through the railing, might be able to see where my feet was resting. Evidently, she did not, however, for there was no diminution of concern in her manner. Finding her strength unavailing, she suddenly sprang up.



"Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners."—Bishop Middleton.

In order to meet the demand for information made by COMFORT subscribers on the kindred subjects of Etiquette and Personal Appearance, this column will be devoted to them, and all questions will be answered, but no inquirer shall ask more than two questions each month. We would suggest to readers to cut this column out and paste it in a scrap book. Address letters to Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Mutt, Ashland, Oregon.—Chaperons may not always be necessary at all-day picnics of young people, but we think a chaperon is a good thing to take along. (2) Two girls of twenty-five and eighteen if quite mature and sensible kind of girls might, without impropriety, conduct a rooming-house.

Troubled, Ogden, Kans.—Etiquette provides no way by which a girl can be "only a friend" to the one she loves, when he does not love her, but she can do it if she will apply her head instead of her heart to the case and let plain common sense do the work. (2) Having wronged a man ask his forgiveness, but don't make matters worse by showing him that you love him still.

Reader, Jordan, N. Y.—You may do just as you please about numbering the pages of letters to friends only be sure that you do number them, as some writers neglect to do. (2) The best home-made paste is made by beating wheat flour in cold water into perfect smoothness and then brought to a boil, keeping constantly stirred to prevent scorching. A few drops of creosote, or a few grains of corrosive sublimate added will keep away insects and preserve it indefinitely if kept in a close vessel. You might add a little nitric acid to prevent gelatinizing if you wish, though hardly necessary.

C. N. F., Tell City, Ind.—Usually at a dinner or dance when a lady is toasted she makes no further response than rising and bowing. She may make a speech if she knows how, but it is not expected.

Blue Eyes, Greenwood, Wis.—It is proper for a married man to escort a girl home who has been calling on his wife in the evening, with the wife's consent, but it is not proper for him to put his arm around her. You can prevent such conduct by merely letting him know you will tell his wife. That kind of a husband is always a coward. (2) It looks a little hard on an innocent girl to make her suffer for her sister's wrong doing by not associating with her, but that is often the penalty, except in cases, where the family is of the best reputation and the offender is not wholly to blame.

Troubled One, Livermore, Cal.—The proper rule to observe with neglectful correspondents is not to write to them at all.

Country Lass, Fayette, Mich.—A girl may ask a young man to take her to a leap year dance if it is understood that all the girls are doing so, but hardly otherwise. Let the men do the asking.

T. S., Cairo, Nebr.—It would not be very improper for a lady driving alone to ask a man walking to drive with her nor would it be for a lady to accept an invitation from a man to drive with him. It is rather informal, but not improper.

Subscriber, Liberty, Can.—The conduct of your fiance in ignoring you because you could not go with him to a dance and insulting you by devoting himself to another girl is inexcusable and you should not only break the engagement, but keep it broken.

M. G., Corning, Cal.—Navy-blue serge with white collar and cuffs makes an attractive traveling suit, but it is not as serviceable as tan linen and takes up much more dust. Material which least shows travel stains is the best, though not always the prettiest.

Pearl, Bangor, Maine.—Most young men, even if not as good looking as you say you are, would not think it unpleasant to have strange ladies meet on the street stop and look them square in the face. Maybe the Bangor ladies have so few good-looking men to look at that they can't help stopping when they see you. Be that as it may, you ought to take a dog along to keep the girls away. There is no rule of etiquette against self protection.

Nan Brookside, Ala.—Home table manners vary somewhat, and in some families when any member has finished his meal he leaves the table. In most they do, because the men have to get to work. When company is present all should leave the table at the same time unless someone has to go earlier. You can't be told how to eat properly. You must learn how by observing good-mannered people. Anyway, don't eat with your knife and don't use a napkin for a handkerchief and don't take soup out of the end of the spoon and don't make a noise with your mouth while eating or drinking, and don't loll over the table but sit erect and a few other things like that. (2) A rule for making oneself attractive, which is good for rich and poor alike, is to think of others instead of yourself, and please yourself by pleasing others. Money and good clothes may be lost, but good manners stay with you always if you exercise them.

Sunflower, Commerce, Ga.—As your brother stands sponsor for the young man you have not met and is willing for you to correspond with him, you may do so, but why should he ask you to send him your picture and he will send you his? Ask him to send you his picture and by and by, maybe you will send him yours. (2) Evening calls should be made from 7.00 to 8.30, and the caller should go home not later than 10.30. But there is no rigorous rule and what there is varies in various localities.

E. G. N., DeFunik Springs, Fla.—Etiquette does not permit a young lady in love with a young man who is attentive to her at parties, but never calls or takes her out to ask how he feels towards her. It is presumed that when he has any feeling in the matter he will mention it to her. Whether he does or not, she cannot ask him except at great risk of losing him and of administering a severe shock to etiquette.

Lassie, Gormanin, W. Va.—A corsage bouquet should be worn with the stems pointing downward. Why turn it upside down? (2) The average weight of a lady five feet tall is 113 pounds.

Golden Hair, Flip, Mo.—In introducing strangers at a party do so exactly as you would if you were not at a party. However, always introduce strangers to the host or hostess, or both, first. (2) You may say "Thank you," to the person you meet who says: "I am pleased to meet you," but it is not necessary.

Bashful Kid, Senatobia, Miss.—Any one of a hundred things is proper to say to a young lady when introduced to her, but the best thing is to say something that will please her. That will depend upon the circumstances of the meeting and is not always possible. Better say nothing than to say something which sounded as if you got it out of a book on etiquette. Introduce the young man to the young lady; never the other way.

A. D. H., Burgan, N. C.—Visiting cards are not to be presented when you are introduced to people. You leave a card when you call on anyone, or when you meet someone whom you wish to meet again you give a card and receive one in exchange, though cards are not always exchanged, if both persons do not have them. Cards are a convenience, but not a necessity in all society.

True Friend, Clayton, N. Y.—The married man who winks at the sixteen-year-old hired girl, or a hired girl of any age, comes under the head of police regulations and not under rules of etiquette, and the hired girl who encourages such conduct should be chased out of the house.

V. Z., Warrensburg, Mo.—We believe etiquette permits a young man to smoke when driving with his hired girl who does not object. (2) It is the custom, regardless of etiquette, for a young man to hold the girl's hand he is driving with, but why he wishes to do so we are unable to tell you as it is not stated in the rules.

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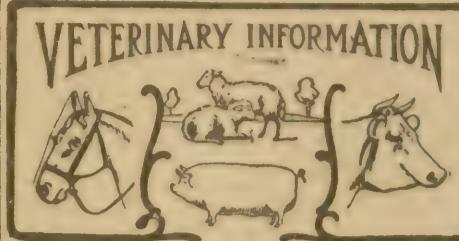
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MILK FEVER.—I have a cow that had milk fever this spring and I have been told by several that have had experience that she will have it every year now when she calves. Is this so, and is there anything I could give or do to prevent a return of the disease? She is a valuable cow and I do not like to sell her unless necessary. I. R.

A.—One attack does make a cow liable to similar attacks at subsequent calvings, but this may be avoided by letting the cow live a natural outdoor life, as far as possible, for six weeks or more before calving and not feeding any rich feed. Keep the bowels active by feeding bran mashes. It is pampering, stuffing on rich feed and lack of exercise that induces milk fever, but it may also attack a cow pastured upon rich, new grass in spring. Do not use such pasture for a susceptible cow that is nearing calving. Yard her and feed hay and mashes of bran. A full dose of epsom salts may be given in hot water as a drench when calving starts.

BOTS.—My horses are troubled with worms. They are about an inch long. What kind of worms are they? Will they come away without treatment? If not, is there any cure? G. O. H.

A.—Gad fly bots (Gastrophilus equi and hemorrhoidalis) are passing out of the body, as they do at this time of the year and nothing need be done. In rare instances some of the red bots (G. hemorhoidalis) hook onto the lining of the rectum and cause irritation and colicky pains. Where that occurs rectal injections of soapy warm water containing a cupful of tobacco decoction should be injected each night until the trouble subsides.

BONE SPAVIN.—I have a twelve-year-old mare that has a bone spavin on her right hind leg; and it is practically unnoticeable, only, by an experienced eye, still, the mare limps, when starting off, after standing for a while. I blistered the leg three times with a liniment prescribed by our home veterinarian but this seems to do no good. What is the nature and cause of this disease, and is there a cure for it? If so, what will bring it about, and how does the remedy act on the disease? G. W. S.

A.—The spavin is a bony growth, an excretion or exostosis due to inflammation of the bone skin (periosteum) and induced by strain, strain or concussion in animals having a hereditary tendency to such growths. The spavin implicates the small bones of the hock below the great, true joint, and causes irritation by friction and interference with motion and the ligaments, etc., of the joint. Have the hock and spavin dried and blistered by a graduate veterinarian and then tie the mare up short in stall for at least six weeks. The treatment and prolonged rest cause the spavin to grow and unite the small bones with the cannon bone and so stop motion and consequent irritation. An affected mare should not be used for breeding.

DEAFNESS.—I have a fine mule about twelve years old that has become deaf. What is the cause of it? D. M.

A.—The earring, a shotgun close to a horse or mule often has caused incurable deafness. It also may come from abscess, a blow or catarrh. Usually there is no remedy, but the local veterinarian should make an examination and see if there is any removable or curable cause.

FITS FROM WORMS.—My pet cat vomits very much. Looks like foam. It has fits and is poor and no desire to eat much. The other day it vomited up a funny-looking flat worm about half an inch wide, and one foot long; it had sixty-two joints, and then yet smaller joints we could not count they were so small. Do you think it was a tapeworm, and do you think it has more that makes it sick? Is sulphur good for cats to take? What is good for distemper in cats? This cat does not cough or sneeze, or run at the nose. I have given it Castor oil and it vomits it up. J. O.

A.—The cat is harboring tapeworms and possibly other worms and they cause indigestion and fits. Treat as follows: Starve for twenty-four hours; then give from ten to twenty grains of freshly powdered aconite nut and two to four grains of santonin in a saucer of milk. Follow in two hours by a full dose of Castor oil, adding five to ten drops of turpentine. Sulphur, in small doses is useful, for cats as a light purgative. It may be used in distemper; also small doses of bicarbonate of soda.

LAMENESS.—I have a fine young horse who is hard kicked one year ago on the fore leg. There is a hard lump on leg just above the knee, making the knee look one fourth larger than should. Found him very stiff and lame a few days ago. Came on all at once. Could this leg have been the cause of lameness, and is there any way to reduce the enlargement? Mrs. O. E. K.

A.—The lump cannot be removed and it was not the likely cause of the sudden attack of lameness, unless you know that it was kicked or otherwise injured. We are unable to advise in cases of lameness where the location and cause of the trouble is unknown.

SWELLING.—I have a fine, four-year-old colt that has been blemished for a year or more. It extends around her leg. The leg is some larger than the other. I use axle grease on the blemish which has helped it and turpentine and camphor to take the swelling out. She also has a growth, a white bunch, just above her hoof. The hair is very thin on this bunch. Will you please tell me what to do with the above trouble? T. V. B.

A.—We cannot tell from your description just what the matter is or where it is located. Do not use axle grease. If the swelling extends from the foot to the hock or knee hand rub three times a day, then wrap leg with cotton batting and put on a bandage. Nothing can be done to help the bunch on the hoof-head.

INDIGESTION.—I have a mare nine years old that eats with a ravenous appetite, but won't fatten. I have fed shelled corn, shorts, oats, Alfalfa and branварь, with no results. She has shed good this spring however. She also seems sleepy and drops her head when standing, as if dozing, with her front feet in front of her far as she can reach. Please tell me what causes it and what to do, especially for the sleepiness. She walks well when at work but just as soon as stopped drops her head and appears to be sleepy. Mrs. A. B. L.

A.—Clip her clipped. Let her occupy a box stall in stable and see that she is worked or abundantly exercised every day. Have her teeth attended to by a veterinarian. As she no doubt has worms give her the powders so often prescribed here and cut her ration down until she is picking up and making weight; then gradually increase feed. You probably have been giving her far too much to eat. Feed whole oats, bran and best of hay. Give the drinking water before feeding. Do not feed any hay at noon.

JOINT DISEASE.—I have a fine heifer calf two weeks old. Four days ago she began trembling in her hind parts, and seemed to be stiff. Her back was very weak, and joints began to swell. The hind legs first. We gave her about one gallon of warm sweet milk daily. She eats well but can hardly walk, or get up and down without help. Her mother was stiff in her hind parts before calving and could not lie down for a few days beforehand. We did not notice any swelling in her joints, and we supposed she was only troubled with a caked udder. After her calf came she was all right, but we noticed yellow water was dripping from a scratch on the udder, and it kept it up for a day or two. Now she seems perfectly well and gives four gallons of milk. Could the mother's condition have had anything to do with the calf's? And if it should live and get well now, would it be subject to the same trouble again? Will you please tell me what I can do for the calf, and the cow if she should be troubled again? (2) How can I stop the little calf's horns from growing and at what age? Mrs. J. C. C.

A.—The swelling of the joints of calf's legs has come from infection of the navel at birth and probably

will prove incurable. Paint the joints with tincture of iodine once a day. Also paint the navel and with tincture of iodine if you find that it is swollen. The cow's condition did not affect the calf. Give the cow plenty of exercise every day and keep her bowels active before calving and she should not have a return of the stiffness. (2) Just as soon as horn buttons can be felt under the skin shave off the hair, dampen the skin above each button and then rub with caustic potash until a crust forms on skin. This will stop the growth of the horns.

TUMOR.—I have a young Jersey cow that has a lump under her jaw or rather on her throat about the root of her tongue. It seems to have a division in it near the center. I have noticed it about two months, and it seems to be getting larger. She is real hearty, was poor when I bought her but she is gaining flesh fast and gives a great quantity of milk. I would be very much pleased if you could give me some remedy for this. Mrs. J. S. McP.

A.—There is enlargement of a gland and it may be due to lump jaw or to tuberculosis. Have her tested with tuberculin and if she proves to be free from tuberculosis paint the lump with tincture of iodine each other day and it may disappear or soften and have to be opened.

TUMOR.—I have a cow; she is in good shape, and seems healthy every way, and gives five gallons of milk a day. When fresh last summer we noticed a large lump on her shoulder the size of a hen's egg, and a while after there were some small lumps just above the large one, and she has several on her hind legs just above the hoof. Some are larger than others. They seem hard and are under the skin. Is her milk fit for use? A neighbor that has dairy here told us that he had seen lumps like them on cows but they did not hurt them. These seem to be getting larger and more coming, but they are only on shoulder and hind legs. Blauncester, O.

A.—We fear that these are metastatic cancerous tumors and incurable. The milk of an affected cow should not be used when the lumps are seen to be increasing in number and size and causing pain and emaciation. If possible have her examined by a graduate veterinarian and tell him what we have said.

SWELLING.—I have a mare that had a fistula. I got the fistula cured, but it left the neck large on each side, so I can't use a collar on her. Is there any thing I can use to reduce the neck as I am anxious to get a cure? (2) I have a cow that has a hard lump in one of the teats up next to the udder about the size of a small marble, and sometimes that teat will be hard. Please tell me what to do for it? D. S.

A.—We fear that pus may still be deep down in the tissues and that the abscess may form again. Clip off the hair and blister the enlargement with cerate or cantharides as this may either reduce the lump or bring the pus to a head that it may be liberated by cutting. (2) The lump can only be removed by cutting which requires a skilled surgeon. It would be best to dry off the milk flow in that quarter by leaving a little milk at each milking and rubbing well with a mixture of two tablespoonsfuls of gum camphor and a cupful of melted lard.

HEAVES.—What is the matter with my mare? She is part Clydes, weighs about fifteen hundred pounds. She eats hearty and is kept in a clean, airy, stable and groomed each day. She is eleven years old. In February this year she commenced to cough a little; previous to that time, when I worked her she sweat a good deal, and now she don't sweat very much, and I don't work my horse hard. Now she pants when she stands in the stable, but not so much as when she works; this started about a week ago. I feed good clover hay, and two gallons of oats a day. She is in good condition, a kind, patient and very sensible animal. I have given her some oil of tar. P. G.

A.—She is developing heaves and that is incurable when established. Stop feeding clover hay as it is most likely to cause heaves. Feed wet straw in winter and in summer let her live on grass and for grain feed whole oats adding one sixth part wheat bran and dampening the feed at meal times. If the trouble persists give half an ounce of Fowler's solution of arsenic night and morning until quart has been given and then gradually discontinue the medicine.

CHOREA.—I have a colt three years old and when he goes to eat his fore legs and shoulders shake so he can hardly stand; he never shakes only when eating, and I never noticed it on him till he was broken to drive about six months ago. I would like to know about him. Mrs. N. T.

A.—The colt no doubt has chorea (St. Vitus dance) and it is incurable. So far as possible let the colt live an outdoor life as there is just a chance that he may then outgrow the disease.

PoISONED DOG.—Our dog, age one year and four months, was poisoned about two months ago. At first he was stiff and weak; then sores began to break out all over his body. We had a veterinary doctor examine him, and he gave the dog some medicine. He has improved and seems to be nearly well now, but is almost blind. His eyes have been troubling him for about a month. He is very thin, but has good appetite and is regular in his habits. Can you give us any advice concerning his blindness? M. P.

A.—As the veterinarian saved the dog when poisoned and evidently is well qualified to treat the dog now we would suggest that he be again called in. It should be understood that we are not so well able as he to give an opinion and suggest treatment as he can make a personal examination which is necessary in such a case.

WARTS.—I have a yearling heifer that has warts on her head between her horns and around her eyes. Can you tell me what to do to take them off? B. S.

A.—Rub affected parts with best Castor oil or fresh goose grease once or twice a day and the warts will after a time disappear.

GARTER.—I have a cow seven years old. She has been giving milk two years without being fresh. She gives about two gallons at a milking. I get about three quarts from the left side and five quarts from the right. She has been that way about five months. Can you tell me what is the matter with her? (2) Also what is the matter with my pigs? I have a white sow, don't know what stock and a black

Poichiana boar. This is the second litter of pigs. Part are white and part are black. The white ones have sore ears all over the back and down their backs and tail a strip about half an inch wide. They are two weeks old. The other ones were the same way. It stormed and they got muddy. I thought maybe that caused it.

Mrs. A. L. G.

A.—One side of the udder has at some time been attacked with garter and the condition is incurable. If she never has calves it would be well to fatten her for slaughter. (2) The pigs have sun scald from getting wet and muddy and then being exposed to the hot sun. Wash clean and apply a mixture of sweet oil and sulphur to sore places on skin. Keep them out of rank green growths where skin will become wet.

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Captain Frank

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4.)

The combat was short, and not as bloody as might have been expected, for the outlaws were dismayed by the unlock-for rush, and made but a poor show of fight. In a few minutes four of them lay dead on the ground, and three more were flying up a narrow gorge, a branch of the main canyon, which had hitherto been concealed from the view of the victors.

To use an "Irishism," it must be remarked that one of the dead men was not dead yet. He was "as good as dead," but he still breathed. This was no other than black-faced and evil-eyed Hernandez himself, who was recognized by his picturesque Mexican attire. At his side knelt Captain Frank, and fiercely demanded that he should tell her what he had done with James Bell.

Mrs. A. B. L.

A.—Clip her clipped. Let her occupy a box stall in stable and see that she is worked or abundantly exercised every day. Have her teeth attended to by a veterinarian. As she no doubt has worms give her the powders so often prescribed here and cut her ration down until she is picking up and making weight; then gradually increase feed. You probably have been giving her far too much to eat. Feed whole oats, bran and best of hay. Give the drinking water before feeding. Do not feed any hay at noon.

JOINT DISEASE.—I have a fine heifer calf two weeks old. Four days ago she began trembling in her hind parts, and seemed to be stiff. Her back was very weak, and joints began to swell. The hind legs first. We gave her about one gallon of warm sweet milk daily. She eats well but can hardly walk, or get up and down without help. Her mother was stiff in her hind parts before calving and could not lie down for a few days beforehand. We did not notice any swelling in her joints, and we supposed she was only troubled with a caked udder. After her calf came she was all right, but we noticed yellow water was dripping from a scratch on the udder, and it kept it up for a day or two. Now she seems perfectly well and gives four gallons of milk. Could the mother's condition have had anything to do with the calf's? And if it should live and get well now, would it be subject to the same trouble again? Will you please tell me what I can do for the calf, and the cow if she should be troubled again? (2) How can I stop the little calf's horns from growing and at what age?

Against the face of

A Moving Day

By J. W. Peach

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ALICE GWEN turned from her desk. "I am sorry, Mr. Redfield, but I couldn't go with you tonight."

The man's face flushed. "Now, look here, Alice, this has gone long enough. I know you care a lot for that big John Severns, but that is no reason why you should refuse my invitations. I am just as good as he—and more than that I am something more than a foreman, and I intend to be more than I am in a short time. Now, let me give you something to think over; you had better use me white or—there's going to be a moving day."

Before Alice could answer, he was gone, leaving her with anger in her heart that reached up and brightened her gray eyes. He had threatened, but she could not just see what he meant. She with him made up the office force under the old superintendent, Ferguson. She understood that he meant by "moving day" her discharge, and the thought did sober her. Redfield did have great influence over the old Scotchman, and the influence was growing. She decided she would talk the matter over with John, who was foreman in charge of the cement makers, men of various nationalities and conditions, rough, hard, and belligerent.

So that evening she told Severns what the other had said.

His strong face grew sober. "There is a lot in what he said, girlie. I have been suspicious of him for a long time. I don't know just what to do; but I think he has been trying to stir up discontent among the men. But come—let's not talk of this any more. As long as he is good to you, I will let him alone, but if—well fix him."

So John had swung the conversation off on to things nearer his heart.

The next day in the office, Redfield came into her room. He smiled his keen swift smile. "Well, I suppose you had a much better time with Jawn than with me."

Alice turned on him, her voice quivering with anger at the broad inflection he had given the word "John." "He may not be the assistant superintendent, but one thing he is—a gentleman!"

"Whew!" he whistled. Then he advanced a step and bent over. "I see that my chances are pretty hopeless of one thing, but there is something else that you can give me?" He waited.

She looked up questioningly, and saw what he meant as he bent nearer.

"You—!" and she struck him hard. He whirled upon her, then controlled himself.

"For that, my dear, you—go!"

A moment later Ferguson came in, his broad face heated.

"You're discharged!" he snapped.

"But—" she interposed.

"There's no but—but you go. I've known all along that that sweetheart of yours was trying to stir up trouble among the men, and now I am convinced that you are giving him the secrets of the office to help him. Go—the quicker, the better."

She started to speak again as she saw Redfield's thin smiling face, but knowing Ferguson as she did, she kept silent, gathered her few belongings together and went out.

That evening she sought Severns the moment she knew that his work was over, and in the room of his mother's house, sobbed out her story on his shoulder.

Severns was strangely cool and quiet after she finished. Then he drew her still closer. "My little girl—I see light, thanks to you. Do you know what's up? Redfield is after old Ferguson's job, and is trying to stir up the men so that he can say the old man is getting where he cannot control the branch manufacturing, and that means Redfield gets his job—ah! I see. Well—hold on—what do you want?"

An excited man burst into the room, and in a language Alice could not understand began to sputter out some sort of a tale. She felt John's arms relax, and he sprang up.

His voice was hurried. "Tony here, tells me that in a few minutes the men are going to attack the mill. Old Ferguson has been staying late to finish up the season's business accounts, and that means that they will finish him if they get there. I must hurry. You stay here."

But Alice did not intend to stay there. She saw him hurry up the street with the little bow-legged Italian in twinkling pursuit. Then she hurried out, intending to take a roundabout way to the mills where her lover was hurrying.

As she drew near, she heard a low bumbling noise. She began to run faster, and the noise grew louder until as she turned the last corner a wild roar fell upon her ears; and in front of her was a sweeping back and forth against the mill gates a seething crowd of men, carrying a great beam with which they were loosening the great gate at every stroke. Then her eyes swept to the office, and in the window she saw the white, grim face of the old Scotchman.

A sudden thought took possession of her. John had once told her of a secret way to enter the mill which he had discovered. She hurried around the big plant, and crawled in. Just as the wild, swaying mob surged through the shattered gate she ran up the broad steps of the office and in.

There stood Ferguson with a revolver in his hand. She gasped out to him to follow her, but the old man shook his head, grimly. The spirit and the strength of his home and crags was in him; he would not budge.

Like a girl in a dream she covered back as the hideous faces of the men swirled up the broad steps and smashed into the office. As the old man lifted his revolver a sharp blow had crumpled his arm. Like wolves they swept upon him. Then there seemed to come a jar and the leaders settled back.

Alice turned and saw John standing in the doorway. In his eyes was the steel blue glint that gleams in the eyes of men who are leaders of men. "What are you doing here? Get out!" he snapped.

In his hands were poised—not the plaything that Ferguson had held, but the dark sinister Colts that throw slugs that tear and rend. Some of the men remembered the riot years ago, when, merely a floor foreman, the big Severns had shot a path through the mob who tried to lynch one of their number who had run to him for protection.

The leaders were cowed, and slowly they backed out. Outside, the roar died away when John appeared. He beckoned for silence, and silence fell. Then speaking in their language, he soothed them and quieted them. Then he went on, and Alice began to see that they were being stirred. Suddenly a man near the center tried to break away. At John's shout, the man was seized by rough hands and thrust forward. As he staggered up, the hat fell off—and she saw it was—Redfield.

John seized him; with a wave of his hand, he started the men out the gates, and a few words he added brought a cry that Alice knew was a shout of commendation.

Inside the office, Redfield faced them. Ferguson was white with pain; but his lips set more grimly as he looked at Redfield.

John spoke. "Mr. Ferguson, here is the man you have to thank for this, he has been stirring up the men, and he succeeded, but I was to in time, though they had men set to watch for me. He wants your job."

Ferguson turned to Redfield. "So that's what you have been up to—getting out among the men, even disguise yourself and get into the mob and come to watch them? You—"

Ferguson raised his fist, but John held him.

"But I have," Ferguson interrupted, wrathfully, "you leave this place for good—you're fired

and ought to be jailed. Severns you take his job, and Miss Gwen, you come back for good." The old man turned to the telephone. "And if you get a job on the top of this earth, it'll be one I can't stop you from getting." He called up the Company's headquarters.

John turned to Redfield as he went out. "How about 'moving day,'" he said, softly; then to Alice—"My dear girl, what do you mean by coming here when I told you not to?"

But he gave her little opportunity to explain: he had something else more important to ask. The new position meant—a home.

Naomi's Olive Branch

By Huub

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NAOMI'S OLIVE BRANCH

A-A-ME-E—"Namy!" Mrs. Meeker's strident tones broke in upon a merry group of little ones gathered about a bright-faced girl of eleven or twelve and stilled their outbursts of happy laughter for Naomi Meeker was the central fun maker and it was Naomi who was called.

"Come! What have I told you? Haven't I said I would not have you 'socialize with those Gardner children? You bad girl, go up to your room!"

And Naomi sorrowfully and submissively obeyed. Naomi was a sweet child, loving everybody who would let her and happy if she might only do a kindness or bring a smile. Mrs. Meeker was strenuous and aggressive, a fighter from way back, a good woman in her way but it had to be her way and when we consider that Mrs. Gardner, the mother of the Gardner children, was also a woman with a way of her own, it was natural that anything in the way of "a difference" between them was sure to be serious.

Mrs. Gardner and Mrs. Meeker had been friends from childhood and of course both belonged to the same social and benevolent order of the Daughters and Sisters of the Rising Moon, a gafest organization which Mr. Gardner dignified with the extra title of the Ancient Order of Old Crows and it was over the blackballing of a lady sponsored by Mrs. Gardner for whom Mrs. Meeker had conceived a dislike that the split occurred. Then it was war indeed and quickly developed into unrelenting, causeless, bitter enmity which supplanted the friendship of thirty years.

Poor Naomi had a good cry all by herself, not the first by any means, and then she got an idea! Yes—she really would!—So, next day, after school she poured out her trouble to her teacher. The teacher smiled and kissed her (and wiped her eyes for some reason) and spoke words of comfort and encouragement. "Try Mrs. Gardner—if you cannot do anything with your mother, go to Mrs. Gardner, she is a good woman and if you go to her as bearer of an olive branch, I am sure she will listen!"

The next day was Saturday and early in the morning there were mysterious whisperings among the Gardner children and then all disappeared in the direction of the woods and shortly before noon a procession, consisting of Naomi Meeker and John, Peter, Gracie and Dolly Gardner, each bearing green branches as large as they could carry, was seen marching upon the Gardner homestead like a miniature Birnham Wood coming to Dunsinane.

Mrs. Gardner saw them coming and went out to meet them. Naomi led the way and when she stopped the four gathered round.

"Please, ma'am, we don't want you and Ma to go on fighting any more and teacher said that if we came to you with an Olive Branch you would do something. We couldn't find any olive branches so we've brought these maples, may be they'll do as well. Won't you do something? The Lord says for us to love one another and we do love one another, don't we? (Chorus of eager approval) and if ma won't let us play together; we can't l—l—" Boo-hoo—the feelings of the little deputation got the best of them and they were hung onto their leader and voiced their sorrow and affection in tears.

Mrs. Gardner looked, choked a sob, and then acted, for Mrs. Gardner was independent and didn't care what anybody would say and could act when she felt like it. She caught Naomi with one hand and Dolly with the other and with the rest trooping behind maples and all went straight to Mrs. Meeker's and met that lady at the door.

"Mazie Meeker, you and I be a pair of wicked fools and if we be the Lord's children we deserve that He should give us a good spanking—Come,

give me your hand let me kiss you and let us be friends again as we used to be in the old happy days!"

And Mrs. Meeker did!

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14)

wretchedness in which it is now so hopelessly stuck and so make future Andies impossible. Andy knows that in some of the books in his libraries will be found the truth, and it is the truth that will set men free. Most people, however, who go to libraries, are after the latest fiction, and are not worrying about books that will uplift the poor, and regenerate mankind. The men who are working in Andy's factories, twelve hours a day, seven days a week, earning the money to pay five per cent. on steel trust bonds, from which Andy draws his wealth, and by the means of which he builds his libraries, have neither time nor inclination to go into public reading rooms. If they have a minute to spare, they want to drown their troubles in the nearest saloon, and they have lots of troubles to drown. The Associated Charities of Pittsburgh in 1910 estimated that it would take \$769.00 a year to provide the commonest necessities of life for a workman's family, consisting of a husband and wife and three children. If the Pittsburgh working man works 365 days a year, twelve hours a day, his income will be \$766.50; so you see if a man worked every day in the year he would still be a dollar and a half short of what was necessary for mere subsistence, and he would not have a cent for sickness or recreation, and nothing for old age and funeral expenses. Men at forty in the steel industry are worn out and fit only for the scrap heap or the cemetery. The Steel Trust too, crushed union labor so the men must take what is given them, and no matter how enormous are the profits they create (and the profits are enormous, beyond the dreams of avarice), the workers only get sufficient to keep body and soul together. Had Andy insisted that the men in the plants from which he draws his income, been given living wages and reasonable hours of work, instead of being driven like mules until every bit of strength and ambition was crushed out of them, there would be more glory for Andy than if he had built a library on every square acre of land in the country. It may interest our readers to know (and this is a matter of history known to everyone in the U. S. A.) that a few years ago Andy was quite willing to sell his steel mills for a hundred million dollars. Later on Mr. Morgan, who knows more about money making than Andy or any other man in the country ever knew or ever will know, floated the great Steel Trust, making seventy million dollars out of the deal for himself, and Andy got three instead of one hundred million dollars for his steel holdings, and the men who get \$1.75 a day are earning the interest that is paid on this enormous sum of money, and the public are paying their share in the high prices of all steel and iron products. However this is strictly business, as the world views business today, and it is a good thing that Andy got the three hundred millions instead of some other people I know. There are many ways, however that the shrewd Scotchman might have

spent his money than on libraries and other things. For instance, Andy might have spent some of his millions in explaining how a property which he valued at a hundred million dollars, could be conscientiously sold to the public for three times that amount. He might have written a book and given a copy to everyone in the U. S. setting forth just how two hundred million dollars' worth of water was pumped into the Steel Trust stock and explain further just how white wage slaves can be expected to earn five per cent. dividends on three hundred million dollars when the plant they are working is valued by Andy himself at only a third of that amount.

Then too, Andy might have spent some of his money on getting out a pamphlet instructing Steel Trust workmen how to spend their Sabbaths in church and be in the steel mills at the same time. He might add a few chapters on how to support a family of five on wages that won't provide for three. Andy might also spend a few millions to improve the waters of the Monongahela, which the steel workers have to drink, and into which is emptied the sewage of Braddock, McKeesport and Duquesne, with the result that thousands of miserable humans, mostly Steel Trust employees, are swept to their graves by typhoid. A lady who spent six months investigating conditions among the Steel workers says: "Old young, young old, disease stricken women spend their days in dirty, crowded, half furnished rooms, windowless and unventilated. Three, four, five people sleep in the same room. Oh, it is sad." All these facts have been put in a book entitled "Homestead." Andy might put a copy of that book into every house in the land, it would help to educate and enlighten the people, as to the conditions under which millions of our citizens are forced to live, and money spent in a campaign of national education along these lines would do more good than a bushel of libraries. There are nearly seventy thousand people killed or injured every year in the state of New York while engaged in industrial pursuits. It is said that for each skyscraper in New York, a life has been sacrificed for every floor. The whole city reeks with the blood of slaughtered workers, and what is true of New York is true of every other section of the country. In Europe all manner of safety appliances are used to protect the workers, and government inspectors enforce the laws without fear or favor. Andy could have spent some of his millions in protecting workmen who made his millions. Now, think too what might have been done in the way of fighting tuberculosis. Andy's millions could practically have stamped out that disease in this country, or reduced its ravages at least one half. If all the Carnegie libraries could be converted into sanatoriums for the treatment of tubercular patients, tens of thousands of lives would be saved. The British government is waging war on tuberculosis, our government is too stupid to do anything of that kind, and so we have to get our big millionaires to do what we could and should do ourselves, and which we have not sense enough to do, because we elect pinheads to office instead of men. Andy could have fought political corruption by sending trained lecturers to every town and hamlet in the United States, to tell the people how they are being robbed and misgoverned, and showing them the way to right their political and economic wrongs. Andy could have started big newspapers to fight corruption. He could have saved a hundred thousand lives yearly by putting a trained nurse in every county in every state in the U. S. These nurses could have gone into the homes of poor and ignorant people and taught them how to care for their babies and children, and the frightful infant mortality that prevails in this country is sufficient proof that at least half the mothers do not know how to take care of their children, and particularly how to take care of a baby in the first year of its life in this germ-infested world. Andy could have provided mattresses, surgical necessities and wheel chairs for every invalid in the country. He could have torn down half the disease-breeding tenement buildings in New York, and have erected model tenements on their sites that would have paid him a profit on his investment, and made tens of thousands of miserable souls, happy and well. He could have founded the greatest institute for medical research in the world. Carnegie could have warred on disease, poverty and ignorance. To have accomplished all the things I have mentioned would take nearly all the wealth in the country, but if Carnegie's money had been spent along some of the lines I have mentioned it would have done infinitely more good than in the erection of libraries, although the libraries will do a lot of good. However, we must all take off our hats to Andy. It is easy to tell people what to do, but there are tens of thousands of men who read this, if they had Andy's money, would not give one cent of it away, but would hog it for themselves, or leave it to a bunch of fool children to spend after they had gone. When we get a little sense we shall do for ourselves what Andy is kindly and conscientiously doing for us, for in the days that are

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 23)

spent his money than on libraries and other things. For instance, Andy might have spent some of his millions in explaining how a property which he valued at a hundred million dollars, could be conscientiously sold to the public for three times that amount. He might have written a book and given a copy to everyone in the U. S. setting forth just how two hundred million dollars' worth of water was pumped into the Steel Trust stock and explain further just how white wage slaves can be expected to earn five per cent. dividends on three hundred million dollars when the plant they are working is valued by Andy himself at only a third of that amount.

Then too, Andy might have spent some of his money on getting out a pamphlet instructing Steel Trust workmen how to spend their Sabbaths in church and be in the steel mills at the same time. He might add a few chapters on how to support a family of five on wages that won't provide for three. Andy might also spend a few millions to improve the waters of the Monongahela, which the steel workers have to drink, and into which is emptied the sewage of Braddock, McKeesport and Duquesne, with the result that thousands of miserable humans, mostly Steel Trust employees, are swept to their graves by typhoid. A lady who spent six months investigating conditions among the Steel workers says: "Old young, young old, disease stricken women spend their days in dirty, crowded, half furnished rooms, windowless and unventilated. Three, four, five people sleep in the same room. Oh, it is sad." All these facts have been put in a book entitled "Homestead." Andy might put a copy of that book into every house in the land, it would help to educate and enlighten the people, as to the conditions under which millions of our citizens are forced to live, and money spent in a campaign of national education along these lines would do more good than a bushel of libraries. There are nearly seventy thousand people killed or injured every year in the state of New York while engaged in industrial pursuits. It is said that for each skyscraper in New York, a life has been sacrificed for every floor. The whole city reeks with the blood of slaughtered workers, and what is true of New York is true of every other section of the country. In Europe all manner of safety appliances are used to protect the workers, and government inspectors enforce the laws without fear or favor. Andy could have spent some of his millions in protecting workmen who made his millions. Now, think too what might have been done in the way of fighting tuberculosis. Andy's millions could practically have stamped out that disease in this country, or reduced its ravages at least one half. If all the Carnegie libraries could be converted into sanatoriums for the treatment of tubercular patients, tens of thousands of lives would be saved. The British government is waging war on tuberculosis, our government is too stupid to do anything of that kind, and so we have to get our big millionaires to do what we could and should do ourselves, and which we have not sense enough to do, because we elect pinheads to office instead of men. Andy could have fought political corruption by sending trained lecturers to every town and hamlet in the United States, to tell the people how they are being robbed and misgoverned, and showing them the way to right their political and economic wrongs. Andy could have started big newspapers to fight corruption. He could have saved a hundred thousand lives yearly by putting a trained nurse in every county in every state in the U. S. These nurses could have gone into the homes of poor and ignorant people and taught them how to care for their babies and children, and the frightful infant mortality that prevails in this country is sufficient proof that at least half the mothers do not know how to take care of their children, and particularly how to take care of a baby in the first year of its life in this germ-infested world. Andy could have provided mattresses, surgical necessities and wheel chairs for every invalid in the country. He could have torn down half the disease-breeding tenement buildings in New York, and have erected model tenements on their sites that would have paid him a profit on his investment, and made tens of thousands of miserable souls, happy and well. He could have founded the greatest institute for medical research in the world. Carnegie could have warred on disease, poverty and ignorance. To have accomplished all the things I have mentioned would take nearly all the wealth in the country, but if Carnegie's money had been spent along some of the lines I have mentioned it would have done infinitely more good than in the erection of libraries, although the libraries will do a lot of good. However, we must all take off our hats to Andy. It is easy to tell people what to do, but there are tens of thousands of men who read this, if they had Andy's money, would not give one cent of it away, but would hog it for themselves, or leave it to a bunch of fool children to spend after they had gone. When we get a little sense we shall do for ourselves what Andy is kindly and conscientiously doing for us, for in the days that are

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 23)

RHEUMATISM

Make Summer Heat Help Rid You
of Pain-Causing Poisons.
Send for My Drafts

To Try Free—Write Today

Help Nature expel acid impurities through the great foot pores by wearing Magic Foot Drafts a few days.



Now is the time to get rid of rheumatism, by assisting Nature to cleanse the system thoroughly in her own way. Send my coupon today. By return mail you will get my regular \$1.00 Drafts To Try Free. Then if you are satisfied with the benefit received, send us the Dollar. If not, keep your money. We take your word. No matter where the pain or how long and severely you have suffered, Try My Drafts. You cannot lose a penny, and I know what they are doing. Send no money, but mail this coupon at once—today—while you can.



This \$1 Coupon FREE
Good for a regular \$1.00 pair of Magic Foot Drafts to be sent Free to try (as explained above)

Name
Address.....

Mail this coupon to Magic Foot Draft Company, 856 Oliver Bldg., Jackson, Mich.

To Develop the Bust

To BEAUTY EDITOR:—I am so ashamed of my thin bust that I want to ask you if there is any harmless way to develop it. My hips and the rest of my body are right for the present styles and I do not want them any larger but my bust is so flat that I would try anything that gave hope of even three or four more inches development. MARY S.

The only thing I know of that will develop the bust without increasing the size of the hips, or without putting on flesh where not needed, is a prescription put up by The Dr. Kelly Co., especially for small and undeveloped breasts. It is the discovery of a woman physician whose practice was largely among her own sex and in most cases increases the bust measure four to six inches in a month. Send 10c to the Dr. Kelly Co., Dept. 300 H. B., Buffalo, N. Y., and they will send you a trial package of the treatment without charge. This is said to be of great value in cases of arrested development of the bust and will give a full, beautiful form without anyone knowing that the treatment was used.

Many mothers have told me that after the baby had been weaned, the breasts became flabby and shrunken, but the use of Dr. Kelly's prescription made them full and firm. Do not use pads or bust forms, as they never look natural and have a bad effect upon the general health. Neither would I recommend ordinary flesh builders or tonics, as they increase the hips and limbs and with the present styles the form should be slender everywhere except a generously developed bust.

TO ALL WOMEN

We want to give, absolutely

FREE!
a full 50c box of our famous
ORANGE LILY,

if you have not tried this wonderful remedy for woman's ailments, which has been a blessing to thousands of sick, suffering women.

Orange Lily is a standard remedy for many forms of diseases peculiar to women, such as Leucorrhea, Ulceration, Irregular or Painful Periods, and Inflammation, Displacement, or Falling of the Womb. Try this treatment and we are sure you will be convinced. Write today.

THE COONLEY MEDICINE CO.,
238 Cass St., Detroit, Mich.

ECZEMA

CAN BE CURED. My mild, soothing, guaranteed cure does it and FREE SAMPLE proves it. STOPS THE ITCHING and cures to stay. WRITE NOW—TODAY.

DR. CANNADAY, 106 Park Square, Sedalia, Mo.



BEEF BLOOD VIRO
MAKE PINK FLESH
Marvel of all Flesh Producers. Six times the strength of strong healthy bullock's blood. Gain 15 to 30 pounds, have plump form. For Indigestion, Nervousness, Constipation. To prevent wonderful powers we will send free trial package for 10c and our SPECIAL TEST OFFER. Write today, now.

THE VIRO COMPANY, Dept. 5, Clarinda, Iowa.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22.)

coming those who produce the nation's wealth will have sufficient of the wealth they produce to provide for all their needs without waiting for benevolent billionaires to do things for them. In the good days coming there will be no billionaires or millionaires of the Carnegie type to give millions away, and no ignorant, half starved humans waiting for the crumbs that fall from the rich man's table, no millionaires and no tramps, just happy, healthy, wholesome people, working for themselves and for one another, and daily returning thanks to Almighty God for the joy and privilege of living. Until those good days come be mighty thankful for your Andrew Carnegies and men of his ilk, for they do give back in public benefactions to labor a generous part of what labor creates and that is more than hundreds of other of our idle rich do.

WHITE EARTH, N. DAK.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE AND COUSINS:

Will you allow a North Dakota bachelor in your charmed circle?

I will describe this country a little. It is a rolling prairie, the principal industry is farming and cattle raising. I am within six miles of the G. N. R., but back from the railroad there are a lot of ranches. I am near an Indian reservation. The Indians are mostly civilized. Our state has two Normal schools, one agriculture college and one university. No saloons but lots of blind pigs. It is quite cold here in the winter, but one forgets all about that when summer comes and one sees the big 500 acre fields of grain, and as be gallops over the plains while the gentle breeze and sunshine keep kissing his tan face beneath his broad brim sombrero one thinks then it is a pretty good old world to live in.

I feel sorry for you, my poor city cousins, you do not know what life is, you only exist. Why don't you get out of the city smoke and come out in God's free sunshine? There are millions of acres of land waiting for the ambitious young man to master, and it will return you riches, and you will gain health and happiness likewise. You may think there is no fun out on the plains, but you city chaps don't know what true, honest fun is.

I am six foot tall, weigh one hundred and sixty pounds and have dark hair and eyes between twenty and twenty-five years of age and unmarried. I extend a hearty invitation to the cousins of the fair sex to come to Dakota.

I would like to hear from all the cousins and will answer all letters and cards I possibly can.

Your cousin, FLOYD KNAPP.

more worthy of the confidence and esteem of yourself and the love of your daughter. As to my personal character I will not long leave you in doubt. I am known in every penitentiary in America and have been in the electric chair so often and am so full of currents, electric and otherwise, that I contain all the ingredients for a first-class pudding of the current variety. As to my prospects, they are exceptionally good. I robbed a bank last night, and have excellent prospects of going to jail. I have accumulated considerable property, having enough real estate under my finger nails to cover several city lots. As regards my health I am so strong I can lift my knife and fork to my mouth without assistance. I've acquired considerable fame in my time and recently while visiting a city in Kansas a dog was named after me. The honor was too great, for the next day the dog died. Financially I am well provided for, as I have three cents in a snow bank which sum I expect to get when a thaw comes. I am exceedingly energetic, never having been known to miss a meal when anyone else was willing to pay for it, and can always be relied on to crawl to the grub pail without assistance. I've held several responsible positions, such as booze tester in a brewery, flea catcher in a dog hospital, swill mixer in a hog pen, soup cooler in a bean house, pig swallower in a medicine show, etc., all of which positions I have filled in a way that brought honor to myself and credit to the community. Under the circumstances then, my dear sir, I trust you will without hesitation consider favorably my application for your daughter's hand, heart and other anatomical exhibits which go to the making up of her entrancing and delightful personality, and I trust that you will as conveniently as possible get off the earth, so that I can get my lunch hooks into your dough pile and add to the joy of nations by scattering the wad which you have so laudably and laboriously accumulated. I am, my dear sir, ever sincerely and respectfully yours, H. C. M.

Now Harry, there's a letter that will surely clinch the old man. You ought to put one over on him with an epistle like that. If that won't do the business nothing on earth will. Try it on him anyway, and let us all know with what results. All of COMFORT readers I feel confident will be interested in just what does result, so let us hear from you.

CHATCOLET, IDAHO.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE AND COUSINS:

I live on the Coeur-d'Alene Indian Reservation. I'm ten years old. My birthday was the 11th of July. We have three horses, a calf, a dog and a cat. We did have a nice cow but she committed suicide over on the railroad track.

Uncle Charlie come out and we will go fishing. We live only about one mile from the beautiful lake of Chatcolet. This is a beautiful country here. It is a timbered country, there are pine, fir, cedar, tamarack and I guess that is all the trees there are around here.

It is all homestead land and all taken up now. There are no schools or churches within five miles of us. We are only about one mile from the Chicago, Milwaukee and Puget Sound R. R.

Will the cousins write me letters and post cards. Especially those living in Michigan as that is my birth state. Will not promise to answer all, but will do the best I can.

Your loving niece,
CARYL CAMPBELL. (No. 34,826.)

P. S. Uncle, you thought I was a boy and put it on my membership card as though I were.

Delighted to hear from you, Caryl. I must apologize for making your card out as though you were a boy instead of a girl. Yours is rather an unusual name. All the same it's a very pretty one. I'm very much concerned about that poor cow of yours. Her ending was a sad one indeed. I've been trying to figure out the whys and wherefores of her committing suicide. Billy the Goat says for a cow to commit suicide is cowardly. I hold different views on this subject for to my mind it must take a great deal of courage to meet death in the way your poor, dear old cow did. I hope she wrote a note before ending her life and told you just why she had resolved to wind up her earthly existence in this desperate and deplorable manner. I suppose she had reasons good and plenty for what she did, or she would not have done it. Not even the most reckless cow goes out and tries to stop a railroad train running at full speed, unless grief and worry have made existence intolerable. I suppose

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 27.)

Comfort Sisters' Corner

Remedies

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18.)

ing equals quinine and apple brandy. I have known several cases cured by it, besides myself. Have the doctor put the quinine in capsules, then you may safely take it. Use as much as you can afford.

GARGLES.—A tea made from yellow root. Another effective gargle is made from chinquapin oak.

SALVE FOR BOILS.—Melt beeswax and add the same amount of Castor oil and stir until it gets cold. You will have a fine creamy salve which will draw a boil to a head in a few days at most and with very little pain.

This salve is excellent to put on a fresh cut to draw out the poison before healing.

Mutton tallow and rosin makes a salve almost as good. Pulverize the rosin and mix with a lump of tallow the same size of the rosin.

CATARACH IN HEAD.—Take a pint of warm water and make as salt as you would want. Bend the head forward and pour out some in the hand and snuff it up your nose, drawing it clear up in the head till it will drop in the throat. Use the pint each time and do this three times a day. You will be better in a few days and if kept up a cure will be effected.

NAIL WOUND.—Cut a slice of salt fat bacon, spread with sugar, and wet with turpentine and bind on. This will keep it from getting sore.

MRS. FLORA B. PADGETT, Battletown, Ky.

LINIMENT.—(For Mrs. Ester Dayton.) Put five cents' worth each of turpentine and ammonia into a quart bottle, and add one fresh laid egg. Shake all together until white. Rub well into the back and cover with very hot foment of several thicknesses.

BURNS.—Apply soft mud (taken from a clean place). Renew often until the fire is drawn out and there will be no scat.

MRS. MARY BLAKER, Junction City, R. R. 7, Texas.

HOLES OR RISINGS.—Bind on fat salt pork over night, and if necessary change and continue until relieved.

MRS. IVY BROWN.

PIN WORMS.—Inject into the bowels a tea made from quassia chips. Retain as long as possible.

MRS. CORA KINZER, Cadillac, R. R. 2, Mich.

And a Little Child Shall Lead Them

Mother dear I want my papa.

Why did you send him away.

For you know I love him dearly.

And I want him to come home and stay.

You must not be angry with him mamma.

Every night I long for him and pray;

He'll come if he knows we're lonely.

Surely come and kiss your tears away.

And a little child shall lead them.

Lead them gently on their way.

And a little child shall teach them.

How to love more dearly every day.

And she'll bring them close together,

So they'll ever care to stay.

She's an angel sent from Heaven.

And will lead them gently on their way.

Just outside a little cottage,

Stands the father all alone.

He has heard his baby pleading

For her darling papa to come home.

Softly, gently, he calls, "come my angel."

With a sob he folds her to his breast.

"I will love your mamma always.

Little golden heart be now at rest."

Submitted by Mrs. F. O. Walker, Coventry, R. R.

Box 8, R. R. 1.

GET THIS OFFER

All the clothes you want.

All the money you want.

To learn how you can have this stunning swell tailored suit absolutely free, not a penny of cost to you (we prepare this express); to learn how you can make \$5.00 to \$10.00 a day every day of your life, to find out what beautiful tailoring really is, to offer to tell that everybody who wants to to all the great clothes always free, do this today, now, this minute, write us a letter or postal and say, "Send me your New Wonderful Tailoring Offer," and receive by return mail, free, the most astonishing tailoring offer you ever heard of, a beautiful set of samples to pick from, styles that will set your county afire, an offer so surprising, so new, so great, so wonderful, you can hardly believe it.

You don't need money or experience. No matter what you are doing, selling books, cutlery, groceries, soap, tailoring for others, or just working, be sure to get our offer, it's so much better than anything else.

You will succeed sure, make big money and wear fine clothes! Write now.

BANNER TAILORING CO.
Dept. 658
CHICAGO, ILL.

Comfort Postal Requests

How to Get a Lot of Souvenir Post Cards Free
Exchanging Souvenir Post Cards is no longer a bad but a custom as firmly established as letter writing, and more convenient and pleasing. By entering this Exchange you are enabled to accumulate cards from every state in the Union and from foreign countries. To find the names and addresses of your names in the Exchange List it is necessary to send a club of two fifteen months 25-cent subscriptions to COMFORT and fifty cents to pay same. We will send you a very fine Fifty Card Album for Post Cards, and your name will appear in the next available issue of COMFORT, and you will be expected to return cards for all received by you.

Miss Lena L. C. Woerner, 425 N. Market St., Frederick City, Md., No comic cards. Mr. Ray West, Seven Mile Ford, Va., Miss Dora Boesker, Canton, R. R. 2, Kans., Mrs. J. D. Luke, 610 E. St., Santa Anna, Cal., Miss Emma Grotstiel, 1145 Spring St., Burlington, Iowa. Miss Edythe Milligan, Winchester, Ill., Ferdinand Hochstetler, Wissel, Box 143, N. Dak., Mary K. Goodman, Iusa, Mo., Edward Black, Donny Brook, R. R. 3, N. Dak., Miss Avis Downs, Independence, Iowa.

Missing Relatives and Friends

We shall only require you to get a small club of subscribers to COMFORT for each request printed; so in sending your notice for insertion in the Missing Relatives' column, include a club of three 15-months 25-cent subscriptions, or if you are already a paid-in-advance subscriber, send only two new 15-months 25-cent subscriptions. This amount limits the notice to twenty-two words, making three lines; if longer notice is required, send two additional 25-cent 15-months subscriptions yearly for every seven words.

Wanted, information regarding whereabouts of John Peterson, Speland, Torleif Johansen, Anna Maria, Maren Herlandskogen. Address Ole Peterson, Bevelin, Bee Co., Texas.

Want to hear from my brothers or their families, W. S. Noe, and C. A. Noe. Write to Mrs. A. C. Breeden, Carterville, Mo.

Wanted information of my husband, W. A. Hanselman, last heard of was at Page, Okla., April, 1912. Write to Mrs. Fannie Hanselman, Alleene, Ark.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of my brother, Charles Poole, please write his sister, Mrs. L. M. Shirley, Trinity, Ala.

<p

Since John Quit Drinking

By John's Wife



I'm the happiest little woman,
In all this little town;
And my merry laugh and singing,
Takes the place of sigh and frown.
For JOHN HAS QUIT HIS DRINKING

And is like himself once more,
And the world is just a paradise
With such happiness in store!

One day I read some verses—
"Mary's Miracle," the name,
And I said, that's John exactly.

And I'll send and get the same,
So I sent for GOLDEN REMEDY

(As sly as sly could be)

And I put it in John's supper
And I put it in his tea.

And it didn't taste a little bit;
Had no odor, so, you see—
It was smoothest kind of sailing

For little Doctor Me.

And I watched and prayed and waited,
(And cried some, too, I guess).

And I didn't have the greatest faith,
I'm ashamed now to confess.

And John never thought a minute,
He was being cured of drink,

And soon he's as well as any one,

It makes me cry to think!

Just makes me cry for gladness,

I'm so proud to be his wife—

Since he is cured of drinking,

And leads a nice, new life.

"Since John has quit a-drinking!"

I can't say it times enough!

And hates and loathes a liquor

As he would a poison stuff.

And when I say my prayers at night

As thankful as can be—

I pray for John the most of all—

Then GOLDEN REMEDY.

Home Treatment For Drunkards

Odorless and Tastless—Any Lady Can Give It Secretly at Home in Tea, Coffee or Food.

Costs Nothing to Try

If you have a husband, son, brother, father or friend who is a victim of liquor, all you have to do is to send your name and address on the coupon below. You may be thankful as long as you live that you did it.

Free Trial Package Coupon

Dr. J. W. Haines Company,
3058 Glenn Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Please send me, absolutely free, by return mail, in plain wrapper, so that no one can know what it contains, a trial package of Golden Remedy to prove that what you claim for it is true in every respect.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

State.....

MARVELLOUS, PERMANENT CURE OF DOUBLE

RUPTURE

An old sea captain cured himself of a bad case and a multitude of other hernia sufferers have been cured completely by the same method. Success in many cases of all kinds—single, double, navel, scrotal, also rupture after operation; young or old. Not merely relief but complete cures often reported. Proof package mailed FREE by Capt. Collings, Inc., Box 44, Watertown, N. Y. Better write today!

Tobacco Habit Banished

DR. ELDER'S TOBACCO BOON BANISHED all forms of Tobacco Habit in 72 to 120 hours. A positive and quick relief. A home treatment easy to take. Hundreds of letters from satisfied patients. We guarantee results in every case or refund money. Send for our Free Booklet giving full information. Write today, this hour. ELDER'S SANITARIUM, Dept. 576, St. Joseph, Mo.

RHEUMATISM

I have a simple herb recipe that cured me and has cured many others since. Knowing how we sufferers question all so-called cures, I propose to send this recipe **Absolutely Free** if you need it. Write W. L. Sutton, Chemist, 2851 Orchard Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

CANCERS

Removed root and branch before paying out one cent. My cures guaranteed. Printed literature free. Address D. R. C. BOYNTON, LAWRENCE, MASS.

GALL STONES

Home Remedy. Good for any Stomach, Liver or Gall Trouble. Write Today. GALLSTONE REMEDY CO., Dept. 273, 219 S. Dearborn St., CHICAGO

STAMPING OUTFIT OF 100 DESIGNS

With Book Illustrating and Teaching Twenty-five Different Stitches in Embroidery.

A Remarkable Offer THESE ONE-HUNDRED designs are for embroidery to sell—perhaps a little home industry—for they include both large and small pieces, something that will satisfy the most fastidious.

Being new and up-to-date designs, they represent something you cannot afford to be without for your own and family use. With the growing popularity of fine needlework, it has become an ideal gift for the bride, for birthdays and for presents, and what a helpful array of suggestions you can have with these 100 designs before you including the latest ideas in Shirt-waists, Dutch Collars, Soft Pillows, Tray Cloths, Handkerchiefs, Glove and Necktie Cases, Photo Frames, Centerpieces, Sideboard or Bureau Scarfs, Pin Cushion Covers, Fancy Bags, etc. besides three sets of alphabets for working purposes, these designs are perforated on seven sheets of imported bone paper, each measuring 22x28 inches. We also give you a seven-inch embroidery hoop, a felt stamping pad, and a tablet of French stamping preparation.

MORE STILL, we give you a most valuable book for those who know how to embroider and for those who are just learning. It teaches with illustrations forty-nine embroidery stitches, which include Eyelet, Filet, Shadow, Wallachian, Herringbone, Long and Short stitch, Solid Kensington, Stems, Outline, Overlap, Couching, Satin, French Laid, Solid Buttonhole, Brier, French Knot, Chain and seventeen others. These directions and illustrations are plainly given and no other teaching is necessary to learn to embroider.

Did you ever read an extensive **SPECIAL OFFER?** I am sure you never have, and all this may be yours by sending us only two fifteen-months subscriptions to *Comfort* at 25 cents each.

Address *COMFORT*, Augusta, Maine.

Comfort's Home Lawyer



In this department will be carefully considered any legal problem which may be submitted by a subscriber. All opinions given herein will be prepared at our expense by eminent counsel.

Inasmuch as it is one of the principal missions of *COMFORT* to aid in upbuilding and upholding the sanctity of the home, no advice will be given on matters pertaining to divorce. Any paid-up subscriber to *COMFORT* is welcome to submit inquiries, which, so far as possible, will be answered in this department. If any reader, other than a subscriber, wishes to take advantage of this privilege, it may be done by sending twenty-five (25) cents, in silver or stamps, for a 16-month subscription to *COMFORT* thus obtaining all the benefits which our subscribers enjoy including a copy of the magazine for fifteen months.

Should any subscriber desire an immediate, special opinion on any legal question, privately mailed, it may be had by sending one dollar with letter containing address, addressing the same to "THE EDITOR, *COMFORT'S HOME LAWYER*," Augusta, Maine, and in reply a carefully prepared opinion will be sent in an early mail.

Full names and addresses must be signed by all persons seeking advice in this column but not necessarily for publication. Unless otherwise requested, initials only will be published.

A. E., California.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that if the property set apart be a homestead, selected by the court from the separate property of the decedent, the court can only set it apart for a limited period, to be designated in the order, and the property remains subject to administration, subject to such order, but that if the homestead selected by the husband and wife, or either of them, during coverture, and recorded while both were living, was selected from the community property or from the separate property of the spouse selecting or joining in selection, it vests on the death of the husband or wife absolutely in the survivor, and that if selected from the separate property of either the husband or wife without his or her consent, it vests upon the death of the person from whose property it was selected, in his or her heirs or devisees, subject to the power of the superior court to assign it for a limited period of the family of the decedent.

F. R. D., Michigan.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married woman leaving a husband and one child surviving, and leaving no will, her husband would share with the child in her estate, but that it would be necessary for the husband to survive his wife before he would have any interest in her separate property.

Mrs. W. W. McG., South Dakota.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion that the homestead of the head of every family resident in this state, whether owned by the husband or wife, so long as it remains a homestead, is exempt, except for taxes and debts created for the purchase thereof. If within a town it must not exceed one acre in extent, and if not within a town it must not embrace in the aggregate more than one hundred and sixty acres with the house and buildings appurtenant thereto; and is limited to five thousand dollars in value; if claimed under the laws of the United States relating to mineral lands, or has been acquired as a placer claim it is still further limited as to size. We think such exemption continues after the debtor's death for the benefit of the surviving husband or wife and children; and if both husband and wife be dead, till the youngest child becomes of age.

A. D. M., Mississippi.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that children may be disinherited.

Mrs. B. H., Ohio.—We do not think any of the states of the United States, or that the United States Government provides for old age pensions, and we do not think the size or sex of the family you raised would make you entitled to a pension under our laws; we think that few years ago a law was passed in England which provides a small pension for their old people who have no means to support themselves.

L. G. H., Ohio.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that neither husband nor wife has any interest in the property of the other except that the husband must support his wife, and they have dower in each other's property; we think that in the properly drawn ante-nuptial agreement the prospective parties to the marriage can bar each other from any interest in the estate of the other. We do not think non-support is a ground for an absolute divorce in your state, but we do think that gross neglect of duty is a ground for a divorce.

D. G., Arkansas.—We are of the opinion that marriages between cousins are not prohibited in Alabama, California, Colorado, Delaware, Florida, Georgia, Idaho, Iowa, Kentucky, Maine, Maryland, Massachusetts, Minnesota, Mississippi, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York, North Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, Vermont, Virginia, West Virginia and Wisconsin.

S. M., Missouri.—We are of the opinion that an illegitimate child legally takes the mother's name. We think that in order to entitle a stepchild to inheritance in the estate of a stepparent, it would be necessary for some provision to be made by will for such stepchild, or that the child be legally adopted by judgment or decree of the proper court; we think it is the common practice for stepchildren to be known by the stepfather's name without legal adoption. In cases where the mother marries such stepfather during the early years of such children, we think the same rules would hold in cases where such children are of illegitimate birth.

Perplexed, Arkansas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a man, leaving no will, and leaving a wife and children by two marriages, his widow would receive dower of one-third interest for life in his real estate, and one-third of the personal property, absolutely, the balance of the estate going in equal shares to all of his children; that he can disinherit by will any or all of his children, but not his wife. We think that such cruel or barbarous treatment or personal indignity shall render the condition of the applicant intolerable in one of the grounds for divorce in your state.

Inquirer, Pennsylvania.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that illegitimate children have no rights of inheritance from their father's estate.

Mrs. W. M., New York.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the conveyance of real estate by deed running to both husband and wife creates a tenancy by the entirety and that upon the death of one the whole property goes to the survivor, and that the same would then upon the death of the survivor go by the terms of the will of such survivor.

heirs, or in the absence of a will, would go to the heirs at law of such survivor, and that the child, by a former marriage, of the one dying first would not be an heir at law of the surviving stepfather or stepmother.

Mrs. A. E. G., Alabama.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a man leaving no children or descendants the widow would receive all of the personal property, and if the estate is solvent dower of one-half of the real estate for life, the balance of the real estate going to his relatives. If he leaves no relatives the whole estate would go to the widow. (2) We do not think you have much, if any chance to recover real estate which belonged to your father at the time of his death in 1865, unless some steps have been taken before this time to protect your rights there.

O. A., Michigan.—Under the laws of Ohio, we are of the opinion that every executor or administrator is required to file an account within twelve months after his appointment and every twelve months thereafter, and at such other times as the probate court may require; in case he does not do this we think any party in interest can compel him to do so in a compulsory proceeding brought before the probate court for that purpose.

No Name.—We do not think the father, who gave a pair of horses to his son, can, at his pleasure, rescind such gift; we think that father can demand and collect the earnings of his minor child, but that he is not entitled to the savings or property of such minor, after the title has once vested in said minor.

L. L., Louisiana.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion that all persons (males and females) are considered as minors until twenty-one years of age, that when over the age of eighteen years they can (with consent of tutor, and under some circumstances without it) be relieved of all disabilities which attach to minority, this is granted by proper judge after examination as to their fitness for emancipation; that minors over fifteen may be emancipated, with power to administer their revenues entirely. This emancipation is granted by the father or if he be dead by the mother, and consists of a mere declaration before a notary and witnesses. This can be revoked. Emancipation also takes place by marriage of minor, but does not relieve entirely from all disabilities of minority until minor reaches eighteen years of age at which time a minor who has been emancipated by marriage is relieved of all the disabilities of minority.

A. E., California.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion that if the property set apart be a homestead, selected by the court from the separate property of the decedent, the court can only set it apart for a limited period, to be designated in the order, and the property remains subject to administration, subject to such order, but that if the homestead selected by the husband and wife, or either of them, during coverture, and recorded while both were living, was selected from the community property or from the separate property of the spouse selecting or joining in selection, it vests on the death of the husband or wife absolutely in the survivor, and that if selected from the separate property of either the husband or wife without his or her consent, it vests upon the death of the person from whose property it was selected, in his or her heirs or devisees, subject to the power of the superior court to assign it for a limited period of the family of the decedent.

F. R. D., Michigan.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married woman leaving a husband and one child surviving, and leaving no will, her husband would share with the child in her estate, but that it would be necessary for the husband to survive his wife before he would have any interest in her separate property.

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His Hearing Was Restored

Veteran Could Not Hear His Beloved Bugle.

Tells How Deafness Was Overcome.

Below is a picture of Henry Farrar, a Civil war veteran who is a natural born musician, and whose bugle has led troops to many a victory. With the approach of old age and the infliction of various disorders, he gradually became more and more deaf until he could not hear his own bugle which he had been accustomed to play on various occasions throughout the year. He also became harassed with those head noises which so often accompany the advancement of deafness. This infirmity distressed Mr. Farrar greatly. He is a man of activity despite his age—in fact, he looks much younger than the 70 years that he is.



The loss of his hearing was a sad misfortune and the future looked very dark. Of course, Mr. Farrar had tried one thing after another; he had followed medical advice, had consulted specialists and had adopted various devices and remedies, but all to no avail. He felt that he was doomed to end his life in that melancholic stillness which is dreaded by all who are inclined toward deafness.

Mr. Farrar has always been popular, and all his friends were exceedingly sympathetic, but even these kind sentiments did not appear his deep dejection. One day, however, he happened to learn of a simple and harmless home treatment, which he decided to try. He did not have much hope, because he had been disappointed in his previous attempts. Yet in this case, to his surprise and joy, he found that his hearing began to improve almost immediately, and it continued until he became so well that he has recently done jury duty, listening to the various witnesses and the court proceedings without the slightest difficulty.

Mr. Farrar is so delighted with the manner in which he was liberated from the thralldom of deafness and head-noises, as well as the way in which his health was generally improved, that he is giving information about this wonderful treatment to all who write him. He has nothing to sell, but he will cheerfully send full particulars of how his own hearing was restored, and will tell how others may get the same treatment. Persons of all ages—men, women and children—have followed the information given by Mr. Farrar, and many cures of deafness have been reported after all else has failed. To obtain the desired information it is only necessary to write to Mr. Henry A. Farrar, 78 Main Street, Hanover, Mass., enclosing a stamped envelope for reply.

To Women Who Dread Motherhood

Information How They May Give Birth to Happy, Healthy Children Absolutely Without Fear of Pain—Sent FREE

No women need any longer dread the pains of childbirth, Dr. J. H. Dye devoted his life to relieving the sorrows of women. He has proved that the pain at childbirth need no longer be feared by woman and we will gladly tell you how it may be done absolutely free of charge. Send your name and address to Dr. J. H. Dye Medical Institute, 671 Lewis Block, Buffalo, N. Y., and we will send you, postpaid, his wonderful book which tells how to give birth to happy, healthy children, absolutely without fear of pain, also how to become a mother. Do not delay but write TO-DAY.

THE BEE CELL SUPPORTER

A BOON TO WOMANKIND

Made from the purest softest rubber. Six cups or faces render misplacement absolutely impossible. Endorsed by the medical profession. Ask your druggist or send us \$2.00 and we will mail you one postpaid in plain package. Money back if not entirely satisfactory. Descriptive circular, FREE.

The Bee Cell Co., Dept. A, White Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.

FITS Treated with remarkable success. Many people who had given up all hope of my medicine cured them. Miss B. Cecili, of Wynona, Okla., says: "I can give your medicine great praise—cured my son." I will send a Free Trial Bottle (16 ozs.) to every sufferer who will give age and describe case. DR. F. E. GRANT, Dept. 106, KANSAS CITY, MO.

WE PAY \$1 PER SET FOR OLD FALSE TEETH. Old gold, silver and jewelry bought. Money sent at once. Mail yours to-day. PHILADELPHIA SMELTING & REFINING CO., 805 CHESTNUT ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA. Est. 20 years.

Asthma Prompt relief. Remedy guaranteed. Trial treatment mailed free. Dr. Kinman, Box 618, Augusta, Me.



Under this heading all questions by COMFORT subscribers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions addressed to this Bureau. They will thus save time, labor and postage.

NOTICE.—As the privileges of this Bureau and of all other departments of COMFORT are for subscribers only, no attention will be given any inquiry which does not bear the writer's correct name and address. Initials only, or a fictitious name, if requested, will appear in the published answer, but the inquiry must invariably be signed by the writer's true name.

Brangeline, Grafton, Nebr.—The character of historical personages in novels is largely colored by the personal opinions of the writers. Much more so than by impartial historians, if there be such. As to Burr and Hamilton, it is fair we think, at this time, to say that Burr is not quite as black as he is painted, nor Hamilton as white. The character of historical personages may be arrived at most satisfactorily by the reader by accepting no one writer's statement. Get as many as you can and form your own conclusion. (2) A knot, or nautical mile, is 2,029 yards, that is, 260 yards more than a land mile.

A. M., Turner's Falls, Mass.—Foreign stamps are worth something, but not a great deal, when cancelled. Domestic stamps not. See advertisements of stamp dealers in COMFORT and write to them for price lists. They are reliable, even if you do have to pay for the lists.

Inquirer, Butterfield, Minn.—Diamonds are tested by experts and if you have what you think are diamonds, you should send them to, say, Tiffany & Co., New York City, and get a definite answer. Your own local jewelers should be able to give you a fair opinion, but some very good judges of diamonds are deceived by the excellent imitations now made. Even with real diamonds, quality and value vary.

L. M., Round Mountain, Texas.—Before finding a hospital or nurses' training school, have a talk with a physician to learn if you are qualified to become a nurse. Many are not, and they only learn after losing time and money. It is a very trying position and most young women are not fitted for it. A physician who is acquainted with you is the best judge and he will tell you, and also tell you where to go if you have the proper qualifications.

R. C. W., Hillsboro, O.—As the season will soon be here when dealers are beginning to figure on their Christmas tree supply, we will say that unless you have trees enough to get a fair freight rate to the cities who make up large shipments, you may not get city prices, but you don't have to meet all sorts of expenses that take the profits. Talk to your local dealers and have them tell you what kind of trees they want.

C. L. A., Baeth, Mont.—Robert, son of Abraham Lincoln, holds no government position that we know of. He is a lawyer in Chicago.

Mrs. G. M., Denver, Colo.—Good land in northern Pennsylvania and southern New York, located near railroads is worth from a hundred dollars an acre, up. Distance from railroad lessens value of equally good land. Farms may be had as low as twenty-five dollars an acre, but you are enough farmer to know that it is not worth even that much. There are a number of abandoned farms, so called, in parts of New York, which may be had cheap, but it will cost money to put the land in producing condition, though the buildings on it could not be put there for what the whole farm would cost. Write to Hon. R. A. Pearson, Commissioner of Agriculture, Albany, N. Y., for information about these and other farm lands in New York, and to Hon. N. B. Crittenden, Commissioner of Agriculture, Harrisburg, Pa., for farm information in his state. Of course, you will understand that you should not buy land until you have looked it over. You might get a good thing sight unseen, but the chances are you would not.

Mrs. M. K., Tyronza, Ark.—Every state has its own orphan asylums, some more than others, according to wealth and population. Children are admitted under certain regulations, which you must learn for yourself, but it makes no difference where your children were born, so long as they live with you now in Arkansas. Talk to the sheriff, or some official of your county, or to some clergyman, or lawyer who knows about you. They will tell you what to do and help you to do it. There are denominational orphan asylums and the state institutions are for all denominations and all needy children. You are wise to put your children where they can be cared for as you cannot care for them, and be educated as you cannot educate them. By and by maybe you can reclaim them. But don't, unless you can do better by them than the asylum does.

Mrs. I. A., Mariaville, Maine.—The day of making home-made articles of any sort, except of the artistic class, for the general market has passed. Manufacturing by machinery has cheapened all articles so much that the hand made cannot compete. What many women can do, though, and some do, is to turn a pretty penny by making home-made jams, jellies, preserves, apple and peach butter and other sweets, as no machine can turn out, and supplying local customers. The making of essences, as you suggest you wish to do, can only be successfully done by an expert with money. The other can be done by any woman who knows how to produce and market her wares. Very little money is needed; only industry and skill.

L. P., Wootsey, Ga.—There is no society of The Knights of the Black Ring of general character in the United States, though some town or other may have such, as there are innumerable small organizations all over the country. There is a Wrightstown in New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Wisconsin, but none along the Atlantic coast, and none big enough to be on the map. There is no such place as New Egg in New York, or elsewhere in the U. S.

Gus, Crary, N. Dak.—Enlisted men are sent to various army posts in the country for training. One branch of the service is better than another according to the taste of the recruit. If you are a musician who can pass the navy examination, enlist as a musician.

A. E. O., Galesburg, Ill.—There are schools where linotype operating is taught in the large cities. If you are a printer you can get next to the machine by actual practice much better than by school training.

J. K., Ocaloosa, Kans.—In no state is insanity, which manifests itself after marriage and from subsequent causes, a cause for divorce, but in Georgia, Mississippi, Utah, Idaho and Washington mental incapacity to contract marriage is ground for divorce. In Arizona, California, Connecticut, Delaware, District of Columbia, Georgia, Illinois, Maine, Michigan, Minnesota, Nebraska, New Jersey, Rhode Island, South Carolina, Vermont, Virginia, Wisconsin and Wyoming, the laws concerning the marriage of insane persons, or persons in whom insanity is hereditary, are such that marriages are often voidable. If both parties to the contract are aware of the insanity, not yet developed, it would be difficult, if not impossible, to void the marriage. It is criminal for persons of known insanity to marry. A divorce might be obtained on the ground of fraud if a person in whom there was insanity did not so inform the other party to the marriage.

Green Snow, Portland, Oregon.—There is no little green snow, or red or any color, that it has no particular habitat. When colored snow does occur it is due to some local cause, usually the presence of animalcules of microscopic smallness.

CANCER and **TUMORS** (external) treated by medical methods. No knife used. 30 years' experience. Descriptive book free. Address Weber Sanatorium, 17 W. 8th St., Cincinnati, O.

WE INVITE Every Thin Man and Woman Here. Every Reader of COMFORT Who Is Run Down, Nervous or Underweight, to Get Fat at Our Expense



Don't be "The Skeleton at the Feast." Sargol makes Puny, Peevish People Plump and Popular.

This is an invitation that no thin man or woman can afford to ignore. We'll tell you why. We are going to give you a wonderful discovery that helps digest the food you eat—that puts good, solid flesh on people who are thin and underweight, no matter what the cause may be—that makes brain in five hours and blood in four—that puts the red corpuscles in the blood which every thin man or woman so sadly needs.

How can we do this? We will tell you. Science has discovered a remarkable concentrated treatment which increases cell growth, the very substance of which our bodies are made—a treatment that makes indigestion and other stomach troubles disappear as if by magic and makes an old dyspeptic or a sufferer from weak nerves or lack of vitality feel like a 2-year old.

This new treatment which has proved a boon to every thin person, is called Sargol. Don't forget the name—**S-A-R-G-O-L.** Nothing like it has ever been produced before. It is a revelation to women who have never been able to appear stylish in anything they wore because of their thinness. It is a godsend to every man who is underweight or is lacking in nerve force or energy.

If you want a beautiful and well-rounded figure of symmetrical proportions, of which you can feel justly proud, if you want a body full of throbbing life and energy, write The Sargol Company, 12-V, Herald Building, Binghamton, N. Y., to-day, and we will send you, absolutely free, a 50c. box of Sargol that will prove all we claim.

Take one with every meal, and in five minutes after you take the first concentrated tablet of this precious product it will commence to unfold its virtues, and it has by actual demonstration often increased the weight at the rate of one pound a day. But you say you want proof. Well, here you are. Here is the statement of those who have tried—who have been convinced—and who will swear to the virtues of this marvelous preparation:

REV. GEORGE W. DAVIS says:

"I have made a faithful trial of the Sargol treatment and must say it has brought to me new life and vigor. I have gained twenty pounds and now weigh 170 pounds, and what is better, I have gained the days of my boyhood. It has been the turning point of my life. My health is now fine. I don't have to take any medicine at all and never want to again."

MRS. A. I. RODENHEISER writes:

"I have gained immensely since I took Sargol, for I only weighed about 100 pounds when I began using it and now I weigh 130 pounds, so really this makes 24 pounds. I feel stronger and am looking better than ever before, and now I carry rosy cheeks, which is something I could never say before.

"My old friends who have been used to seeing me with a thin, long face, say that I am looking better than they have ever seen me before, and father and mother are so well pleased to think I have got to look so well and weigh so heavy for me."

F. GAGNON writes:

"Here is my report since taking the Sargol treatment. I am a man 67 years of age and was all run down to the very bottom. I had to quit work as I was so weak. Now, thanks to Sargol, I look like a new man. I gained 15 pounds with 25 days' treatment. I cannot tell you how happy I feel. All my clothes are getting too tight. My face has a good color and I never was so happy in my life."

MRS. VERNIE ROUSE says:

"Sargol is certainly the grandest treatment I ever used. It has helped me greatly. I could hardly eat anything and was not able to sit up three days out of a week, with stomach trouble. I took only two boxes of Sargol and can eat anything and it don't hurt me and I have no more headache. My weight was 120 pounds and now I weigh 140 and feel better than I have for five years. I am now as fleshly as I want to be, and shall certainly recommend Sargol, for it does just exactly what you say it will do."

You may know some of these people or know somebody who knows them. We will send you their full address if you wish, so that you can find out all about Sargol and the wonders it has wrought.

Probably you are now thinking whether all this can be true. Stop it! Write us at once and we will send you absolutely free a 50c. package of the most wonderful tablets you have ever seen. No matter what the cause of your thinness is from, Sargol makes thin folks fat, but we don't ask you to take our word for it. Simply cut the coupon below and enclose 15c. in stamps to help cover the distribution expenses, and Uncle Sam's mail will bring you the most valuable package you ever received.

COME EAT WITH US AT OUR EXPENSE.

This coupon entitles any thin person to one 50c. package of Sargol, the concentrated Flesh Builder (provided you have never tried it), and that 10c. is enclosed to cover postage, packing, etc. Read our advertisement printed above, and then put 10c. in stamps in letter to-day, with this coupon, and the full 50c. package will be sent to you by return of post. Address: The Sargol Company, 12-V, Herald Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y. Write your name and address plainly, and

PIN THIS COUPON TO YOUR LETTER.

TOBACCO HABIT CONQUERED IN 3 DAYS

I offer a genuine guaranteed remedy for tobacco or snuff habit in 72 hours. It is mild, pleasant, strengthening. Overcomes that peculiar nervousness and craving for cigarettes, cigars, pipe, chewing tobacco or snuff. Tobacco is poisonous and seriously injures the health in several ways, causing such disorders as nervous dyspepsia, irregular heart, belching, giddiness, gout, or other uncomfortable sensations in stomach, constipation, headache, weak eyes, loss of vigor, red spots on skin, throat irritation, catarrh, asthma, bronchitis, heart failure, lung trouble, melancholy, neurasthenia, impotency, loss of memory and will power, impure (poisoned) blood, rheumatism, lumber, sciatica, neuritis, heartburn, torpid liver, loss of appetite.

My FREE book tells all about the wonderful 3 days Method. Inexpensive, reliable. Also Secret Method for conquering habit in another without his knowledge. Full particulars including my Book on Tobacco and Snuff Habit mailed in plain wrapper, free. Address EDWARD J. WOODS, 534 Sixth Avenue, X 359 New York, N. Y.

FREE TO YOU 25 Superior Greeting-Cards



This selected set of beautifully designed, rich and naturally colored flower-cards contains twenty-five high-grade cards that are suitable for every occasion, be it Birthday, Anniversary, Wedding, Easter, or any seasonal day. As simple message-cards they cannot be surpassed. Each card is entirely embossed.

To introduce The American Woman to new readers we will send it three months on trial for only 10 cents. THE AMERICAN WOMAN is a monthly paper filled with the best and most delightful stories we can buy. There are thrilling serials by the best authors; there are exciting short stories, some written expressly for us by the popular writers. There are pages of fancy work, receipts, household hints, etc., for the housewife. There are selections from the latest fashions, with all patterns at small cost, for the home dressmaker. All the illustrations and descriptions are the very best and clearest. In short, THE AMERICAN WOMAN is a paper that, once taken, you will never be without. That's why we can make this introductory offer. We know that later you will want to subscribe for a full year.

Send Us 10 Cents and we will send THE AMERICAN WOMAN for three months, on trial, and will also send you, free and postpaid, the 25 Postcards described above.

THE AMERICAN WOMAN, Dept. C, Augusta, Maine.

The Fairy Music Lesson

By Mabel Martin Dill

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MARGARET was at the piano, practicing. At least she was *trying* to practice, but it seemed to be one of the days when she just couldn't. Perhaps the kind of a day had something to do with it. It was a May afternoon, and so warm that all the windows were open and a jolly little breeze blew the curtains like long lacy banners. The hyacinths and narcissus in the beds under the parlor windows sent up great waves of perfume, and every now and then a wren would warble a cheerful little song, or a robin would say a word or two. But everything else was still, except when Margaret's fat little fingers got to work.

It was horrid, she thought, to have to practice, when what she wanted to do was to go out and sit on the lowest front step, and watch the big white fluff floating in the sky, and listen to the cunning little birds, and count the violets, and do all the other lovely springy things. Her new piece was so hard, too—very pretty, but so

hard! It was named, "The Fairy-bells Schottische," and it was full of hard little places like grace-notes and triplets, and there were two or three long runs. Margaret felt "just certain sure" she could never get those runs! When her teacher played the piece it sounded beautiful—just like fairy bells, Margie thought, but when she played it, it sounded like dogs barking—or anything in the world but fairy-bells.

She heaved a little sigh, and said to herself, "Oh, dear, I suppose I've got to do it again. One!—Two!—Three!—Four!—One!—Two!—Three!—Four!—One—oh, dear me, I can't do that run!" and she put her curly head down on the piano and was just about to cry when suddenly she sat up as quick as lightning!—for she had heard something so very odd! It was the tune of the piece she had been trying to play, but it sounded so queer, and so lovely—lovely; very high and soft and sweet, all the notes as round as O's, and as rippling as the song of the wren, only much softer. Where did it come from? Who was doing it? She ran to the window and it grew softer, then to the door and she couldn't hear it at all, then she looked in all the corners and under the sofa, but she couldn't find it. At last she came back to the piano, where you could hear the dear, dainty music best of all. It stopped just then,—suddenly,—and a tiny, mis-

chievous laugh broke out and a sweet tiny voice said:

"I see you, but you don't see me!"

Then a great many more little voices bubbled into laughter.

"Oh, where are you? What is it?" she whispered, a little scared perhaps. Then she almost fell off the piano-stool, she was so surprised, for looking up, she saw that all over the top of the piano were *fairies*. She knew they *were* fairies, because they looked just like one she had seen in a book,—only these were ever so much prettier. They were all dressed in little short-waisted dresses like her mother's evening gowns, only they were lots spangler and gauze and silkier. Most of the little dresses were pale blue, rose pink, apple green or violet, but one fairy had on a dress of silvery stuff, which looked as soft as cobwebs, and one was dressed in a golden-flowered chiffon, and this fairy had on a little diamond crown. Their wings spread out like big snowy butterflies and gleamed with something that looked like the spangly stuff you hang on Christmas trees. They all had long, shining, golden hair, which waved into a thousand lovely ripples and their hands and feet were smaller and lovelier than the petals of an apple-blossom. Every fairy carried a long string of tiny silver or gold bells, all strung on a chain as fine as a hair.

Some of them carried these in their hands, and others were using them for jumping-ropes, and some dragged them along after them.

A great many of the fairies were sitting on the edge of the piano with their feet hanging over, and some more were swinging on the fringe of the piano-cover, and sitting in the big holes of the fringe. One of them had tied her dress around her ankles with her string of bells like a hobble skirt and was trying to walk across the black keys.

The fairy in the golden dress and diamond crown began to laugh again when she saw the look on Margie's face, and she drew down and sat on the top of Margie's music, and sang:

"Great big Earth-girl,
How do you do?
With your hair so yellow,
And your eyes so blue?"

"Where'd you come from?" asked Margie, still whispering, because the fairies were so tiny she was afraid if she talked loud she'd blow them away.

"Why, we're some of the music fairies!" said the queen-fairy, taking off her crown to rest her head. "Didn't you know that there were fairies for every piece that was ever written? Well, we're

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 27.)

STOMACH SUFFERERS

Avoid Dangerous Operations. Let Me Send You a

Free \$1~~00~~ Bottle

Don't allow your Stomach Trouble to become so bad that an operation is necessary.
Don't permit an operation until you have at least tried this FREE BOTTLE.



READ THESE LETTERS

WHAT A PROMINENT PHYSICIAN HAS TO SAY OF MY WONDERFUL STOMACH REMEDY

Sept. 12th, 1911.

Mr. Geo. H. Mayr, Chicago, Ill.
Dear Sir:—My wife received your letter and treatment a few days ago. She took the medicines as per directions Saturday with wonderful results, as she passed a large quantity of gall stones of various sizes. I will send you a money order herewith for balance of treatment. Have recommended you to several that I know need your treatment. I have practiced medicine 20 years and have used Olive Oil treatments for a long time for my wife, and I can assure you that your combination greatly surprised me. You shall hear from me again soon.

Yours truly,
ERNEST VINCENT, M. D.

WHAT A TRAINED NURSE HAS TO SAY

Aug. 24th, 1911.

Mr. Geo. H. Mayr, Chicago, Ill.
Dear Sir:—To begin with I am a trained nurse and I had two patients that the doctors seemed unable to reach with their medicines and were trying to persuade the patient to submit to the knife. A friend who has tried your wonderful medicine proposed that I recommend it to my patient, so I did. They agreed to try the medicine if I would try the sample on myself. To please my patients was why I sent for the sample. I know that your medicine is wonderful because it has cured Mrs. Clark Fitzsimmons of Orofino, Idaho, and Mrs. Charley Frear of the same place. I am very glad that I was able to recommend your medicine to them.

LINNETTE HAYEL, Trained Nurse,
Box 284, Orofino, Idaho.

CURED AFTER FIVE YEARS' SICKNESS

Mr. George M. Mayr, Chicago, Ill.
I am pleased to inform you that I ordered a full treatment the latter part of March. It cured me after a five years' spell of sickness. I ordered a free bottle for a neighbor. Now I must tell you it is through me you are getting so many orders from Willard and Yelton Post Offices. I sojourned through Eastern Colorado and sang your praises and left your address wherever I went. I have not written you at an earlier date as I have just waited to see if I stayed cured before I let you know. Your remedy is surely a wonder. The doctors told me I had appendicitis and would soon die if I were not operated on. I was lying in bed about all the time with misery most of the time for five years. I took treatment during March; have been busy ever since. It is the only medicine that hit the sore spot.—L. C. MOREHEAD, Willard, Oklahoma.

Doctor Said Cancer of the Stomach

July 22, 1911.

Mr. Geo. H. Mayr, Chicago, Ill.
Dear Sir:—I write you this morning that I took my last drop of medicine yesterday morning and am now free from gall stones. It has made a new man of me. Sleep well, eat what I want and feel fine. No soreness left but I have some large boils. I think it drove them out. The doctors said I had cancer of the stomach, and nothing would do but to be operated on, but they were mistaken. I have spent lots of money before and only got temporary relief, but I assure you I feel all right now. Yours truly,
W.M. CAMPBELL, Denver, Missouri.

More Benefit Than From a \$100 Treatment

May 31, 1910.

Mr. Geo. H. Mayr, Chicago, Ill.
I rec'd the treatment you sent and can truthfully say I got more benefit from it than from a hundred dollar treatment I took last winter. Very respectfully,
Miss F. A. HARNESS,
1020 Pacific Ave., Bremerton, Wash.

Fill out this FREE coupon now and mail to me. The full \$1.00 bottle will be sent you without delay. Send no money—your name and address on the coupon is all—MAIL IT TODAY—WRITE PLAINLY

GEO. H. MAYR, MFG. CHEMIST, 545 Mayr Bldg., 156 Whiting St., Chicago, Ill.

Send me absolutely FREE \$1.00 treatment of Mayr's Wonderful Stomach Remedy.

Name.....

Address.....

County..... State.....

Express Office.....

532

Of My Wonderful STOMACH REMEDY

I want everyone suffering from STOMACH, LIVER or INTESTINAL TROUBLES and GALL STONES to send at once for a FREE BOTTLE

IT IS A MARVELOUS REMEDY FOR

Stomach, Liver and Intestinal Trouble, Gastritis, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Pressure of Gas around the Heart, Sour Stomach, Distress after eating, Nervousness, Dizziness, Fainting Spells, Constipation, Congested and Torpid Liver, Yellow Jaundice, Sick Headache, Appendicitis and Gall Stones.

The above ailments are mainly caused by the clogging of the intestinal tract with **mucoid** and **catarhal accretions**, backing up poisonous fluid into the stomach, and otherwise deranging the digestive system. I want every sufferer of any of these diseases to test this wonderful treatment. You are not asked to take this treatment for a week or two before you feel its great benefits—only one dose is usually required. I say emphatically it is a positive, permanent remedy and I will prove it to you if you will allow me to, and I again repeat I will send the complete \$1.00 treatment so you can try it in your own home at my expense.

The most eminent specialists declare that a big per cent of the people who suffer from Stomach Trouble are suffering from **Gall Stones**. I firmly believe that this remedy is the only one in the world that will cure this disease. Sufferers of Stomach and Liver troubles and **Gall Stones** should not hesitate a moment, but send for this Free treatment at once.

I have watched sick people for years and have reached out my hands to thousands in the great depth of the Valley of Despair and brought them into the light of life and happiness. I want you, and each one suffering to know the full joys of living with every part of your system in beautiful accord and in absolute perfect harmony. This is possible if you will take this wonderful remedy. A FREE BOTTLE will positively prove it.

Don't Lose Hope

Why suffer with stomach trouble? Why give up hope—and despair of ever being cured? If other treatments have failed and you feel disheartened, don't allow it to discourage you from sending for this **FREE** bottle. Don't say to yourself that it will not help you, before you have tried it, as it costs you nothing to take this wonderful remedy and judge for yourself its marvelous powers. You will, like the thousands of others who have been cured, bless the hour and offer fervent thanks for this wonderful remedy that has brought back your health.

Why suffer with those horrid gripping pains that cut like a knife? They rob you of all the sweets of happiness. Each morning means another day of torture and agony, each meal is looked forward to with pain. No matter what you eat, you suffer. Life is one continual round of "Don't eat this and don't eat that." You can't sit down to a table, spread with necessities of life, and know that you are going to enjoy them; that they are going to be turned into rich, red blood and strength which will give you vitality, health and happiness.

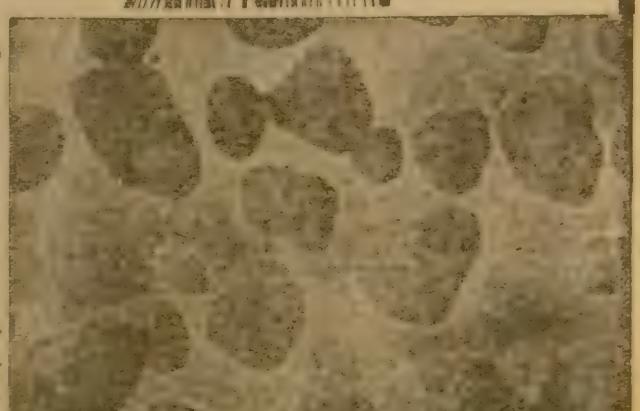
Almost every one takes it declares that they have not felt so well in years since they have taken the first bottle, and this benefit is an **entirely natural** one, as the remedy contains no opiate, stimulant or any poisonous or injurious ingredients whatever. They are able to eat anything they want—even forget they have such a thing as a stomach. No more of the gnawing, aching dull sensations, no more paroxysms of pain, belching of gases, and other symptoms of indigestion that stomach trouble produces.

A Few Names of People who have taken My Wonderful Stomach Remedy—and who state they have been CURED of various Stomach, Liver and Intestinal Ailments and Gall Stones.

Phil Strain, Bloomington, Ill.
Alma Loving, Russellville, Miss.
Mrs. Thomas Mulvihill, Detroit, Mich.
Matthe Kirkham, Fountain Head, Tenn.
H. G. Riddell, Burlington, Ky., Ed. No. 9.
Mrs. E. P. Cady, Auburn, N. Y.
H. D. Chappell, Agt. Amer. Exp. Co.,
Scotland, Archer Co., Tex.
W. H. Kingsley, Beaufort, Miss.
J. W. Blackburn, Foyatt, Tenn.
Henry Oaks, New River, Tenn.
Henry Thomas, Mahnud, Miss.
Mr. M. A. McCann, Norwalk, Ohio.
Ralph Johnson, McComb, Miss.
Mrs. Callie Wells, 1123 Harrison St.,
Guthrie, Okla.
S. R. Allen, Buckeye, W. Va.
Chas. L. Morse, 8 Pearl St., Middle-
boro, Mass.
W. F. Cole, Medina, Tenn.
Fred Zwicker, Grand Rapids, Wis.
Estelle McAllister, Ludlow, S. D.
B. A. Dooley, 92 Union St., Clinton, Mass.
Mrs. E. C. Daugherty, Conway, Pa., Beaver
Co.
Sarah E. Johnson, 1107 Bell St., Mt. Vernon, Ill.
Mrs. D. Burghduff, 75 Walnut St., Auburn, N. Y.
John Driver, Dunkirk, Ind.
W. D. Barr, 801 Walnut St., Irwin, Pa.
Mr. W. E. Cobb, Wichita Falls, Kans.

Don't suffer all this pain; don't dose yourself with every medicine and try every treatment, when Mayr's Wonderful Stomach Remedy, which has cured and made thousands and thousands of sufferers happy is offered to you. Mayr's Wonderful Stomach Remedy is absolutely pure and harmless. It is guaranteed under the Pure Food and Drug Act—Serial No. 25792. This medicine has been successfully taken by children of nine years of age, and by old people of eighty-eight years, and will not harm you in any way.

Below we show an exact Photo-
graph—actual size of Poisonous
Catarhal Mucoid and Bile Ac-
cretions removed by my remedy.
They are the causes of about 99
per cent of all Stomach, Liver
and Intestinal Ailments.



You are not asked to take this treatment for a week or two before you feel its great benefits. One dose is all that is necessary to prove its wonderful powers to CURE.



Send for \$10 And Free Suit

Write—right now—for our wonderful offer. It has started the world! Get a nobby suit and a pocketful of money free! Taking orders for our grand tailoring from your friends is as easy as rolling off a log. You can make \$10 a day—many make more.

The Easy Way to Riches

Don't sweat and grind your life away for a bare living—get this free suit and easy money. Our suits sell like hotcakes for \$3 to \$10 less than other houses. Better tailoring, better proposition, better guarantee. A letter or postal brings everything—samples, fashion plates, tape measure, instructions, etc. This is a gold mine for you. And, remember, it's all free.

Dress Like a Prince for Nothing!

One of our small suits on your back will sell scores of others. Backed by our experience and money, you are bound to succeed. Our made-to-order suits and pants sell like wildfire. You don't have to be a salesman. You don't need to be a judge of cloth. Just act now!

ACT NOW! If you want to succeed, wear fine clothes and hear the jingle of the coins in your pocket. Write for our big free offer. Your ONE big chance! Start your letter off NOW—this very minute. We Prepay Express Charges. Every garment a union-made garment and bears the union label.

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PILES, CONSTIPATION, OTHER RECTAL TROUBLES and NERVOUS DISORDERS POSITIVELY CURED.

Thousands of people are suffering from the above diseases and thousands have been cured by The Nature Company's AUTOMATIC MEDICATING DILATORS & OINTMENTS. We guarantee a cure at nominal cost.

SAFE PERMANENT CONVENIENT INDISPENSABLE

Write Dr. H. H. Noble, 318 Superior Ave., N.E., Cleveland, Ohio, FOR FREE BOOKLET.

Five Dollars per hundred for collecting names and addresses. All or spare time, stamp for particulars. Guaranteed Sales Co., Darby, Penna.

OLD COINS WANTED \$7.75 paid for rare 1863 quarter; \$30 for half dollar. Keep money dated before 1890, and send 10 cents for new coin value book. **A. H. Kraus, 280 KRAUS BLDG., MILWAUKEE, WIS.**

The Smallest Bible on earth; size postage stamp; New Testament, Illustrated; 20 pages; sample 10 cents; biggest wonder of century; agents coining money. **C. W. CHESSEUR COMPANY, Chelsea, Ala. DEPT. B.**

TOBACCO FACTORY WANTS SALESMEN. Good, steady work and promotion. Experience unnecessary as we give complete instructions. **PIEDMONT TOBACCO CO., Box 720, Danville, Va.**

98 Cards for 10c Different sorts, gold Birthday, Greeting Embossed, etc. Sent postpaid for 10c. stamps or coin. **HOPKINS' NOV. CO., Box 8, Belleville, Ill.**

TOBACCO HABIT CURED

Prescription sent absolutely free by **MRS. J. KAY, ROOM W., Haymarket Bldg., CHICAGO, ILL.**

Ladies to Sew at home for a large Phila firm; good money, steady work; No canvassing; send stamped envelope for prices paid. **UNIVERSAL CO., Dept. 29, Walnut St., Phila., Pa.**

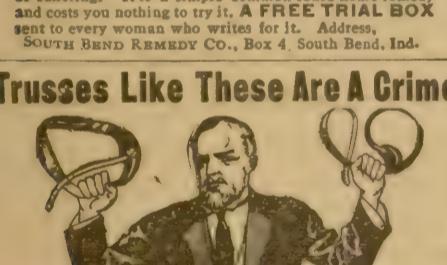
OLD SORES CURED

Allen's Ulcerine Salve cures Chronic Ulcers, Bone Ulcers, Serofluous Ulcers, Varicose Ulcers, Indolent Ulcers, Mercurial Ulcers, White Swelling, Milk Leg, Fever Sores, all old sores. By mail 50c. Booklet free. **J. P. ALLEN, Dept. 25 St. Paul, Minn.**

FREE FOR WOMEN

I suffered for years with painful periods, leucorrhoea, womb, ovarian troubles, and other female complaints and finally found a safe, simple home treatment that cured me in my own home without medical aid. This is the story told in letters received every day from grateful women who have used **MAGNOLIA BLOSSOM**. Let us send you some of these testimonials; stories of wonderful cures and remarkable recoveries after years of suffering. It is a simple common sense home remedy and costs you nothing to try it. Address, **SOUTH BEND REMEDY CO., Box 4, South Bend, Ind.**

Trusses Like These Are A Crime



Our FREE BOOK tells you why Leg-strap "appliances" and Spring trusses like shown above CAN-NOT help you and how the famous Cluthie Self-Massaging Pad CURES Rupture. Sent on 60 days' Trial to prove its wonderful holding and curing powers. Remember, we will allow you 60 days to test its durability, waterproof qualities, and your absolute relief from leg-straps and springs or no charge. 5000 Public Endorsements of this simple Home Cure sent with the FREE Book which explains all. Just address:

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Engraved Gold Bracelet.
Three Year Guarantee.



14 Kt. Gold Finish
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THIS ROUND BRACELET with artistic engraving and unique SPRING FASTENING is the most attractive pattern we have seen this season. Not too large but large enough and as it is perfectly round, it fits well and becomes all ages and wears like Solid Gold. There is a demand for bracelets of enormous size, but this style is medium large and nearly three inches in diameter, we consider it a beautiful pattern. Your initial or initials may be engraved on the shield, or not, as you choose. This bracelet is a Summer of 1912 style so you will want one while they are fashionable and as we guarantee fit and wear, you need not hesitate to order.

Special Offers: Send us only one new 16-months subscription to COMFORT at 25 cents for one of these beautiful Bracelets free. It positively must be a new subscription. Send 10 cents extra, 35 cents 'n all, if for your own sub. or a renewal.

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The Family Doctor

So many inquiries are received from COMFORT subscribers concerning the health of the family that this column will be devoted to answering them. The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be addressed to physicians, not to us. Address The Family Doctor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

NOTICE.—As the privileges of this and all other departments of COMFORT are for subscribers only, no attention will be given any inquiry which does not bear the writer's correct name and address. Initials only, or a fictitious name, if requested, will appear in the published answer, but the inquiry must invariably be signed by the writer's true name.

E. G. Phillips, Wls.—We believe it is the general opinion among medical men that tobacco when used moderately, sensibly, that is, is not harmful. Tobacco chewing to excess is very likely to produce indigestion as it exhausts the saliva necessary to mix with the food. It will also affect the nerves, and these in turn will react upon the digestive organs. Smoking is even worse in its effects than chewing, though principally on the nerves, and through them upon the entire system. This is true only in the majority of cases when the use is excessive. Moderate use is not hurtful to most persons, but what moderation is depends upon the person, as some men will smoke half-a-dozen cigars and feel less ill effects than one will produce upon others. While tobacco is undoubtedly a great comfort and pleasure to many people, the very fact that it is an acquired habit and a stimulant that nature does not demand in the beginning is sufficient evidence that mankind would be in better condition without its use.

Prince, Tresno, Texas.—Blackheads can be kept away permanently, by careful massaging of the skin to promote circulation, by washing thoroughly in hot water and pure soap, and by some care not to eat too much rich food and have indigestion as a result. (2) To get fair we would say that we have recently met a man of fifty years or more who built himself up from one hundred and sixty pounds to two hundred and forty by taking every night at bedtime two teaspoonsful of the best condensed milk in a teaspoonful of hot water with a little salt put in it and eating a cracker or a bit of dry bread. It is a very simple method of fattening and we hope you will try it and report to us every three months until you weigh one hundred and eighty pounds, the weight you want. We would like to hear also from any other thin COMFORT reader, man or woman, who tries it faithfully.

A. B. Philadelphia, Pa.—Neuralgia is a disease of the nerves, as far as can be learned, and its cure is thus far still unknown by doctors. Temporary relief, except in very severe cases, may be had by local external applications, and about the best remedy known is chloroform liniment. Saturate a cloth with it and hold tight over the affected part till you feel the blister coming, then remove for a minute or two, or move it to a fresh spot. It is due in some to climate, and damp air is always bad for it. If you could go to the hot, dry air of Arizona you would probably be as free from it as anywhere in the world.

J. L. Mina, Nebr.—Generally speaking the hardening of the arteries, when there is no predisposition, is due to intemperate eating and drinking, and it is characterized by calcareous deposits which interfere with the circulation of the blood, sometimes stopping it which causes death. It ordinarily comes only in later years and may not be the cause of death. The progress of the disease is slow, but its ending is often abrupt.

J. E. D. Hurst, Ill.—Chronic bronchitis almost always follows continued acute bronchitis, though it is less severe, and possibly less dangerous than that, as it seldom kills. It manifests itself first in winter and in time is practically constant, with a cough which is often very severe, though often more annoying than severe. In old persons it is incurable and can only be alleviated by alcoholic stimulants, plenty of good food, dry air, mild climate and warm clothing. A great relief is painting the chest with iodine. Consult a physician.

Mrs. B. S. Lounsherry, N. Y.—It is a wonder that the doctor who told you you did not have heart disease did not know enough besides to tell you that you had indigestion and put you on a diet. Stop taking medicine except a dose of glander salts, once or twice a week, and live on rice and eggs and hot milk and chicken or lamb and whole-wheat bread, or dry toast, and drink no coffee or tea. Chew every mouthful to a pulp before swallowing. Take a pinch of soda in a half glass of water when you get up, and half an hour after eating if you feel a fullness or sourness in the stomach. Ask your doctor what he thinks of this treatment.

W. H. Louisberg, N. C.—If you are of nervous disposition and have any doubt about your eyes, you hadn't better study to become a chauffeur. Good eyes and strong nerves are an absolute necessity. Your best plan is to try it a while at some garage and see what you can do at it.

B. V. R. Maplewood, Ohio.—The pains in your back are rheumatic or neuralgic, and are due to congestion. If you will take exercise which will reach your back and start the circulation going you will find relief. If the pains get very bad, apply chloroform liniment on a flannel cloth, holding it over the part till you feel that a blister is about to come, then remove it for a minute or two and transfer it to another spot. This liniment is hot and will blister if you are not careful. The pains in your eyes and head are probably due to defective sight and you should have your eyes examined for glasses, whether you are young or old.

L. E. C. Loveland, Iowa.—As near as we can judge we should say it is not eczema, but a nervous affection resulting from too much strain, hard work, perhaps. Zinc ointment is a common remedy for the skin trouble, but the patient should be examined by a competent physician and treated properly. No one for two has a right to suffer through ignorance, carelessness, or wish to save money. Health is worth more than any other thing.

J. M. Briggs, Mont.—Any person suffering from nervous debility and general breakdown should go to a hospital, or institution where such troubles are properly treated. It may be more expensive than home doctoring, but it makes the patient well and strong, or lets him know what he is to expect. Any of your local doctors can recommend the nearest best place for you.

J. B. I. Aqueduct, N. Y.—We certainly should recommend that a man broken down from excessive office work, typewriting or other, should quit it and go to the good, fresh air of a farm, and especially so as he has a helpful wife who is anxious to live on a farm. But we should not recommend your present location, as we understand it is low ground. Better take to the hills of New Jersey, or better still, go out to Arizona, where the air is dry and warm, or to Colorado, where it is dry and cold, and a small fruit and chicken farm will put you right in no time.

E. O. Wendell, Ida.—If you will read advertisements in COMFORT, you will find an answer to your question and a remedy as good as any doctor can give you.

G. M. H. Rhea, Ark.—To you and all others who suffer with their eyes, we say have them examined by a physician who is competent. Many headaches and nervous troubles are due to defective eyes, which can very easily be remedied by proper treatment. In very many cases glasses will correct the trouble and be a permanent cure. Don't try to fix them yourselves, but let a doctor see them and tell you what to do. Your eyes are too valuable to neglect.

R. B. S. Svea, Minn.—For your sweaty and aching hot feet bathe them twice a day in warm water and use a powder composed of half ounce of oxide of zinc, thirty grains salicylic acid and one ounce talcum as a dusting powder.

Mrs. J. H. Hillside, N. Y.—A woman weighing 195 pounds unless she is six feet tall, is too heavy for comfort and we think if you would reduce to 140 your varicose veins, discolored ankles and tightness of chest, shortness of breath and irregular heart action would very largely disappear. Stop taking medicine and begin a course of judicious starvation. You will find it difficult at first, but go at it slowly and cut down the fat supply until you feed on your own surplus fat and you will find a great improvement in your condition. And when you have reduced yourself, don't start in to eating again as you now do, but eat just enough

to maintain your weight at about 140 pounds. All fat women are not alike, but most of them are.

I. B. W., Richmond, Va.—There has not yet been discovered a "good simple" remedy for corns and bunions. A prevention in most cases is proper care of the feet, including proper foot wear, early in life. Corns once started can only be kept in shape by padding and such plasters as you can buy at any drug-store. Of course, it is understood that when one is old enough to know better than to wear tight shoes, they should not be worn. Bunions are worse than corns and about the only relief is in wearing easy shoes. A plaster sometimes removes the pressure and with care, an average bunion can be kept almost comfortable. A bad one, though, is a sorry companion in one's journey through life.

The Fairy Music Lesson

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26)

the ones for the "Fairy-bell Schottische" and with that she jumped up and rang all her little bells, and the rest of the fairies gathered around her, and they began to dance. To and fro, and round and round they went, stepping ever so lightly, their dresses swishing around in a foam of blue and pink and gold and silver, their wings shining, their hair flying, and all the time the little bells ringing out the tune of Margie's piece.

"Oh, how beautiful—how beautiful!" cried Margie. "Oh, if I only could."

The fairies stopped dancing and began to fan themselves with their wings. "Well, now you know how it ought to sound," said the queen-fairy, and she flew right down, feet first, into a beautiful vase of rainbow glass. "You can soon do it that way, if you'll practice hard every single day," and she spoke so earnestly, and nodded her head so hard, that the vase, being a very tight fit anyway, fell over and crashed into a thousand pieces. Then all the fairies gave a soft, frightened cry, and with an excited fluttering of their wings, disappeared immediately, just as Margaret's mother came into the room. "Oh, daughter, look," she cried, "just, look, dear, the wind has blown my lovely vase over, and broken it all to pieces!"

Margie knew better than this, and she told her mother the fairies had done it, but her mother just laughed and pulled her ear, and said:

"Oh, Margie, you little fat girl, you went to sleep over your practicing!"

But when Margie took her next music lesson, she played her piece so beautifully that her teacher said:

"Why, honey, that's fine—you made it sound just like fairies sure enough!"

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23)

pose your poor cow was getting on in years and was no longer attractive to the male members of her species. Probably her loss of youth, bloom and beauty was preying on her mind, one can never tell. Possibly she was worrying because all her daughters had got married and deserted her, or a couple of her sons had been sent to Chicago and converted into beef. Maybe too, her husband might have deserted her or divorced her and gone off with a more attractive member of her sex. Maybe she got tired of having the milk taken from her without getting a rake off on the profits. Maybe she objected to railroad trains in general and tried to hold up the traffic by putting one off the track, and got the worst of the deal. Possibly she had seen so many of her children converted into veal, and that had broken her great big mother heart and decided her to get off the earth. Of course it's all a great mystery, and we shall never know just what forced her to take this awful step, unless, as I mentioned before, she left a letter behind stating her reasons for committing Susan syrup, I mean suicide. Any way, poor dear old soul, she has gone to the land where all good cows go, a land where I trust grass is plentiful and beef trusts do not exist. I am sorry to hear that all your homestead land is taken up. Considering that land is the only thing on which we can live it's a crime to think the people should take it. I hope the people who took up that land will have decency enough to put it back where it belongs. I hope they have fenced round the place where the land was taken out so that you won't fall in the holes, Caryl. What's the use of people agitating for the conservation of our natural resources if we allow thousands of people to take up the land in this disgraceful and piratical manner. My lands I wonder what they will do next?

J. L. Mina, Nebr.—Generally speaking the hardening of the arteries, when there is no predisposition, is due to intemperate eating and drinking, and it is characterized by calcareous deposits which interfere with the circulation of the blood, sometimes stopping it which causes death. It ordinarily comes only in later years and may not be the cause of death. The progress of the disease is slow, but its ending is often abrupt.

J. E. D. Hurst, Ill.—Chronic bronchitis almost always follows continued acute bronchitis, though it is less severe, and possibly less dangerous than that, as it seldom kills. It manifests itself first in winter and in time is practically constant, with a cough which is often very severe, though often more annoying than severe. In old persons it is incurable and can only be alleviated by alcoholic stimulants, plenty of good food, dry air, mild climate and warm clothing. A great relief is painting the chest with iodine. Consult a physician.

Mrs. B. S. Lounsherry, N. Y.—It is a wonder that the doctor who told you you did not have heart disease did not know enough besides to tell you that you had indigestion and put you on a diet. Stop taking medicine except a dose of glander salts, once or twice a week, and live on rice and eggs and hot milk and chicken or lamb and whole-wheat bread, or dry toast, and drink no coffee or tea. Chew every mouthful to a pulp before swallowing. Take a pinch of soda in a half glass of water when you get up, and half an hour after eating if you feel a fullness or sourness in the stomach. Ask your doctor what he thinks of this treatment.

W. H. Louisberg, N. C.—If you are of nervous disposition and have any doubt about your eyes, you hadn't better study to become a chauffeur. Good eyes and strong nerves are an absolute necessity. Your best plan is to try it a while at some garage and see what you can do at it.

B. V. R. Maplewood, Ohio.—The pains in your back are rheumatic or neuralgic, and are due to congestion. If you will take exercise which will reach your back and start the circulation going you will find relief. If the pains get very bad, apply chloroform liniment on a flannel cloth, holding it over the part till you feel that a blister is about to come, then remove it for a minute or two and transfer it to another spot. This liniment is hot and will blister if you are not careful. The pains in your eyes and head are probably due to defective sight and you should have your eyes examined for glasses, whether you are young or old.

L. E. C. Loveland, Iowa.—As near as we can judge we should say it is not eczema, but a nervous affection resulting from too much strain, hard work, perhaps. Zinc ointment is a common remedy for the skin trouble, but the patient should be examined by a competent physician and treated properly. No one for two has a right to suffer through ignorance, carelessness, or wish to save money. Health is worth more than any other thing.

J. M. Briggs, Mont.—Any person suffering from nervous debility and general breakdown should go to a hospital, or institution where such troubles are properly treated. It may be more expensive than home doctoring, but it makes the patient well and strong, or lets him know what he is to expect. Any of your local doctors can recommend the nearest best place for you.

J. B. I. Aqueduct, N. Y.—We certainly should recommend that a man broken down from excessive office work, typewriting or other, should quit it and go to the good, fresh air of a farm, and especially so as he has a helpful wife who is anxious to live on a farm. But we should not recommend your present location, as we understand

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Be Your Own Boss—\$10 a Day Easy—
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\$80 in C. S. A. money sent to any address for \$1.
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Patent Lawyer, Washington,
D. C. Advice and books free.
Rates reasonable. Highest references. Best services.

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catalog of Toilet necessities. Reme-
dies, and special supplies for women.
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overcomes Constipation and Indigestion. Samples 10c.
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from Kidney and Bladder weakness when
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Roman laid gold plate, soft rich
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smaller ones, one Neck or Waist Pin
and the others for collar, cuff or lace
pins, equally useful as Baby pins.
We warrant these pins not to break,
which is an exceptional guarantee on
a pin subjected to such constant and
hard use.

Other uses for such a combination
set of Four Pins will occur to every
lady reader of COMFORT, and we
doubt if there are many who can say, "I
have no use for them." They are indis-
pensable. Severe sets will not be too many
to have about, especially if there are children
in the family.

Club Offer Send us only one new 15-
month subscription to COMFORT at 25 cents for one of these Four
Pin Sets Free. It positively must be a new
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Slight impression puts your own initial on your sta-
tionery, leather, cotton or woolen goods for embroidery
and lots of other uses. It is fashionable to have your
initial embossed on your letter stationery, and much less
expensive to purchase plain stationery and emboss it
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INITIAL on a letter sheet, and you at once get a sharp
embossed character. No matter what your initial is we
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The single plain letter is excellent; the LETTER and
WREATH will appeal to others; you may have your
choice. Ladies who wish to embroider an initial on a
handkerchief will find this an excellent and much quicker
and cleaner method than stamping with compound and
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needle. Many uses for the initial embosser will suggest
itself and you will be enabled to put your initial on many
things not heretofore possible. All the city stores sell
Embosser at 25 and 50 cents each. They are used by
everyone and one cannot distinguish the impression from
that done by an engraver.

Club Offer Send but one new 15-cent 15-months'
subscription to COMFORT for one
enamel steel embosser, and two 25-cent 15-months' sub-
scriptions for the nickel-plated steel embosser with
wreath. Mention initial preferred.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27.)

scratched last week, by a cat on the front stoop." Later on I added this item: "Mr. Robinson while staying at the American Hotel, shot himself in the rotunda; his wife hearing the sad news, secured a gun and shot herself between the bureau and the folding bed." After these items appeared in print the editor had to shut down his plant, and I had to leave town. The English language is beautiful but it gets you into some queer tangles at times. So you say possum brew is a fine thing to fatten B. B. is it? They don't waste possum brew on these pesky insects in Maine, they let them feast on the summer boarders. They are a wise bunch down in Maine.

Comfort's League of Cousins

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT'S immense circle of readers into one big happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers. It was primarily started as a society for the juvenile members of COMFORT'S family, only, but those of more mature years clamored for admittance so persistently that it was deemed advisable to impose no age limit; thus all are eligible to admission into our League, provided that they conform to its rules and are unmarred by the cold spirit.

Membership is restricted to COMFORT subscribers and costs thirty cents, only five cents more than the regular subscription to COMFORT which is included. The thirty cents makes you a member of the League and gives you an attractive League button with the letters C. O. S. on a handsome certificate of membership, and your name across the green and the privilege of having your name in the letter list, also a paid-in advance subscription to COMFORT. You continue a League member as long as you keep up your subscription to COMFORT. There are no annual dues, so after you have once joined all you have to do is to keep in good standing is to keep your subscription to COMFORT paid up.

Please observe carefully the following directions which explain exactly

How to become a Member

Send thirty cents to COMFORT'S Subscription Department, Augusta, Maine, with your request to be admitted into COMFORT'S LEAGUE OF COUSINS, and you will at once receive a button with the letters C. O. S. on a handsome certificate of membership, and your name across the green and the privilege of having your name in the letter list, also a paid-in advance subscription to COMFORT. You continue a League member as long as you keep up your subscription to COMFORT.

Or, if your subscription is already paid in advance, you can take a friend's 15-months subscription at 25 cents and send with your request for membership, and we will send you the button and membership certificate, and send COMFORT to your friend for 15 months. League subscriptions do not count in premium clubs.

NEVER apply for membership without enclosing thirty cents to include a new subscription or a renewal.

The League numbering over forty thousand members, undoubtedly the largest society of young people on earth, it costs only thirty cents to join that society, and you at least a 15 month subscription to COMFORT also, without extra cost.

Never could thirty cents be invested to such advantage, and bring such splendid returns. Don't hesitate. Join us at once and induce your friends to do likewise.

All those League members who desire a list of the cousins residing in the several states, can assure the same by sending a stamped addressed envelope and five cents in stamps to Neilia Rutherford, 1299 Park Place, Brooklyn, New York, grand secretary.

Special Notice

Never write a subscription or renewal order or application for membership in the body of a letter. Write your subscription or renewal and membership application on a separate sheet of paper, separate from your letter. We have to put all subscription orders on our subscription file at once; so if it is written on the same sheet as your letter, the whole letter has to go on to the subscription file at once and thus can receive no attention from Uncle Charlie.

Never send subscriptions to Uncle Charlie nor to the Secretary of the League; they bother him and cause confusion and delay.

Address all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and they will promptly reach the head of the department for which they are intended.

Shut-in and Mercy Work for August

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

Special Notice

Written testimonials from a physician and a postmaster must positively accompany all appeals from shut-ins. Appeals unaccompanied by written references will be destroyed.

John T. Mackey, Covendale, Ky. A helpless invalid with tuberculosis and kidney trouble. Is only twenty-seven years old. Has wife and child. They are without means. Very sad case. Excellent references. Do your best for them. Jesse Turner, Marion, R. R. 1, S. C. Helpless for three years with rheumatism. Has a family of five children. Highly recommended. Do what you can for this poor fellow. W. N. Allison, MacCrady, Va. Met with an accident last November and has been unable to work since. Has undergone several operations. Is fifty-one and lives alone with his old mother who is dependent on him for support. Mrs. Fannie Etherington, Windom, Minn. Is urgently in need of an operation, which, if successful, may restore her to health. Has five small children two of them badly ruptured, and sadly in need of surgical attention. Husband deserted her some months ago. This is a heart-breaking case. Will our Minnesota readers come to the rescue of this stricken family? Finest references. Mrs. Wilkes, E 2011, Glass Ave., Spokane, Wash. Mrs. Wilkes is very sick, and only a serious abdominal operation will relieve her. Her physician testifies to this. Will our western readers interest themselves in this case? Eula Due, Hadley, Okla. Eula has four little brothers and one little sister, and is unable to send them to school as they lack clothing. Mother is dead. Ages of children not given. Don't send any clothing unless expressage is prepaid. Ellen Kinney, Willoughby, Ohio (late of Brockport, N. Y.) incurable invalid. Will be grateful for any assistance. Mrs. Sarah M. Howell (56), Gainesboro, Tenn. Helpless invalid for more than twenty-five years. Who will send some sunshine into her life of suffering. She sadly needs a wheel chair. Who will help her get one? J. D. McLennan, Guilford, Fla. Old, sick and feeble. Incapable of working. Any help sent him will be greatly appreciated. Rebecca Thomas, Tuckerton, N. J. Mrs. Thomas is sixty-two years of age and has been an invalid for over twenty years. A great sufferer from rheumatism. She is needy and will be grateful for any help. Miss Tavie W. Cullum, Mulberry, R. R. 1, Ark. Invalid for many years. Grateful for any assistance. Emily Whitfield, Finleyson, Ga. Another rheumatic victim, unable to earn her support. Grateful for any assistance. Maggie West, Box 124, Adrian, Mo. Helpless invalid for twelve years. Confined to bed. Leg was amputated and has necrosis of the bone. Parents are very old. Highly recommended. Send her the sympathy that buys bread.

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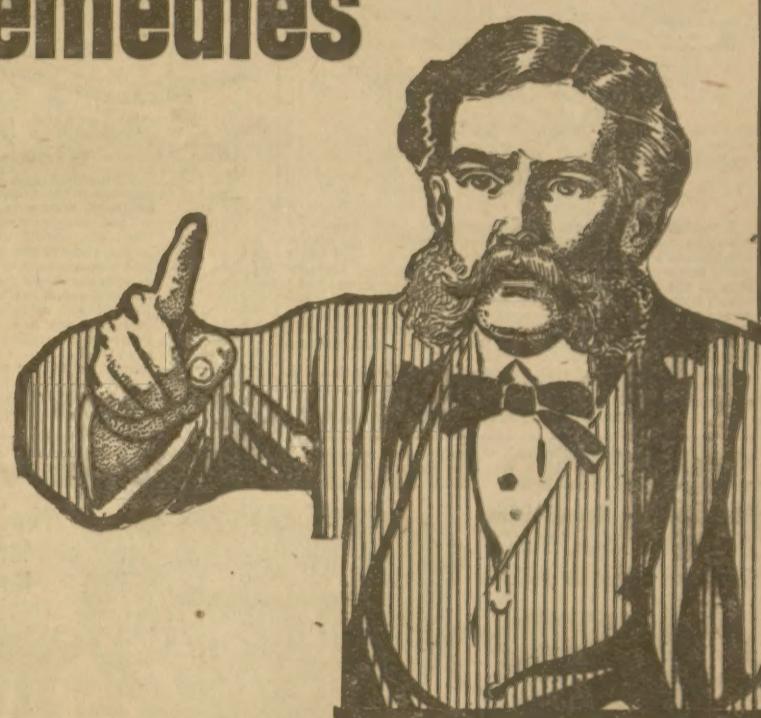
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I have cured thousands of men and women in this and foreign countries, cured them of chronic Rheumatism, Kidney Trouble, Diseases of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels, Catarrh and all Throat and Lung Diseases, Piles, and Urinary Disorders, cured them of practically every disease, no matter how long affected. I have thousands of letters from cured patients to prove that my treatment *Positively Cures*—often where others have failed. We are receiving hundreds of similar letters every month.

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I will also send you with the treatment a copy of my medical book, "The Ills of Humanity," a 192-page book, describing in plain language 150 different diseases, their cause, symptoms and cure. It tells how to prevent disease, what to and what not to eat, and how to cure many diseases at home without a doctor. It is well illustrated and contains much valuable advice. If you are sick I will gladly send you a copy with the special treatment. All Free.

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Please send me a Proof Course of Treatment for my case, and your 192-page book, "The Ills of Humanity," all free and postage paid, just as you promise.

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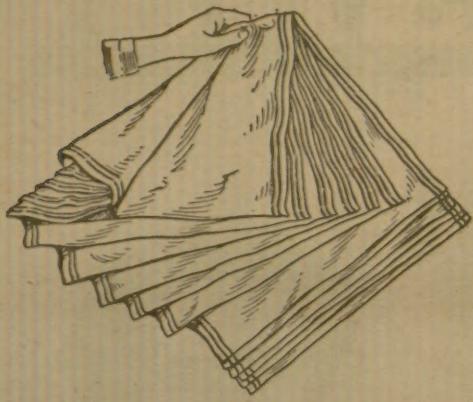
Give any other symptoms on a separate sheet. Correspondence in all languages.

Make a cross (X) before all diseases you have—two crosses (XX) before the one which you suffer most.

Rheumatism	Impure Blood
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Stomach Trouble	Obesity
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Bladder Trouble	Womb Trouble
Weak Lungs	Ovarian Trouble
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Yard Long Ready-Made Towels



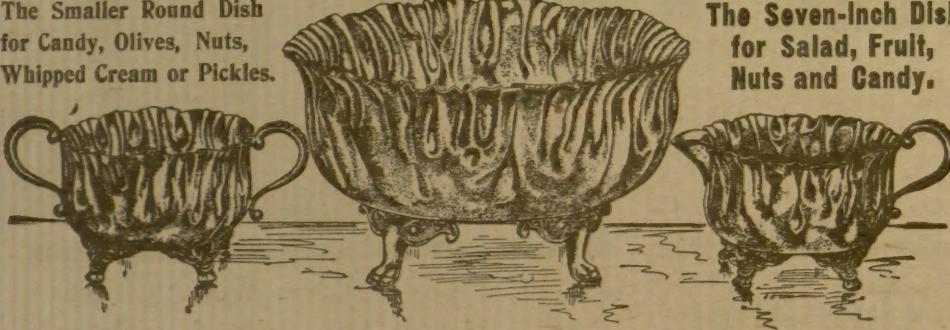
Excellent quality crash, each towel one yard long and ready to use. For kitchen, office, factory and shop use this is a durable, rough-and-ready towel; will wipe well, wear well and wash well. For dishes and hands this is the best; for many purposes about the house good crash toweling finds its use and the good housekeeper always has a supply. The men and boys will enjoy such towels as these. The natural linen color and blue line border make them very attractive. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Club Offer. A club of only two subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months secures four of these Towels.

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The Smaller Round Dish for Candy, Olives, Nuts, Whipped Cream or Pickles.



The illustration represents only the general style of the three-piece set. One gets no idea from this of the unusual beauty, nor of the effectiveness of this ruffled silver effect. The whole set or single pieces will prove exceptionally useful. A cream pitcher, sugar bowl and the large dish make up the Set. The large dish may be used for berries, fruit, nuts, whipped cream, jelly, preserves or other purposes, or if preferred as an ornament for the table or mantel; but the pitcher will be useful day on the dining table, or may be kept for heat, and the same with the sugar bowl, which will oftentimes be of use for other things, such as olives, nuts or whipped cream. These sets are unusually large, full size, practical size, the big bowl is seven inches in diameter, four inches high, with capacity of at least three pints, the sugar bowl and cream pitcher are of just the right size, have four feet and handles. Each piece is gold lined and will positively wear for years and give entire satisfaction.

Club Offer. Send only 8 15-months subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each for this Gold Lined Silver Set of three pieces, which will be sent by mail or express prepaid.

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Twelve Familiar Mother Goose Quotations Four on Each Handkerchief



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Old Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard, Little Boy Blue come blow your horn, The Queen of Hearts, she made some tarts, Little Miss Muffet sat on a tuffet, Little Jack Horner sat in a corner, Little Tommy Tucker sings for his supper,

Mary had a little lamb, its fleece was white as snow.

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This is an entirely new Outfit, with new designs and new ideas throughout, gotten up exclusively for COMFORT, it represents the latest productions, also we have used highest quality white bond paper, paid particular attention to the careful perforation of every sheet, adding free a seven inch Embroidery Hoop, a piece of stamping preparation and one ink pad. With each Outfit we also include free a copy of "Stitches in Embroidery" by Mme. Du Parque invaluable to all needleworkers. You can unhesitatingly send for this Outfit with all assurance of entire satisfaction.

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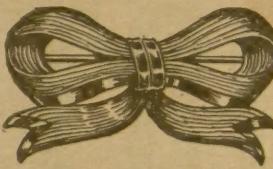
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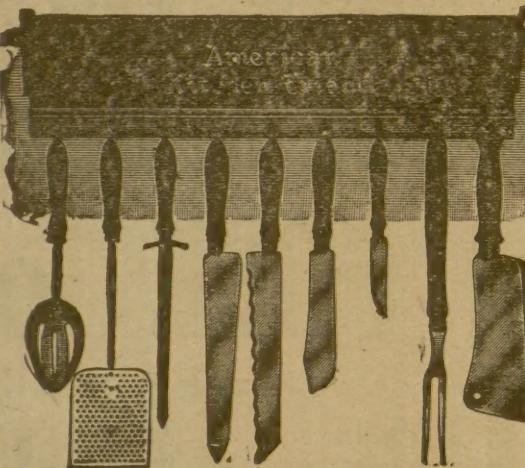
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Although very fashionable, it is a choice Pin and not loud or conspicuous in any way. Illustration in exact size of Pin, but does not convey the delicate, artistic coloring, nor the contrast of the Violet Enamel and Gold which is very effective. Hard Enamel wears indefinitely, so we guarantee the Pin, and for young or old have nothing in our catalogue more desirable. We give one for a club of two subscribers to COMFORT at 25c. each for 15 months. Present subscribers may send 25 cents for 15 months' extension of their own subscription and one Pin. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

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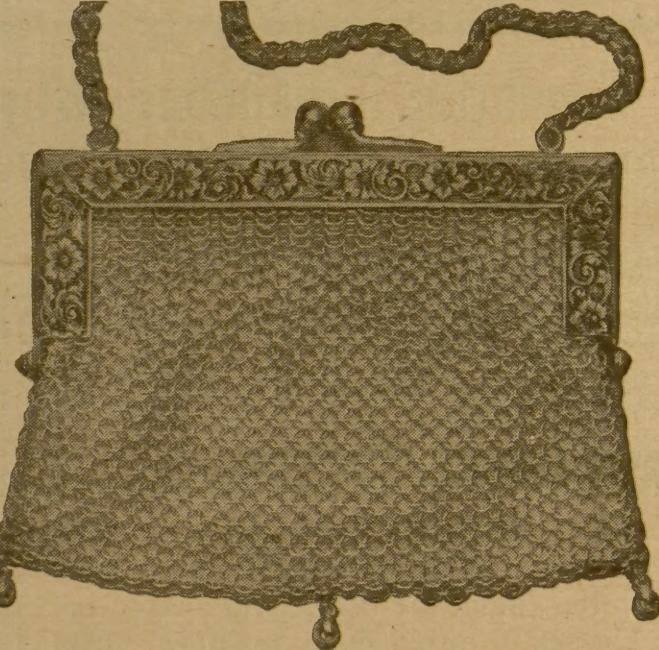
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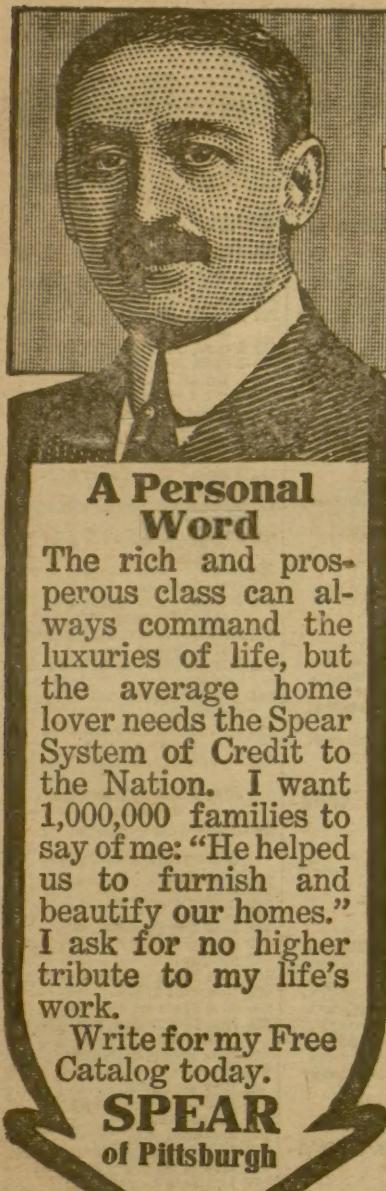
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